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THE NEW YORKER

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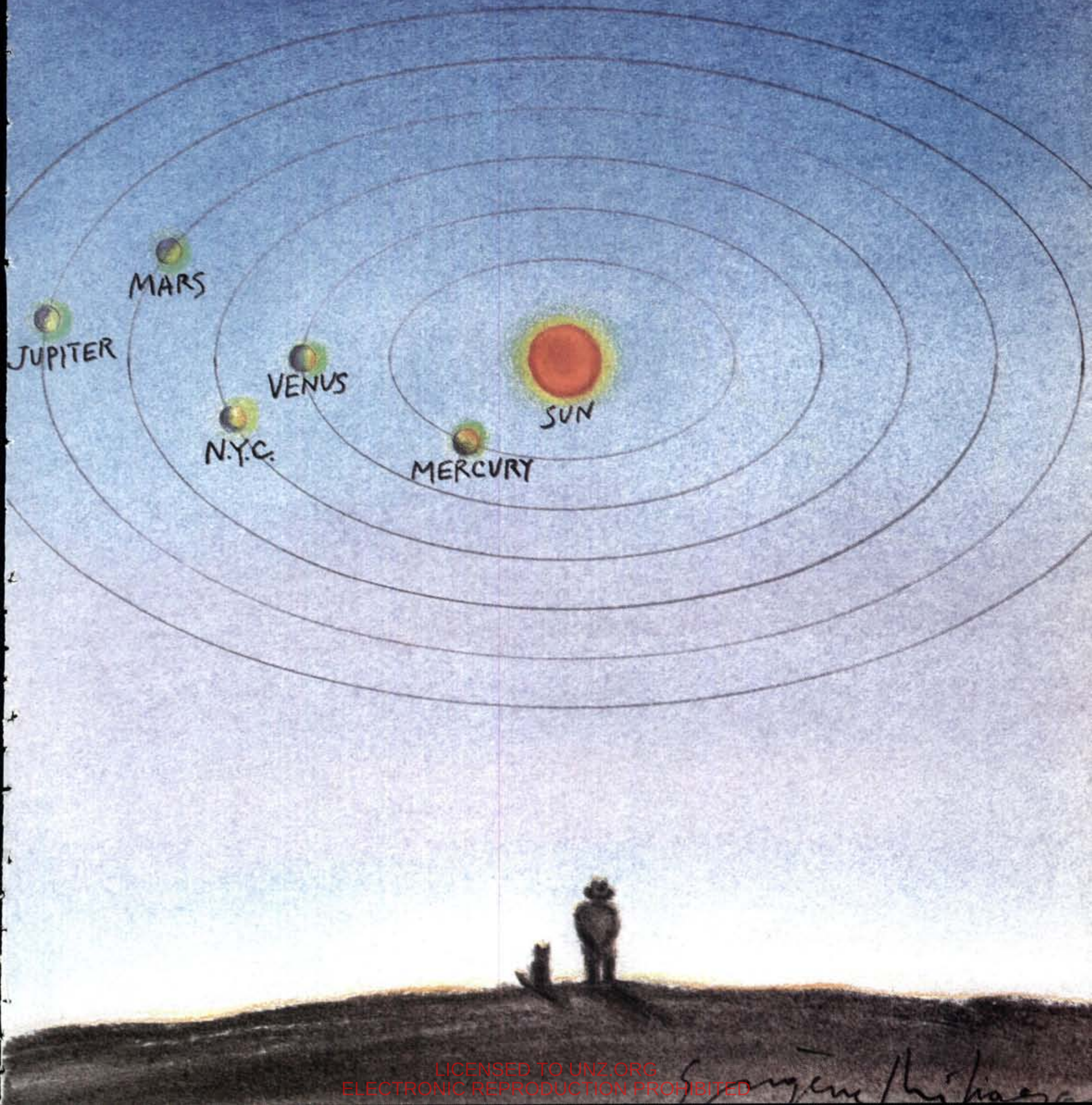
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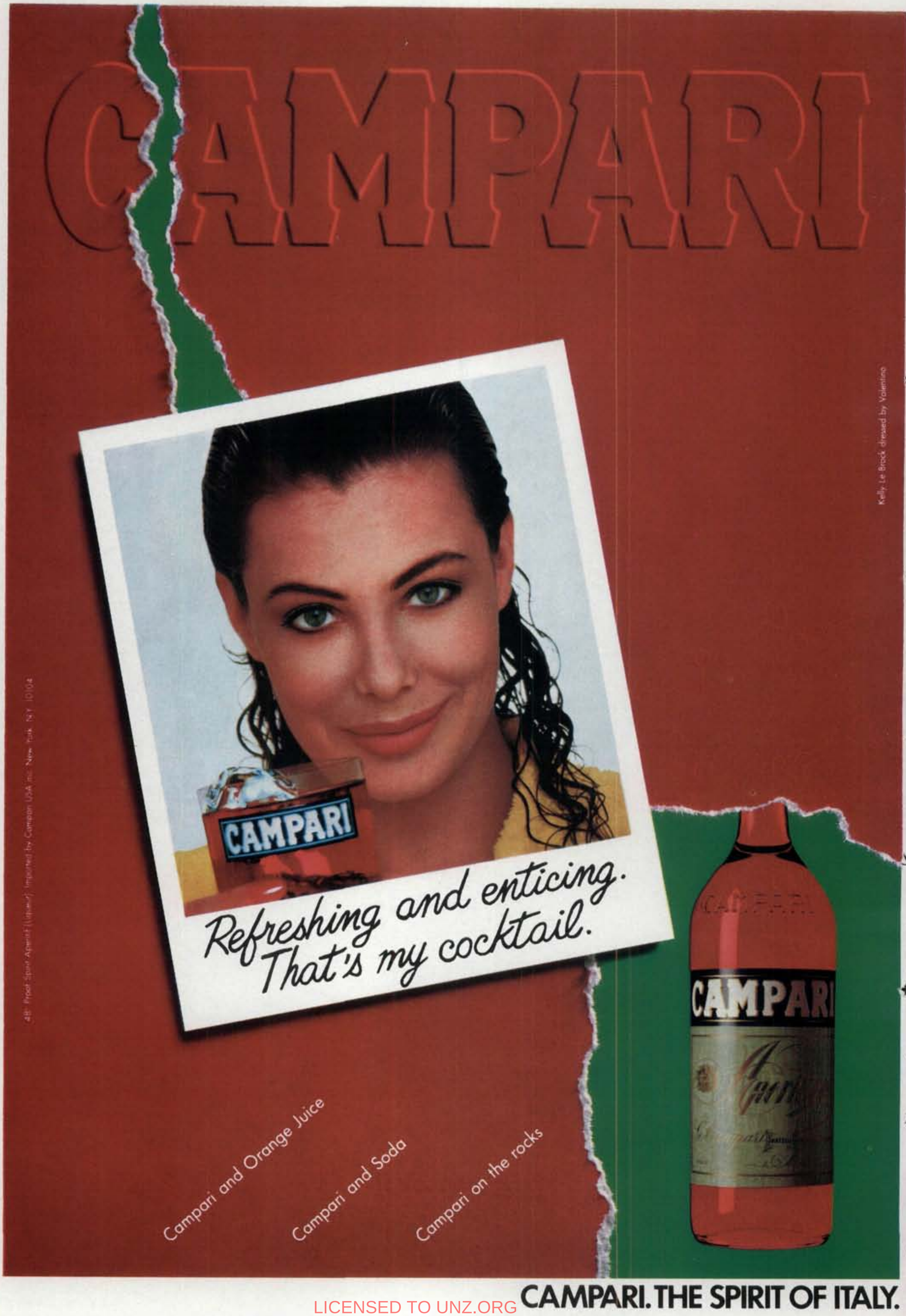

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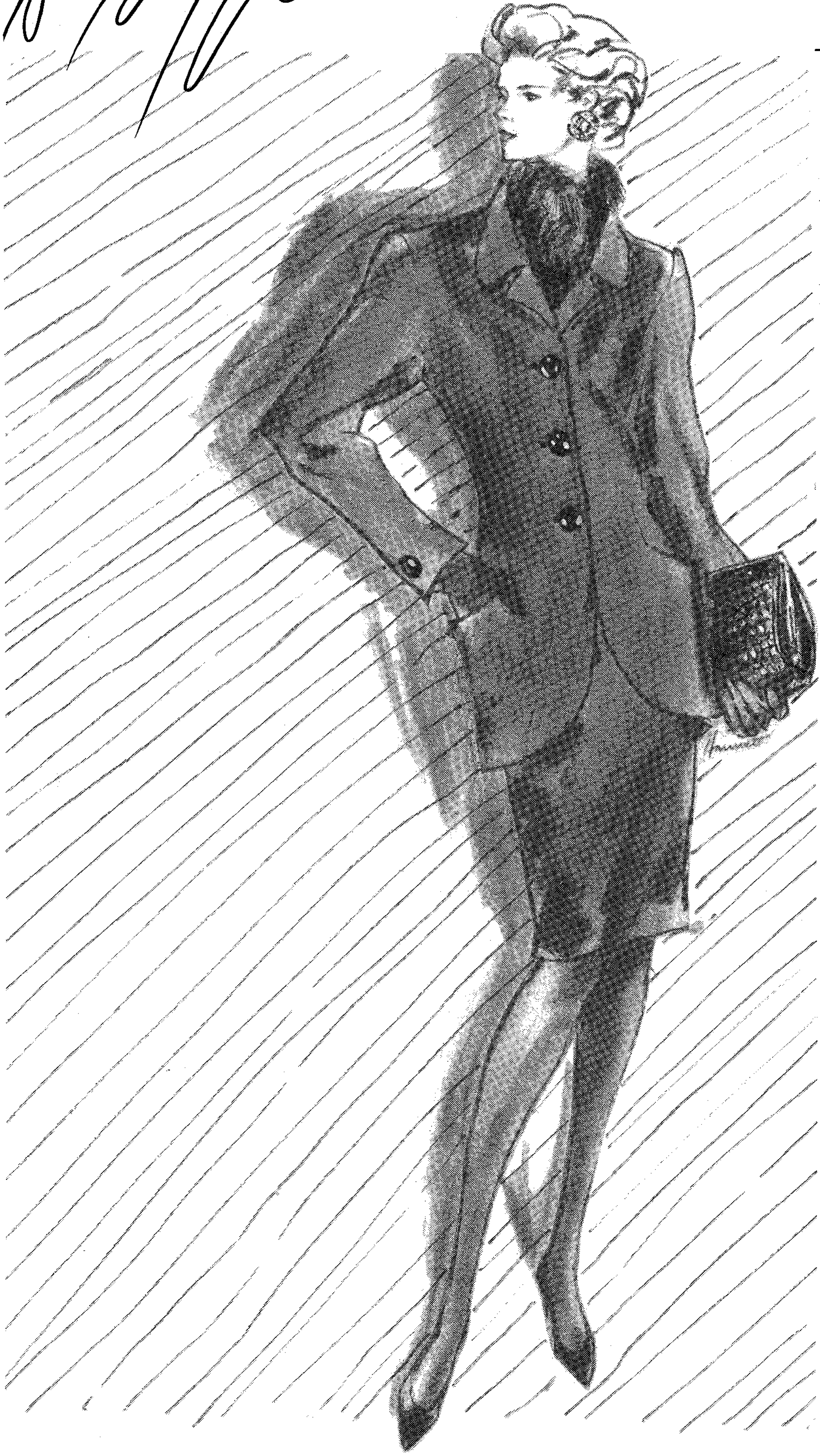

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags. Gene Saks directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Bunker Reveries—A self-described "fantasy" on Watergate, with Ralph Waite as the disgraced ex-Attorney General and Robert Stattel as the disgraced ex-President. David Shaber is the author of the competent, if lacklustre, script, which, though well performed, is not for one moment as fascinating or exciting or dramatic as the real thing was. The good supporting company includes Patricia Elliott, Sheila MacRae, and, best of all, Richard Backus, as the former President's quiet son-in-law. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Dreamgirls—A revival of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Holy Ghosts—A wonderfully engrossing little play by Romulus Linney that was first presented in 1971 and is being given a topnotch production by the San Diego Repertory Theatre as the fourth, and final, offering of the 1987 American Theatre Exchange. The central conflict is between a rather brutish and excitable husband and his wife, who has left him to join a group of Pentecostal snake-handlers in the Deep South, and it turns into a sort of struggle for the young man's soul. Douglas Jacobs' direction is flawless, and there are some superb performances—most notably from Diana Castle as the wife. (8/24/87) (Theatre 890, Broadway at 19th St. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 9. Matinée Saturday at 5. Closes Saturday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 242-0800.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3, and Saturday, Aug. 29, at 2.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—An exquisite production by the Royal Shakespeare Company of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the scandalous 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos. With fine performances by Alan Rickman, Lindsay Duncan, Suzanne Burden, and Lucy Aston in the leading roles. Howard Davies was the deft director. (5/11/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 6.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY, a musical loosely adapted by Raymond Allen, Jerry Gotham, and Todd Ellison from George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones." (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Moms—A celebration of the great black comedienne Moms Mabley, as impersonated by Clarice Taylor. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A revival of Trevor Rhone's 1985 farce TWO CAN PLAY, with Hazel Medina and Sullivan H. Walker. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2; Saturdays at 3; and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an

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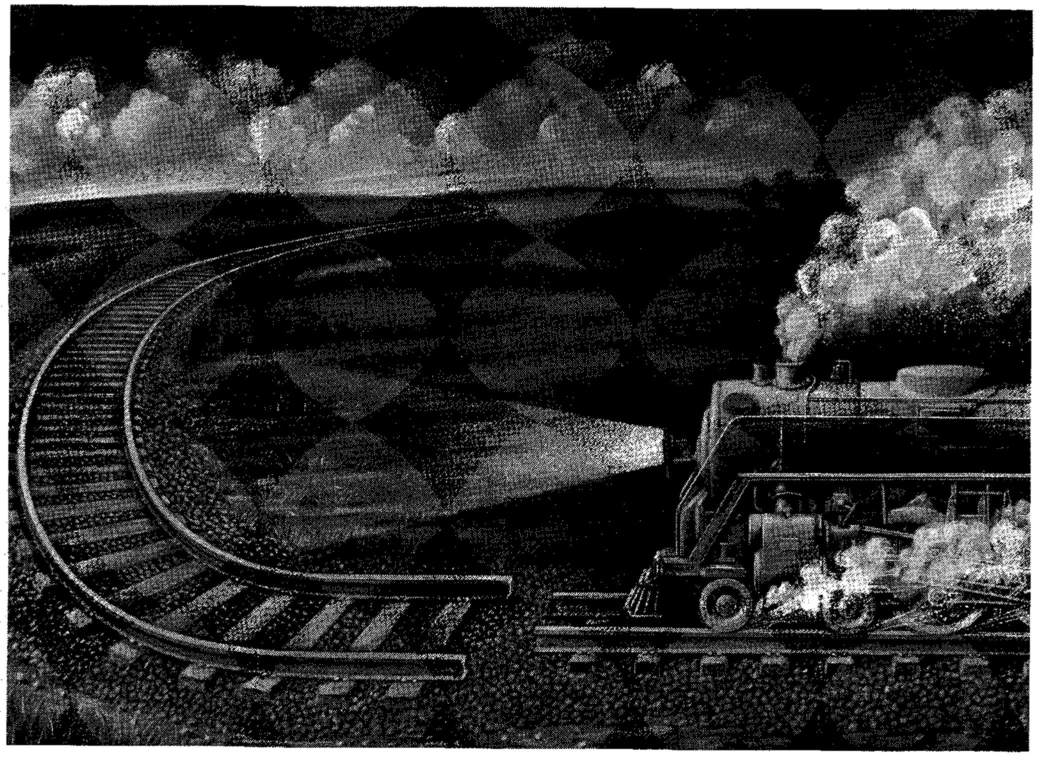
Issues of the Information Age:

The way beyond Babel.



Imagine trying to build a railroad system if every locomotive manufacturer used a different track gauge. Every local stretch of railroad had its own code of signals. And in order to ride a train, you needed to know the gauges and the signals and the switching procedures and the route and the conductor's odd pronunciation of the station names.

The business of moving and managing information is in a similar state today. Machines can't always talk to each other. Proprietary systems and networks abound, with suppliers often jockeying to make theirs the de facto standard. The enormous potential of the Information Age is being dissipated by incompatibility.

The solution, as we see it, is common standards which would allow electronic systems in one or many locations to work together. People will be informed and in control, while the systems exchange, process, and act on information automatically.

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The science is here now. The technology is coming along rapidly. But only with compatibility will the barriers to Telecommunity recede.

Telecommunity is our goal. Technology is our means.℠

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Psycho Beach Party—This romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch—and significantly funnier than Mr. Busch's earlier work—uses the conventions of drag comedy to lampoon the mores and assumptions of heterosexual behavior. The *production—which stars Mr.* Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem—is directed by Kenneth Elliott and includes a dance number that may single-handedly bring back the limbo. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

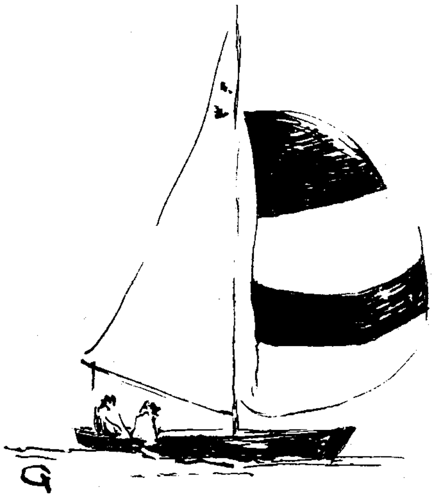
Sherlock's Last Case—A relentlessly jokey entry in the Baker Street files that is more tiresome than funny. Frank Langella is Holmes, Donal Donnelly is Watson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—The setting of this first play by Robert Harling is a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and much of the content is the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. A rather pathetic story is told, as well. The performances are good, especially those of Betsy Aidem, Rosemary Prinz, and Kate Wilkinson. The impressive setting was designed by Edward T. Gianfrancesco; Pamela Berlin directed. (8/17/87) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Talk Radio—The gifted Eric Bogosian appears in a strong and funny play of his own as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. The set designer, Heidi Landesman, has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tender-hearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **COASTAL DISTURBANCES:** Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Carole Rothman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,376 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer, who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Ossie Davis and Jack Klugman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A fifty-year-old British musical, starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Wednesday and Thursday at 8:30; Friday and Saturday at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sunday at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up with nautical décor. Hard-bop trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN** and his two mates will be aboard on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29. Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **JIM MORRIS** is a thirty-year-old comedian-impressionist. His first impression, he says, was of a New Jersey uncle who chewed his food funny. For the past six or seven years, he's been picking on Ronald Reagan. Morris's Reagan holds a press conference here at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays. You can pretend to be a journalist and ask him questions, and he will sing you a song from the good old days or do a soft-shoe or relay the information that is *being transmitted to him through his hearing* aid. On Thursdays at eleven, Lillias White, the current Effie in "Dreamgirls," sings pop and show tunes.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. **CARMEN MC RAE** sings with her trio through Monday, Aug. 31, and Brazilian-born singer-pianist **TANIA MARIA** comes in for a six-night visit starting Tuesday, Sept. 1. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, folk, jazz, comedy, and combinations thereof in a blue, pillared room that seats four hundred. Wednesday, Aug. 26, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Thursday, Aug. 27, Michael Hedges; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III;** Monday, Aug. 31, the John Hiatt band; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 4-5, Steeleye Span. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the very beautiful concert grand that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **SANTI DEBRIANO** work out through Saturday, Aug. 29. Starting Monday, Aug. 30, saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN,** pianist **JOHN HICKS,** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** will provide some delightful trio music. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. Pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** is here with his trio through Sunday, Aug. 30, and starting Tuesday, Sept. 1, the **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET** will occupy the bandstand. Mondays are set aside for the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY AND JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**RONNY WHYTE** sings and plays piano in the Bemelmans Bar through Friday, Aug. 28, and pianist Frank Owens begins a two-week stint starting Monday, Aug. 31. Music Mondays through Fridays at nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A belowstairs, velvet-and-mirror-walled, mostly mainstream-jazz room. Vibraharpist **GARY BURTON** and guitarist **RALPH TOWNER** collaborate here through Sunday, Aug. 30. On Tuesday, Sept. 1, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** arrives with his group. Guitarist **LES PAUL** *leads a trio on Mondays. Music* nightly from eight, except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant. Pianists

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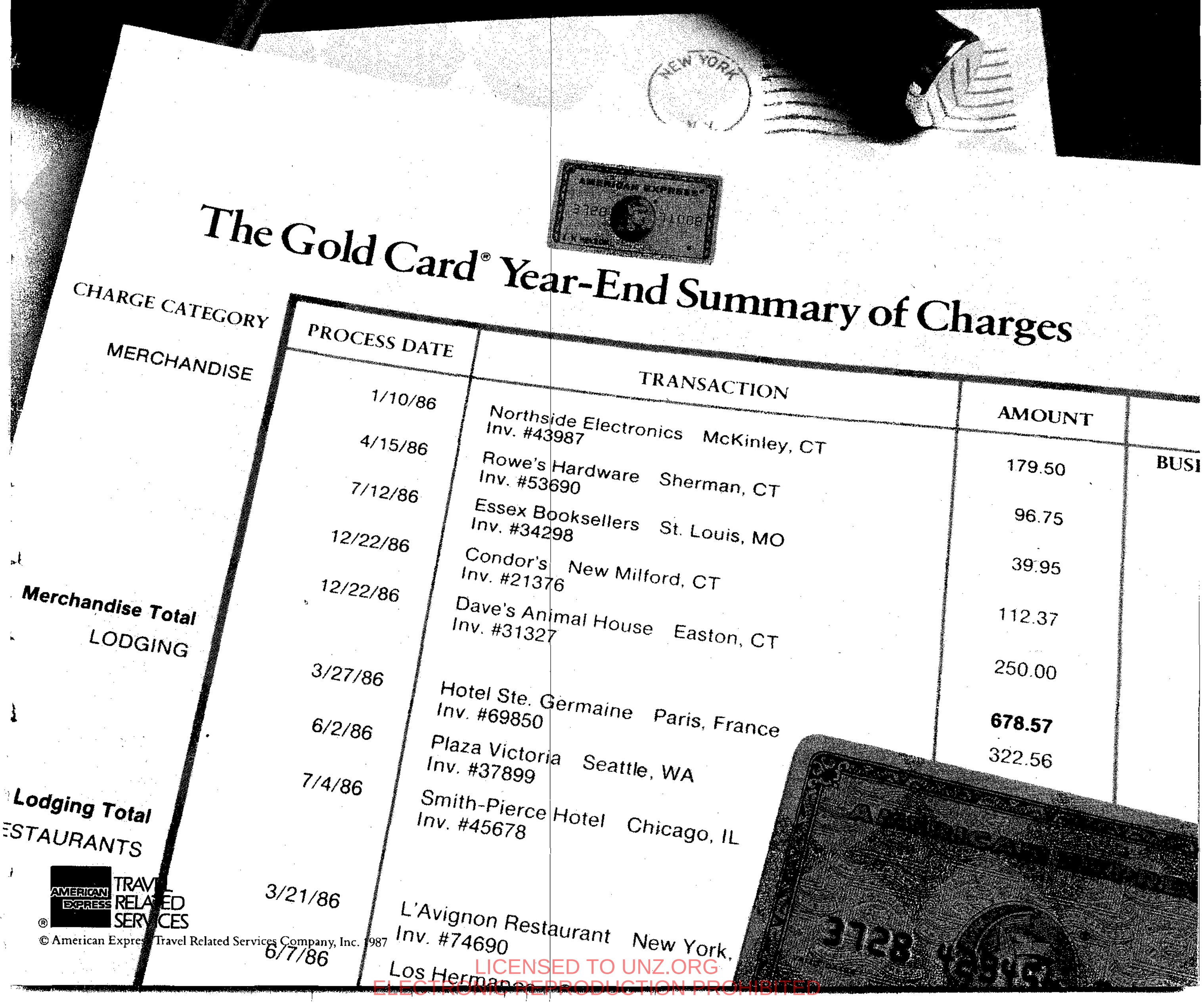

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	7/12/86	Essex Booksellers St. Louis, MO Inv. #34298	39.95	
	12/22/86	Condor's New Milford, CT Inv. #21376	112.37	
	12/22/86	Dave's Animal House Easton, CT Inv. #31327	250.00	
Merchandise Total			**678.57**	
LODGING	3/27/86	Hotel Ste. Germaine Paris, France Inv. #69850	322.56	
	6/2/86	Plaza Victoria Seattle, WA Inv. #37899		
	7/4/86	Smith-Pierce Hotel Chicago, IL Inv. #45678		
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ESTAURANTS	3/21/86	L'Avignon Restaurant New York, Inv. #74690		
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Inquisition-like inspections, demanding not a hundred or even a thousand steps, but a torturous 7,000-step process.

With a daily average of one quality control inspector for every car off the assembly line.

The result is the new BMW 735i. A luxury sedan more akin to a 3,800-lb. Swiss watch than an automobile.

A creation which could only be the handiwork of visionaries.

A group of whom invite you to relish in their vision. Which can be accomplished by a test drive of the new BMW 735i at your authorized BMW dealer.

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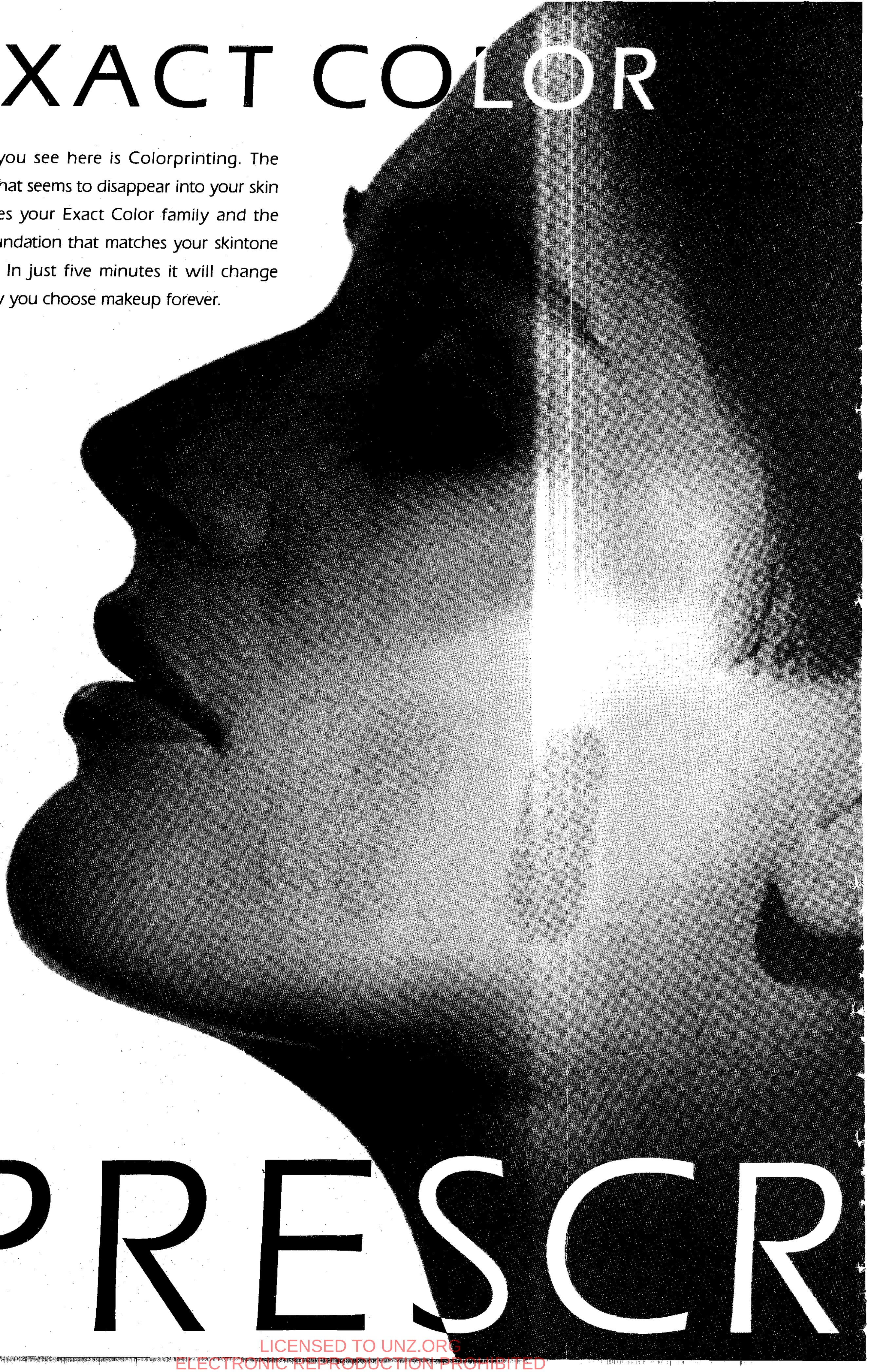
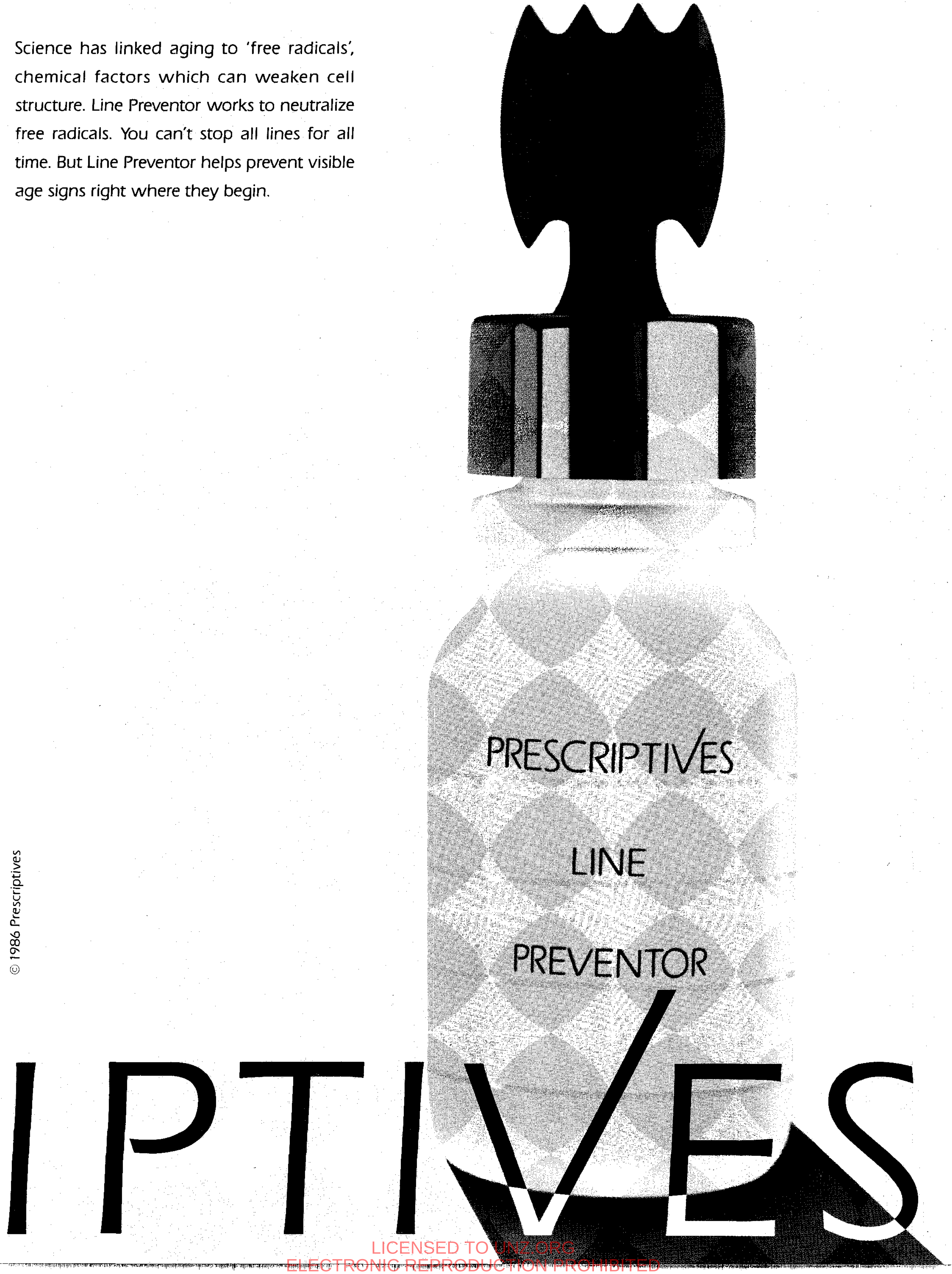


EXACT SKINCARE

Science has linked aging to 'free radicals', chemical factors which can weaken cell structure. Line Preventor works to neutralize free radicals. You can't stop all lines for all time. But Line Preventor helps prevent visible age signs right where they begin.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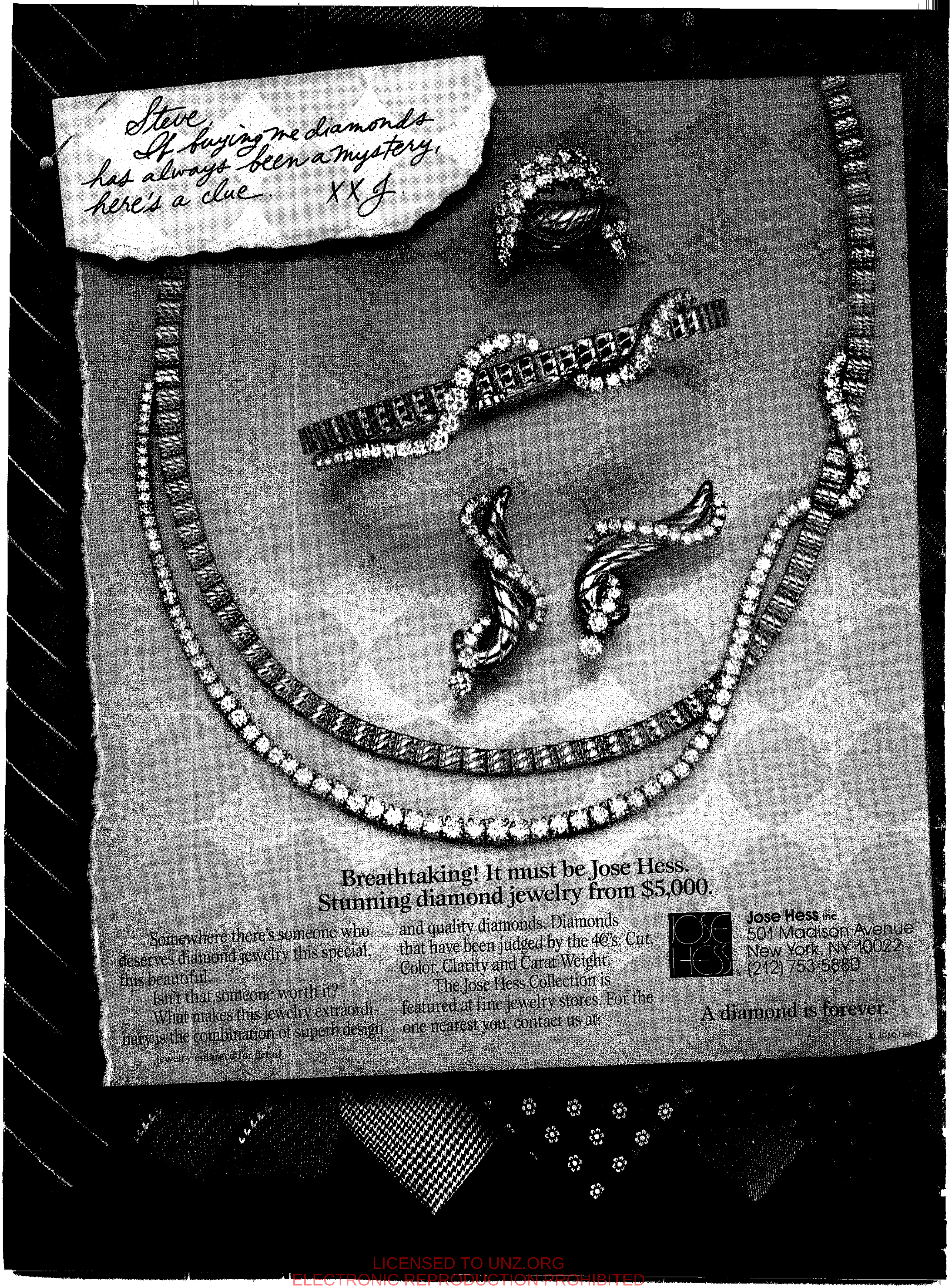

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practice their art in a little grove of palms, a half mile or so from the bar. Bring your binoculars. The pianists: **RAHN BURTON** through Saturday, Aug. 29; Lynn Bernstein Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 1-3; and **DANNY MIXON** on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 4-5. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark corner bar that has the cobbled-together look—and safe-from-the-ruckus-of-the-world feeling—of a kids' clubhouse. It's romantic during a rainstorm, more romantic when it's raining and the jukebox is playing Bunny Berigan's "I Can't Get Started," and romantic in an offbeat way when **BOB DOROUGH,** an Arkansas-born hipster, is at the upright singing his revised version of that song ("I played the Village Vanguard opposite Miles, I wear all those latest SoHo downtown West Side styles"). He also sometimes sings "Moon River," "East of the Sun (and West of the Moon)," and his own "Bijou," a bossa-nova-ish number about love and insanity. He and his longtime partner, bassist **BILL TAKAS,** are here on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 30-31, and Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 2-5. Tuesdays are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Music from about ten.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. The piano-bass teams: **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** and Paul Brown through Saturday, Aug. 29, and **JAMES WILLIAMS** and **JAMIL NASSER** starting Tuesday, Sept. 1. Sundays and Mondays belong to pianist Harry Connick, Jr. Music from about nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—The dense, solemn air that usually hangs about downtown new-music spaces isn't a feature of this mini-loft, a former Avon-cosmetics office, which is run by three friendly young guys from Wisconsin. The musicans (free-jazz people, antic folk-rockers, unclassifiables), the cook (one of the proprietors and a guitarist in a rock band called Swamp Thing), and the audiences all seem positively relaxed. Wednesday, Aug. 26, reedmen **STEVE COLEMAN** and **GREG OSBY;** Friday, Aug. 28, Eugene Chadbourne; Saturday, Aug. 29, Joey Arias; Sunday, Aug. 30, the **SOLOMONIC QUARTET** (trumpeter **AHMED ABDULLAH,** alto saxophonist **CARLOS WARD,** drummer **CHARLES MOFFETT,** and bassist **SIRONE**); Monday, Aug. 31, saxophonist Charles Gayle; Wednesday, Sept. 2, at eleven, British guitarist **FRED FRITH;** Thursday, Sept. 3, electric violinist **BILLY BANG,** by himself at nine and with his quartet at eleven; Friday, Sept. 4, **TIREZ-TIREZ,** with **MIKEL ROUSE;** and Saturday, Sept. 5, folksinger Tony Bird. Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof; Texans like the reminders of home; and the musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Wednesday, Aug. 26, a party for **KINKY FRIEDMAN,** with Delbert McClinton and Bud Moffett; Thursday, Aug. 27, rockabilly guitarist and singer **ROBERT GORDON;** Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, the **FLESHTONES;** Sunday, Aug. 30, bluegrass fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS;** and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 1-2, blues guitarist Roy Buchanan. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Clarinettist Walt Levinsky directs the Great American Swing Band in a program designed to send Benny Goodmaniacs. All fourteen members of the band spent some time aboard the Good Ship Benny. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually turns up with his licorice stick to play some blues and spirituals with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Trio-size helpings of jazz, Latin jazz, and rhythm and blues in a spiffy upper West Side café. The partial lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 26, Joe and Gene Calderazzo; Thursday, Aug. 27, Bright Ideas; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA.** Music from about ten until two.

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RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. Thursday, Aug. 27, Gary Moore; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, **SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE JUKES;** Tuesday, Sept. 1, Nigerian juju-music master **COMMANDER EBENEZER OBEY;** and Wednesday, Sept. 2, **TODD RUNDGREN.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. The club is closed on Wednesday, Aug. 26.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical-forest décor (including a larger-than-life parrot suspended above the bandstand) and head-swirling music from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and the U.S.A. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 26-27, **ASTRUD GILBERTO;** Friday, Aug. 28, **MIKATA;** Saturday, Aug. 29, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Wednesday, Sept. 2, percussionist **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his band, with guest soloists **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** (sax), **DAVE VALENTIN** (flute), and **HILTON RUIZ** (piano); and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 4-6, at ten, Brazilian samba master **MARTINHO DA VILA.** Music from nine Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—According to Pliny the Elder, sweet basil mixed with rose oil and vinegar and applied as a liniment relieves headache and fatigue. The spirit-lifting duties are in the hands of the **STEVE LACY–MAL WALDRON** quartet through Sunday, Aug. 30. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 1, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD LAND** leads a hard-boppish sextet called the Timeless All-Stars. **GIL EVANS'** electrified orchestra blasts off on Mondays. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—A sleek, multitiered jazz and soul room. A white grand piano illuminates the bandstand. For the next two weeks, the club will be reverberating with the sounds of two grown-up girl groups: Arlene Smith & the Chantels through Saturday, Aug. 29, and the Toys starting Tuesday, Sept. 1. Music from nine. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple no-frills blues and rock club that is attached to an Irish pub. The schedule, in part: Wednesday, Aug. 26, Soma Holiday; Thursday, Aug. 27, Absolute Grey and Of a Mesh; Friday, Aug. 28, guitarist **HUBERT SUMLIN,** who played in the Howlin' Wolf band for twenty-two years; Saturday, Aug. 29, **BUSTER POINDEXTER** (known in his earlier, New York Doll days as David Johansen) **& THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Wednesday, Sept. 2, the Cheapskates, Life in a Blender, and others; Thursday, Sept. 3, the Broadcasters and the Brandos; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 4-5, blues guitarist **JOHNNY COPELAND.** Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Peppy salsa bands play for their excitable fans in the gym-size downstairs room on Mondays. On Aug. 31, **WILLIE ROSARIO** and **RAY BARRETTO** and their bands, plus alto saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT,** will be on hand. Dancing under the spinning mirrored ball. In addition, pop-jazz pianist **RAMSEY LEWIS** and his trio perform on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, and the **SUN RA ARKESTRA** harmonically converges here Friday through Sunday, Sept. 4-6. All music downstairs starts about nine-thirty. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to the piano-bass team of **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** every night but Monday. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from about ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** directs a quartet through Sunday, Aug. 30, and on Tuesday, Sept. 1, pocket trumpeter **DON CHERRY** descends the stairs with *his* quartet. Mondays remain the property of the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines and jukebox is a room full of jazz. Trumpeter **JORDAN SANDKE,** a member of the Widespread Jazz Orchestra and of pianist **JAKI BYARD'S** Apollo Stompers, leads a group that includes Mr. Byard through Sunday, Aug. 30. On Wednesday, Sept. 2, pianist Roy Meriwether moves in with his trio. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows from nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. Two guitarists, **JIMMY RANEY** and **JACK WILKINS,** and a bassist, **JOHN GOLDSBY,** swing it through Saturday, Aug. 29, and starting Monday, Aug. 31, guitarist **TAL FARLOW** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** will be on duty. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ROGER WATERS—Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 8.

ADAM WADE—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, at 8 and 9:30.

DAVID BOWIE—Madison Square Garden. Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 1-2, at 8.

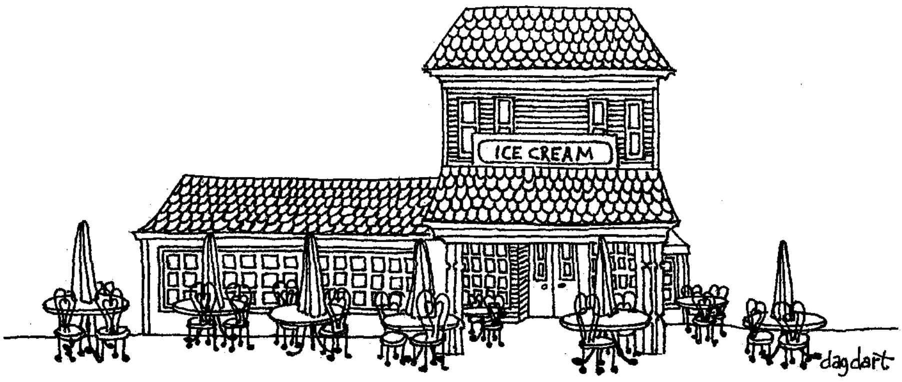
JOE WALSH—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Wednesday, Sept. 2, at 8.

L. L. COOL J AND WHODINI—Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Sept. 3, at 7:30.

ALISON MOYET—Beacon Theatre. Thursday, Sept. 3, at 8.

SALSA FESTIVAL—Celia Cruz, Tito Puente, El Gran Combo, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Sept. 5, at 8.)

GREENWICH HOUSE—Friday, Aug. 28, at 8: Second Sight. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 1-2, at 8: The Walter Thompson Big Band. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 3, at 8: Fred Fried. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 4, at 8: Steve Cohn, with Fred Hopkins and Thurman Barker. . . .



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Saturday, Sept. 5, at 8: The Santi Debriano quintet. (27 Barrow St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Max Cole / Junko Yoda—Canvases with horizontal stripes that, on close inspection, reveal within them fine freehand vertical lines. / Painted paper wall constructions with allover textures and patterns. Through Sept. 19. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **associated american artists,** 20 W. 57th St.: Prints dating from the sixteenth century to the present depicting various modes of transport. Through Thursday, Sept. 3. . . . **esman,** 70 Greene St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten artists just arriving on the gallery scene. Through Sept. 15. (*Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open* Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

David Graham—Color prints of American people and landscapes—for example, a souvenir vendor, a mobile-home park, and a young boy standing in a yard next to a life-size statue of Jesus. Through Sept. 19. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Cindy Sherman—The Whitney Museum has a ten-year survey of her photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

German Photography of the Eighties—About a hundred prints by fourteen artists who have eschewed the documentary tradition in photography; their works fall into three categories: symbolic, representational, and experimental. Through Sept. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **note:** A show of black-and-white prints by Bill Burke of Southeast Asia in the early eighties is also on view.

Group Show—Works by gallery artists and others, among them Zeke Berman, Katherine Fishman, Michael Spano, and Brian Wood. Through Friday, Aug. 28. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ The museum has gone through the roof to provide a sculpture garden with spectacular views over the treetops of Central Park. The rooftop sculpture garden (all twentieth-century works) is open through November 1. Free tickets are issued on a first-come, first-served basis. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Berlinart" covers paintings, plus photographs and handmade books, by artists (German and otherwise) who have been part of the *Berlin art world in the past twenty-five* years. Georg Baselitz, Markus Lüpertz, Rainer Fetting, Eva-Maria Schön, Jonathan Borofsky, William Eggleston, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by the Italian industrial designer Mario Bellini, including computers, calculators, chairs, and lamps. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, from 6 to 10, with musicians from the Juilliard School performing at 7:30.

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Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of paintings, photographs, installations, and sculptures which highlights the museum's past nine annual exhibits of works by emerging artists. Barbara Kruger, Rex Lau, Nic Nicosia, and Enzo Cucchi are among the fifty-one artists represented. Starts Friday, Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large-scale exhibition of high-spirited sculptural tableaux by Red Grooms, including "City of Chicago," "Ruckus Manhattan," and "Ruckus Rodeo." Also, paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ A show of Cindy Sherman's photographs dating from 1977 to the present. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 *to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)*

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings by twenty artists whose studios are in Brooklyn. Roxi Marsen, Dan Rice, George McNeil, and Irene Lipton are among them. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **note:** A jazz concert will be given in the museum's sculpture garden by the Lou Donaldson quartet on Sunday, Aug. 30, at 3.

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The museum's vast permanent collection of things old (fossils, skeletons, artifacts) is the main attraction just now. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A two-part exhibit of ceramics, with pieces by winners of the twenty-seventh national ceramics competition and by artists who influenced them, such as Mary Frank, Peter Voulkos, and Robert Arneson. Through Oct. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—An exhibit surveying three thousand years of Chinese celadons, a family of ceramics that reached its peak in the hands of Sung-dynasty (960-1279 A.D.) artisans, who perfected the jadelike texture of the glaze. Bells, funerary urns, covered boxes, ewers, vases, and bottles—nearly ninety works in all. Through Sept. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of decorative arts centering on the Parisian entrepreneur and Art Nouveau booster Siegfried Bing (1838-1905). The objects on display—painted porcelains by Edouard Vuillard, wall coverings by William Morris, prints by Edvard Munch—were among those seen in Bing's shop and workshop at 22 Rue de Provence. Through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ An exhibit of drawings done by the eighteenth-century Scottish architect Robert Adam for Kedleston Hall, a Neo-Palladian mansion in Derbyshire, which is considered his crowning achievement. Through Sept. 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"Marcus Garvey: The Centennial Exhibition" documents (with photographs, manuscripts, paintings, and memorabilia) the life of this early champion of black nationalism. (Open Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. Through Sunday, Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Black-Eyed Susan in "Saint Joan," and Ethyl Eichelberger in "The Tempest." Friday through Sunday, Aug. 28-30, at 9.

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for the Meadowlands is 1-201 935-3900, for Shea Stadium 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 7:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, Thursday, Aug. 27, at 1; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, at 7:30; and Sunday, Aug. 30, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Oakland, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 31-Sept. 2, at 7:30. . . . ¶ California, Friday, Sept. 4, at 7:30, and Saturday, Sept. 5, at 1:30.

Football—Giants vs. Jets, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Aug. 29, at 9.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1, from Wednesday, Sept. 2, through Monday, Oct. 19. The Gazelle Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 2, and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 5. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30, from Saturday, Sept. 5, through Saturday, Dec. 19. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, except Fridays, at 1:30. Races begin at 3 on Fridays. Through Saturday, Sept. 5. . . . **atlantic city race course,** McKee City, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7; through Saturday, Sept. 5. . . . **saratoga:** Daily at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 31. The Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 29; the John A. Morris Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 30; and the Spinaway, Monday, Aug. 31.

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Tuesday, Sept. 1, through Thursday, Sept. 10, at 11 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 13, at noon. For information about tickets, call 1-718 271-5100.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway:** Nightly at 7:30; through Wednesday, Oct. 14. . . .

SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:45; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—A two-week engagement of Sigmund Romberg's "The Desert Song" will run through Sunday, Sept. 6, after which the company will resume its repertory schedule. There will be alternating casts, and Jim Coleman will conduct all performances. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **HENRY IV, PART I.** With Donald Moffat, Tony Soper, and Michael Zaslow; directed by Joseph Papp. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Through Sunday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Miller-beer people's summer series. Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 7: Echo & the Bunnymen, New Order, and Gene Loves Jezebel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 27, at 7:30: Gloria Estefan and Miami Sound Machine. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 28, at 7:30: Steel Pulse and Bernard Wright. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, at 7:30: The John Hiatt band and the Robert Cray band. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. For information about tickets, call 249-8870).

CENTRAL PARK BANDSHELL—Friday, Aug. 28, at 8: Performance works by Holly Hughes, Mark Anderson, and Jerri Allyn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, at 3: The Manhattan Marimba Quartet and the Chelsea Percussion Ensemble. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 30, at 3: Baba Olatunji's Drums of Passion. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 4, at 8: Performance works by Georg Osterman, Watchface, and Clarice Marshall. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 5, at 3: Lenny Pickett & the Borneo Horns. (For rain-date information, call 860-1335.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8:15: Dan Wagoner and Dancers. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 31, at 8:15: Steven Richman conducting the Harmonie Ensemble, with Ralph Votapek, piano, in an all-Gershwin program.

MUSIC CRUISES—Concerts on excursion boats. Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8: The Count Basie Orchestra. (Hudson River Day Liner, Pier 81, Twelfth Ave. at 41st St. For information about tickets, call 595-5272.) . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 31, at 6:30: Herbie Mann, Noel Pointer, Larry Coryell, and Ray Barretto. . . . Tuesday, Sept. 1, at 6:30: Tito Puente. (South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. For information about tickets, call 964-9082.)

RIVERSIDE PARK ROTUNDA—Chico Mendoza and his Latin-Jazz Dream Band. (W. 79th St., near the Boat Basin. Sunday, Aug. 30, at 4.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday through Monday, Sept. 5-7, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 12-13, from noon until sundown.

IN THE COUNTRY

TANGLEWOOD—Final performances of the season. Thursday, Aug. 27, at 8:30: Andras Schiff, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 28, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 28, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8:30: Jazz, with Wynton Marsalis, trumpet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 30, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Susan Dunn, soprano; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; and John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—David Parsons, with the Pillow Jazz Ensemble, in the final program of the season. (Becket, Mass. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 26-27, at 8; Friday, Aug. 28, at 8:30; and Saturday, Aug. 29, at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

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Our famous cotton oxford button-down Polo collar shirt. $38
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; *theatre opens in the late afternoon and is* closed Mondays.)
Through Sept. 3: At 6, "Sera Posible el Sur" (1985; directed by Stefan Paul; an Argentine film, in Spanish); at 8, "Rio 100°" (1955; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and, at 10, "The Good Father" (†).
From Sept. 4: At 6, "Rio 100°;" and, at 8 and 10, "Buffet Froid" (1980; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Jean Carmet, Bernard Blier, and Geneviève Page.

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Nadine" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 27: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†). From Aug. 28: "The Rosary Murders" (Fred Walton), with Donald Sutherland and Charles Durning.
Theatre 3: "The Lost Boys" (†).

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"No Way Out" (Roger Donaldson), with Kevin Costner and Gene Hackman.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Stakeout" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "RoboCop" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 27: "The Untouchables" (†). From Aug. 28: "Hamburger Hill" (John Irvin).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Big Easy" (Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid and Ellen Barkin.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 27: "The Garbage Pail Kids Movie" (Rod Amateau).
From Aug. 28: To be announced.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Aug. 27: "Who's That Girl" (James Foley), with Madonna and Griffin Dunne.
From Aug. 28: "Maid to Order" (Amy Jones), with Ally Sheedy.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Aug. 27: "The Monster Squad" (Fred Dekker).
From Aug. 28: "Hamburger Hill" (John Irvin).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"La Bamba" (†).

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Big Easy" (Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid and Ellen Barkin.
Theatre 2: "Can't Buy Me Love" (Steve Rash).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 27: "Roxanne" (†). From Aug. 28: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 27: "The Lost Boys" (†). From Aug. 28: "The Fourth Protocol" (John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"RoboCop" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 27: "A Man in Love" (†). From Aug. 28: "Matewan" (John Sayles), with Chris Cooper and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 27: "Inside Out" (Robert Taicher), with Elliott Gould. From Aug. 28: "A Man in Love" (†).

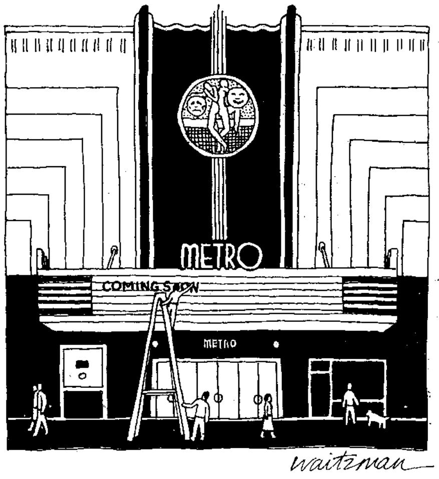
GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 2: "Nadine" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Stakeout" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.
Theatre 2: "Born in East L.A." (Cheech Marin), with Marin.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Whistle Blower" (†).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"No Way Out" (Roger Donaldson), with Kevin Costner and Gene Hackman.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Full Metal Jacket" (†).

86TH STREET TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "La Bamba" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 27: "The Lost Boys" (†). *From Aug. 28:* To be announced.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 27: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton. From Aug. 28: "House II: The Second Story" (Ethan Wiley).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 27: "RoboCop" (†). From Aug. 28: "Hamburger Hill" (John Irvin).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Disorderlies" (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 2: "Dirty Dancing" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 1: "Where the Heart Roams" (directed by George Paul Csicsery). From Sept. 2: "Flames in the Ashes" (1985; *Haim Guri and Jacquot Er*lich; mostly in Yiddish and Hebrew).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 27: "Working Girls" (Lizzie Borden). From Aug. 28: "The Wolf at the Door" (Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 27: "Eat the Peach" (†). From Aug. 28: A two-week festival of jazz films.

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Big Easy" (Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid and Ellen Barkin.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 27: (Matinées only) "Masters of the Universe" (Gary Goddard), with Dolph Lundgren and Frank Langella; and (evenings only) "Roxanne" (†). From Aug. 28: "The Fourth Protocol" (John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and *Pierce Brosnan.*

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Full Metal Jacket" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 27: "Who's That Girl" (James Foley), with Madonna and Griffin Dunne. From Aug. 28: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Can't Buy Me Love" (Steve Rash).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 27: "Rita, Sue and Bob Too" (†). Aug. 28-Sept. 3: "The Untouchables" (†). From Sept. 4: "The Whistle Blower" (†).
Theatre 3: "Withnail and I" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 27: "Good Morning, Babylon" (†). From Aug. 28: "A Man in Love" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "La Bamba" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 3: "Stakeout" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"No Way Out" (Roger Donaldson), with Kevin Costner and Gene Hackman.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Aug. 27: "Who's That Girl" (James Foley), with Madonna and Griffin Dunne.
From Aug. 28: "The Fourth Protocol" (John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Dirty Dancing" (†).

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Aug. 27: "Roxanne" (†).
From Aug. 28: To be announced.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Withnail and I" (†).

CARNEGIE SCREENING ROOM, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"My Life as a Dog" (†).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Jean de Florette" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Wolf at the Door" (Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"No Way Out" (Roger Donaldson), with Kevin Costner and Gene Hackman.

LINCOLN PLAZA, I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Living on Tokyo Time" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).
Theatre 2: "Backlash" (Bill Bennett).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Stakeout" (†).
Theatre 2: "Can't Buy Me Love" (Steve Rash).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 27: "The Untouchables" (†). From Aug. 28: "Hamburger Hill" (John Irvin).
Theatre 3: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 4: "RoboCop" (†).
Theatre 5: "Nadine" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Lost Boys" (†).

METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "The Big Easy" (Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid and Ellen Barkin.
Theatre 2: "Stakeout" (†).

COLUMBIA CINEMA, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
Through Aug. 27: "La Bamba" (†).
Aug. 28-Sept. 3: "House II: The Second Story" (Ethan Wiley). From Sept. 4: "The Whistle Blower" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 27: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†). From Aug. 28: "The Living Daylights" (directed by Jonh Glen), with Timothy Dalton.
Theatre 2: "The Lost Boys" (†).
Theatre 3: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).
Theatre 4: "Disorderlies" (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 5: "The Untouchables" (†).

Theatre 6: "The Monster Squad" (Fred Dekker).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Big Easy" (Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid and Ellen Barkin.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Stakeout" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 27: "Can't Buy Me Love" (Steve Rash). From Aug. 28: "The Rosary Murders" (Fred Walton), with Donald Sutherland and Charles Durning.
Theatre 4: "La Bamba" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Aug. 27: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.
From Aug. 28: "Hamburger Hill" (John Irvin).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Born in East L.A." (Cheech Marin), with Marin.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 2: "RoboCop" (†).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through Aug. 27: "Masters of the Universe" (Gary Goddard), with Dolph Lundgren and Frank Langella.
From Aug. 28: "House II: The Second Story" (Ethan Wiley).

REVIVAL HOUSES

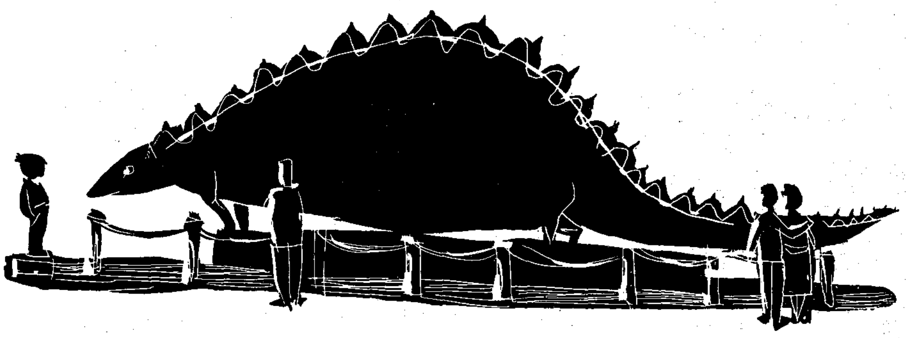
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 27: "Marlene" (1986; directed by Maximilian Schell), a documentary; and "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel.
Aug. 28-29: "Home of the Brave" (1986; Laurie Anderson), with Anderson; and "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm.
Aug. 30: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "1984" (1985; Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur.
Sept. 2-3: Two programs of erotic films.
Sept. 4-5: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (†) and "Kangaroo" (†).

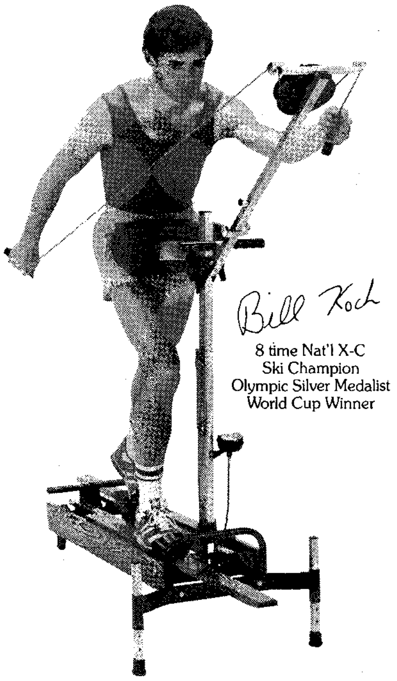
Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Aug. 26: "The Crazies" (1973; George A. Romero), with Lane Carroll; and "Day of the Dead" (1985; George A. Romero).
Aug. 27: "The Mysterians" (1959; Inoshiro Honda; a Japanese film, in English), with Kenji Sahara; and "The H-Man" (1959; Inoshiro Honda; a Japanese film, in English), with Yumi Shirakawa.
Aug. 28-30: A program of fantasy and science fiction cartoons.
Aug. 31: "Them!" (1954; Gordon Douglas), with James Whitmore, Edmund Gwenn, and James Arness; and "It Came from Beneath the Sea" (1955; Robert Gordon), with Kenneth Tobey.
Sept. 1-2: "Countdown" (1968; Robert Altman), with James Caan and Robert Duvall; and "Destination Moon" (†).
Sept. 3-4: "Warriors of the Wind" (1984; Hayao Miyazaki), a Japanese animated film; and "Infra-Man" (1976; Hua Shan).
From Sept. 5: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Aug. 26 (tentative): "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.
Aug. 27-29 (tentative): "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance; and "Hud" (1963; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde.
Aug. 30-31 (tentative): "The Rainmaker" (†) and "Come Back, Little Sheba" (†).
Sept. 1-2 (tentative): "War and Peace" (1956; King Vidor), with Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, and Mel Ferrer.
Sept. 3-5 (tentative): "The Country Girl" (†); and "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Aug. 26: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "Le Départ" (1967; Jerzy Skolimowski; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Aug. 27: "Salvador" (1986; Oliver Stone), with James Woods; and "Latino" (1986; Haskell Wexler).
Aug. 28-29: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina; and "Le Gai Savoir" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Aug. 30: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio); and "A Composer's Notes: Philip Glass and the Making of an Opera" (1985; Michael Blackwood).
Aug. 31: "Jamaica Inn" (†) and "The Beachcomber" (†).
Sept. 1: "Winter Kills" (†); and "Medium Cool" (1969; Haskell Wexler), with Robert Forster.
Sept. 2: "On Approval" (†); and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941; Ernst Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.
Sept. 3: "The Lovers" (1959; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "China Is Near" (1968; Marco Bellocchio; in Italian).
Sept. 4-5: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (1986; Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow, Barbara Hershey, Dianne Wiest, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Lloyd Nolan; and "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (1982; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, José Ferrer, Julie Hagerty, Tony Roberts, and Mary Steenburgen.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Aug. 26: "The Glass Menagerie" (1950; Irving Rapper), with Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence, and Arthur Kennedy; and "The Rose Tattoo" (1955; Daniel Mann), with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster, Marisa Pavan, Ben Cooper, and Jo Van Fleet.
Aug. 27: "Marie Antoinette" (1938; W. S. Van Dyke), with Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power, Robert Morley, and John Barrymore; and "A Tale of Two Cities" (1935; Jack Conway), with Ronald Colman, Edna May Oliver, and Blanche Yurka.
Aug. 28-29: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.
Aug. 30: "It Happened One Night" (†) and "Twentieth Century" (†).
Aug. 31: "Les Enfants Terribles" ("The

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Strange Ones;" 1949; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Nicole Stéphane, Édouard Dermithe, Renée Cosima, and Jacques Bernard; and "La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret" (1970; Georges Franju; in French).

Sept. 1: "Romance" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Gavin Gordon, Lewis Stone, and Elliott Nugent; and "Inspiration" (1931; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery.

Sept. 2: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957; Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert; and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952; Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner.

Sept. 3: "Houseboat" (1958; Melville Shavelson), with Cary Grant and Sophia Loren; and "Heller in Pink Tights" (†).

Sept. 4-5: "Touch of Evil" (†) and "Shadow of a Doubt" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum *after 11 on the day of the showing.*)

Theatre 1: Aug. 27 at 2:30: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; directed by Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 6 and Aug. 28 at 2:30: "Union Pacific" (1939; Cecil B. De Mille), with Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, Akim Tamiroff, Robert Preston, Lynne Overman, Anthony Quinn, and Brian Donlevy. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 6: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 2: "Remember the Night" (1940; Mitchell Leisen), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, Beulah Bondi, and Elizabeth Patterson. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 5 and Aug. 30 at 2: "No Man of Her Own" (1950; Mitchell Leisen), with Barbara Stanwyck, John Lund, Jane Cowl, Phyllis Thaxter, and Lyle Bettger. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 5: "A Foreign Affair" (1948; Billy Wilder), with Jean Arthur, Marlene Dietrich, and John Lund. . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 2:30: "The Blue Dahlia" (1946; George Marshall), with Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, William Bendix, and Howard da Silva. . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 6 and Sept. 1 at 2:30: "Something to Live For" (1952; George Stevens), with Joan Fontaine, Ray Milland, and Teresa Wright. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 6: "The Blue Dahlia." . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 2:30: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 6: "Sunset Boulevard." . . . ¶ Sept. 4 at 2:30: "A Foreign Affair." . . . ¶ Sept. 4 at 6: "Double Indemnity." . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 2: "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1946; George Marshall), with Bob Hope, Joan Caulfield, Marjorie Reynolds, Joseph Schildkraut, and Cecil Kellaway. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 5: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters.

Theatre 2: Aug. 27 at 6:30 and Aug. 29 at 4: "Macumba" (1982; in German, with no English subtitles), with Magdalena Montezuma. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 6:30 and Sept. 5 at 4: "The Attempt to Live" (1983; Johann Feindt; in German, with English subtitles), a documentary.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Sept. 26: "Elvis Presley: The Television Work," a retrospective. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—Aug. 26 at 8: "Body and Soul" (1925; Oscar Micheaux; a silent film), with Paul Robeson, Julia Theresa Russell, and Mercedes Gilbert. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 8: "The Phantom of the Opera" (1925; Rupert Julian; a silent film), with Lon Chaney and Mary Philbin. Original organ score written and played by Lee Erwin.

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. (873-3400)—"Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, and Mickey Rooney. (Aug. 30 at 2.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Brendan Gill, Penelope Gilliatt, and Terrence Rafferty.)

La Bamba—Written and directed by Luis Valdez, this is the life story of the Chicano rock 'n' roller Ritchie Valens (Lou Diamond Phillips), who had three hit records before he died at seventeen in a plane crash, in 1959. Valdez isn't primarily concerned with Ritchie Valens as the bullet of talent he must have been. The film's Ritchie is simply a warm, friendly Latino version of the boy next door. Ritchie Valens' music, as it's performed by the group Los Lobos, with David Hidalgo singing for Phillips, is what carries the movie along, but even with the music and brief appearances by Stephen Lee, Brian Setzer, and Howard Huntsberry, this is a leaden, lachrymose piece of filmmaking. With the fiery, hammy Esai Morales as Ritchie's tormented, bad-boy half brother, Bob; Elizabeth Peña (she has a comic side) as Bob's wife, who keeps looking at him with disgust; Rosana De Soto as the boys' mother; Joe Pantoliano as Bob Keene; and Marshall Crenshaw as Buddy Holly. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/10/87.) (Plaza, 86th Street Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Columbia Cinema; through Aug. 27.)

The Beachcomber (1938)—The happiest screen collaboration of Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton—they're both wonderful—is in this adaptation of a Somerset Maugham story, "The Vessel of Wrath." It's set on an island in the Pacific, which Maugham calls Baru, and it's concerned with the efforts of the prim, missionary Lanchester to reform the carnal, ribald beachcomber Laughton. The situation is the reverse of that in Maugham's Sadie Thompson story, but with a light, comic tone. Erich Pommer directed; with Robert Newton. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 31.)

Come Back, Little Sheba (1952)—Lola mourns her losses—youth, beauty, love, and Little Sheba, the dog that ran away. As Lola, Shirley Booth is the essence of all those dreamy, slatternly, gabby, sentimental women who move one to pity by their harmlessness and to disgust by their vacuity. As Lola's husband Doc, Burt Lancaster scores A for effort but just passes on performance. Daniel Mann directed the adaptation (by Ketti Frings) of William Inge's tragicomedy; it's not much of a movie—it's just a setting for Shirley Booth. With Terry Moore and Richard Jaeckel. (Regency; Aug. 30-31, tentative.)

The Country Girl (1954)—This rather odd movie, derived from a Clifford Odets play, features the least broken-down of actors, Bing Crosby, as a broken-down actor—a weak-willed, alcoholic heel who lives on the strength of his wife, Grace Kelly. William Holden is the Broadway director who misinterprets the tangle of dependencies and tries to free the husband from the wife. Rather inexplicably, this sadomasochistic morass was one of the biggest box-office hits of its year, and, somewhat inexplicably also, Academy Awards were presented to Grace Kelly as Best Actress and to the director-writer, George Seaton, for his uneven and incoherent screenplay. The film has virtues, however—Holden's performance, good backstage dialogue, and Anthony Ross in a small role. (Regency; Sept. 3-5, tentative.)

Destination Moon (1950)—George Pal produced this relatively inexpensive rocket trip to the moon; the set designs are ingenious, and the movie has a realistic look (which helped to make it a big hit). But the acting and the direction (by Irving Pichel) are earthbound. The actors have names (Warner Anderson, John Archer, Tom Powers, and Dick Wesson), but they're truly anonymous. (Film Forum 2; Sept. 1-2.)

Dirty Dancing—Set in a Catskills resort in the summer of 1963, this bright dance musical is about the role that dancing had in the embryonic counterculture. It's also a girl's version of that old phony: the-summer-I-grew-up-and-everything-changed. In the boys' version, the hero typically came down to earth with a jolt. But this is a girl's coming-of-age fantasy: the seventeen-year-old heroine, Baby (Jennifer Grey), ascends to spiritual and sensual perfection. For Baby, a doctor's daughter, the change occurs as the result of self-discovery through dancing and then through her sexual initiation and her full and open commitment to the resort's working-class dance instructor, Johnny (Patrick Swayze). He has been treated as nothing and he has come to believe he's nothing; Baby the fearless changes all that. Too many life lessons are learned in this bubbleheaded, retro vision of growing up in the sixties, and its wish-fulfillment aspect makes Baby and Johnny and all their dirty-dancing friends pure of heart—it defuses any possible explosiveness in the material. But the director, Emile Ardolino, and the choreographer, Kenny Ortega, use the dancing to bring out the sensual dreaminess of the songs, and the screenwriter, Eleanor Bergstein, writes light, rumpled dialogue that helps you over the hooey. You come out of the theatre giggling happily. With Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, Jerry Orbach, Honi Coles, Lonny Price, Kelly Bishop, and Jane Brucker. (8/24/87) (Gemini, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, 57th St. Playhouse, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

Eat the Peach—Whimsical, with an element of desperation underneath. The setting is an Irish village just a few miles across the border from Northern Ireland. Thrown out of work when the local Japanese computer factory closes down, Vinnie (Stephen Brennan) and his brother-in-law, Arthur (Eamon Morrissey), watch a cassette of Elvis Presley in the 1964 "Roustabout" and see a motorcyclist ride in a carnival Wall of Death—a round, wide, high, barrel-like track where centrifugal force keeps the rider up in the air circling. Soon they're building their own Wall of Death. This engaging, informal movie—it's loose, with a lot of humor—is about the deep-seated eccentricity of a man like Vinnie, who solves only those problems that tease his imagination. Building the Wall keeps his brains and hopes from rotting. The director, Peter Ormrod, and the producer, John Kelleher, wrote the script together; they tell the story (which is based on actual events) as if it were a simple one, taking care to let it expand in our minds. This is not like any other film you've seen; at times you may feel a little tuned out, but then the vision comes together. When Vinnie's little daughter, her face as determined as his, rides her tricycle along the Wall, trying to climb it, there's nothing coy about the kid. And when she wakes up one night and rushes outside, her hair streaming back from her head, she's the soul of Ireland, the way Sara Allgood was when she played in "Juno and the Paycock." With Catherine Byrne as Nora, Niall Toibin as Boots, and Bernadette O'Neill as the blond barmaid. (7/27/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Aug. 27.)

Full Metal Jacket—Stanley Kubrick's Vietnam film stays reasonably close to its source, Gustav Hasford's compressed, white-hot novel "The Short-Timers," yet the novel has an accumulating force of horror and the movie doesn't. The first three-quarters of an hour is basic training in the Marines stripped down to a cartoonish horrorshow; it's military S & M, and the pounding compulsiveness can easily be taken for the work of a master director. After that, the movie becomes dispersed, and you can't get an emotional reading on it. Kubrick probably believes he's numbing us by the power of his vision, but he's actually numbing us by its emptiness. The script is by Kubrick, Michael Herr, and Hasford. Shot in England, with Matthew Modine as Private Joker, who wears a Peace symbol; Vincent D'Onofrio as poor, doughy-faced Pyle; Lee Ermey as the gunnery sergeant; and Arliss Howard, Dorian Harewood, and Adam Baldwin. (7/13/87) (U. A. East, 8th St. Playhouse, and Criterion Center.)

The Good Father—Directed by Mike Newell, it has the festering gloom and dissatisfied-with-itself hatefulness that seem to be the current

English badge of integrity. Anthony Hopkins plays Bill Hooper, who was once a college radical and aspiring writer, and is now a grimy-souled marketing executive with a publishing house. He came of age in the sixties, believing in equal rights for women; he's still pro-feminist but when he thinks of the wife he has left he hears himself muttering "Bloody bitch." (And he has horrible, guilty dreams of murdering his tiny son.) Based on the 1983 novel by Peter Prince, this is an attempt to get at the new complications in the sex wars and perhaps at the whole modern English muddle. There are glimmers of truth in this movie, and it holds you, yet there's no clarity or relief in its truth. Everything seems blue and damp and constricted. If Newell has a goal, it seems to be to leave you with a sense of impacted bleakness. You never see Bill Hooper (or the director) take pleasure in anything. Newell keeps showing you what lice Englishmen are. (Englishwomen seem exempt from the moral pollution—they've been made a shade too tender and decent.) With Jim Broadbent, Fanny Viner, Harriet Walter, and bravura turns by Simon Callow as a beady-eyed little devil of a barrister and Miriam Margolyes as a feminist lawyer up against a reactionary judge. Screenplay by Christopher Hampton. (4/6/87) (Public Theatre; through Sept. 3, showings at 10.)

Good Morning, Babylon—The first film made in English by the Taviani brothers tells the story of two teen-age Tuscan workmen (Vincent Spano and Joaquim de Almeida), from a family of church builders and restorers, who go off to seek their fortune in the New World. Eventually they find jobs as plasterers in San Francisco, working on the Italian Pavilion of the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition, and then in Hollywood, working for D. W. Griffith (Charles Dance), building the elephants for the Babylonian set of "Intolerance." But it takes them too dismally long to get to the West Coast: the film's poetic, storybook style slumps into masochism during their hardships in this country, when they work at bizarre, humiliating jobs along the way. And even after they reach L.A. it takes forever (and more humiliation) before the great man gives them the nod. There are some lovely effects, but the attempt to show that the magic of movies comes out of anonymous, egalitarian teamwork makes your tongue feel coated. With Greta Scacchi, Desiree Becker, Omero Antonutti, and Margarita Lozano. Based on an idea by Lloyd Fonvielle, the screenplay is by the Tavianis and Tonino Guerra. (8/10/87) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 27.)

Heller in Pink Tights (1960)—Sophia Loren, as a blond international actress, tours the Far West with Anthony Quinn's theatrical troupe, in George Cukor's only Western. The best parts are the theatrical performances of "Mazeppa" and "La Belle Hélène," and some interchanges between Margaret O'Brien and Eileen Heckart, who play a stage mother-and-daughter team. The film is handsomely made, but the material is flat in an inoffensive sort of way, and Cukor dawdles; the final edit was not his, and he was unhappy with it. Adapted from a Louis L'Amour novel by Dudley Nichols and Walter Bernstein. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 3.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—No one has ever fully explained what gives this basically slight romantic comedy its particular—and enormous—charm. It's no more than the story of a runaway heiress (Claudette Colbert) and a fired newspaperman (Clark Gable) who meet on a long-distance night bus and fall in love. Yet the Colbert and the Gable of this film became Americans' idealized view of themselves—breezy, likable, sexy, gallant, and maybe just a little harebrained. It has a special American Depression-era, on-the-road humor and an open, episodic form, with oddball mashers and crooks turning up. The two stars interact with easy, on-the-button timing; Gable has a gift for seeming virile even at his most foolish, and when things go wrong Colbert manages to look starry-eyed and blankly depressed at the same time. Frank Capra directed. With Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Alan Hale, and Ward Bond. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 30.)

Jamaica Inn (1939)—A forgettable Hitchcock gothic, from a Daphne du Maurier novel, full of Cornwall shipwrecks and smuggling and murder in the time of good King George IV. The picture is dominated by Charles Laughton as an evil, bound-to-go-mad rake; his flamboyant ghoulishness appears to have paralyzed Hitchcock, whose staging is almost shockingly uninspired. With Maureen O'Hara, Emlyn Williams, Leslie Banks, Robert Newton, and Marie Ney. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 31.)

Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952), "Jean de Florette" is to be followed, later this year, by "Manon of the Spring." The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. The wide-screen cinematography is by Bruno Nuytten. In French. (7/13/87) (Paris.)

Kangaroo—In this ponderous adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's semi-autobiographical 1923 novel set in Australia, director Tim Burstall seems to have put more energy into photographing the wild landscapes than into shaping the equally undisciplined dramatic material. (Lawrence is said to have written the book in just five weeks.) The hero, a self-exiled English novelist named Richard Somers (Colin Friels), disillusioned with Europe, finds in the masculine frontier society of Australia some sweaty, two-fisted embodiments of his ideals of male comradeship: fiery Socialists and muscular Fascists woo him, and he flirts shamelessly with both. The film doesn't do justice to either the drama or the comedy of Somers' situation. Burstall often cuts off scenes before the characters' ideas are clear, and Friels gives a bafflingly passive performance. The radiant Judy Davis, as the writer's German-born wife, animates her scenes with her passionate, skeptical presence. With John Walton, Julie Nihill, and Hugh Keays-Byrne, hammy and uncharismatic as the Fascist leader Kangaroo.—T.R. (Cinema Village; Sept. 4-5.)

Living on Tokyo Time—Steven Okazaki's low-budget independent comedy has a fair number of good, knowing jokes about rock 'n' roll around the edges, but its center—a mild anecdote about a marriage of convenience between a girl from Tokyo who wants to stay in San Francisco and a painfully quiet Japanese-American guitarist—is strictly easy-listening. This is a culture-clash movie: Kyoko (Minako Ohashi) isn't very fluent in English, and Ken (Ken Nakagawa) has no Japanese, so they can't communicate. The problem is, they look like they wouldn't know what to say anyway—and that's the movie's problem, too. Okazaki's real interest seems to lie in Ken's basement-band subculture: the world of dim, marginal rock 'n' rollers whose drug of choice, or economic necessity, is junk food, whose T-shirts and posters (Ken's include Patti Smith, Johnny Thunders, and the Velvet Underground) are more expressive than their music. He's funny and accurate in this milieu, and the movie might have been more than an amiable diversion if he and his co-scenarist, John McCormick, had thought to use the music dramatically—as a possible line of communication between the politely disconnected newlyweds. The lively supporting players, culled mostly from Bay Area theatre and improvisational groups, include Mitzi Abe, Bill Bonham, Jim Cranna, Alex

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Herschlag, Keith Choy, Judi Nihei, and McCormick.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Lost Boys—Or, "I Was Almost a Teen-age Vampire." The only distinction of this brainless horror comedy is that it adds an especially convenient new concept to the lore of vampire movies: the reversible vampire. The hero (Jason Patric) and the heroine (Jami Gertz) are "half-vampires," who drink blood, but only from the bottle; they haven't made their first kills yet. And, according to the new rules, if they can find and destroy the head vampire they'll be normal kids again—completely detoxed. It's a half-movie. Its director, Joel Schumacher ("St. Elmo's Fire"), has been given more than a taste of Hollywood's lifeblood—serious studio money—but his filmmaking lacks a killer instinct. He wouldn't know a real movie if it swooped out of the dark and bit him on the neck. The kid cast includes Corey Haim, Corey Feldman, and, as the most ferocious of the adolescent bloodsuckers, Kiefer Sutherland. Adults Dianne Wiest, Edward Herrmann, and Barnard Hughes slum morosely.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Coronet, and 86th Street Twin; through Aug. 27.)

A Man in Love—Writer-director Diane Kurys's fourth feature, about an affair between an egocentric married American actor (Peter Coyote) and a young English-Italian bit player (Greta Scacchi), alternates hot love scenes with cold showers of bad ideas. He's playing the lead in a film about Cesare Pavese, the Italian writer who committed suicide in 1950; her mother (Claudia Cardinale) is dying of cancer. Love, Death, the Cinema, we're meant to think, as Kurys's camera scans Coyote's face for masculine treacherousness and drools over the soft curves of Scacchi's body. The young actress seems bubble-brained throughout, but in the end she becomes a Writer, to the accompaniment of Georges Delerue's swelling music. This is art-movie making at its most dishonest. The unusually attractive cast, which also includes Peter Riegert and Jamie Lee Curtis, flounders through one toneless scene after another. In English, French, and Italian. —T.R. (Cinema I; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Cinema II, and Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 28.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—In this movie, the forlorn, limp hero (David Bowie), a stranger on Earth, doesn't have a human sex drive. When he splashes down in a lake in the Southwest and drinks water like a vampire gulping down lifeblood, one is drawn in, fascinated by the obliqueness and by the promise of an erotic sci-fi story. It is and it isn't. The stranger has come to Earth to obtain the water that will save his people, who are dying from drought, but he is corrupted, and then is so damaged that he can't return. The wilted stranger can be said to represent everyone who feels misunderstood, everyone who feels sexually immature or "different," everyone who has lost his way, and so the film is a gigantic launching pad for anything that viewers want to drift to. Nicolas Roeg's effects become off-puttingly abstract, and his lyricism goes sentimental—as most other Christ movies do. With Buck Henry, Candy Clark, Bernie Casey, and Rip Torn. (Film Forum 2; starting Sept. 5.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, Carnegie Screening Room, and Lincoln Plaza.)

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Nadine—You have to keep reminding yourself that you're not just watching the trailer. The picture features such faded thrills as a shack full of dynamite, a box packed with rattlesnakes, and an ancient, rickety ladder stretched horizontally between two rooftops. You never quite get involved. Kim Basinger is Nadine, a manicurist in a beauty parlor in Austin, Texas, in 1954, who stalls on giving her small-time dreamer husband (Jeff Bridges) a divorce, because she still loves him. When she has been at the scene of a murder and, by mistake, got hold of copies of state plans for a superhighway—inside information that real-estate speculators could parlay into big money—she turns to him for help, and they're both trapped by the local crook (Rip Torn) who arranged for the copies in the first place. Written and directed by Robert Benton, the picture is like a genteel variant of a redneck, hillbilly burlesque about how it pays to be lucky and dumb. Basinger is peculiarly muted as an actress and Bridges no longer has the manic, boyish spontaneity his role calls for. As a scuzzball photographer, Jerry Stiller, who has just one scene before he turns into the murder victim, conveys a lifetime of self-disgust—that's more felt life than anyone else shows. With Glenne Headly, Mickey Jones, and Gwen Verdon. (8/24/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

On Approval (1943)—A dadaist English comedy. Clive Brook, Beatrice Lillie, Roland Culver, and Googie Withers hold to the drawing-room style of an antique play by Frederick Lonsdale so relentlessly that the old, arch clichés of "daring" dialogue are reactivated. You can't help responding to these old quips when they are delivered by actors who appreciate their absurdity. Groomed by Cecil Beaton, the quartet of players is surrealistically elegant. As the stiff-backed shrew, Bea Lillie delivers what has been acclaimed as the perfect Lillie line: "You will find the dinghy by the jetty." As the heroine, an American heiress, Googie Withers demonstrates that an actress can be utterly charming even while parodying romantic charm. The real star of the piece is the fantastically adroit Clive Brook; his timing is perfection, both in the role of the exhausted, effete Duke, and in the direction. He also did the adaptation (with Terence Young). (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 2.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock (1975)—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day in 1900 in a prissy girls' school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistress; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film.—P.G. (Cinema Village; Sept. 4-5.)

The Rainmaker (1956)—The cowtown spinster suffering from drought is Katharine Hepburn, and the man who delivers the rain is Burt Lancaster. The casting is just about perfect. Lancaster has an athletic role, in which he can also be very touching. His con man isn't a simple trickster; he's a poet and dreamer who needs to convince people of his magical powers. Hepburn is stringy and tomboyish, believably plain yet magnetically beautiful. This is a fairy tale (the ugly duckling) dressed up as a bucolic comedy and padded out with metaphysical falsies, but it is also genuinely appealing, in a crude, good-spirited way. With Lloyd Bridges, Wendell Corey, Earl Holliman, Cameron Prud'homme, and Wallace Ford. Written by N. Richard Nash, who adapted his own play, and directed by Joseph Anthony, who also staged it on Broadway. Music by Alex North. (Regency; Aug. 30-31, tentative.)

Rita, Sue and Bob Too—Amiable, married Bob (George Costigan), who lives in a treeless suburb of Bradford, in the north of England, is the kind of middle-class Don Juan who starts looking devilishly handsome around closing time at the pub. In grim Bradford, it always feels like closing time, so Bob has no trouble getting his bit on the side—two bits on the side, actually, in the chunky forms of Rita (Siobhan Finneran) and Sue (Michelle Holmes), a pair of teen-age babysitters from the housing projects. Alan Clarke, the director, deserves credit for trying to make a raunchy farce in these bleak, unlikely settings, and he partially succeeds. The movie is plain and unpretentious, doesn't moralize about its characters, and never becomes sentimental about the conditions of their lives. Clarke is right to go for laughs rather than pathos, but too often he doesn't get them; and his faulty comic timing exposes the thinness of Andrea Dunbar's script. Also with Lesley Sharp and Kulvinder Ghir.—T.R. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 27.)

RoboCop—In this punk sci-fi revenge fantasy, the near future is played for depravity, for kicks. Set in a Detroit of cloud-topped skyscrapers and a decaying older part of the city where rapists and vandals run wild and every day is open season on cops, the movie is shot in a deliberate sicko-sleazo comic-book style. (Body parts are treated as if they were auto-body parts.) When Murphy (Peter Weller), a young cop employed by the all-powerful conglomerate OCP, is blown apart by a gang of scummy sadists, OCP's scientists use his remains as part of a cyborg—an experimental model for an organic, automated cop that requires food but is virtually indestructible and is programmed to keep order. The Dutch director, Paul Verhoeven, was nastily witty in "The 4th Man," but here, working in English, he doesn't have the timing or the spirit for that. This isn't gallows humor—it's just gallows pulp. As Murphy's woman-cop partner, Nancy Allen has the right soft tones to give the movie a little differentiation; it makes sense that she would get through to RoboCop's human memory. (When he removes his steel hood, his tense, pained face has the imaginative beauty that stirs audiences at classic horror films.) With Kurtwood Smith, Miguel Ferrer, Daniel O'Herlihy, Ronny Cox, and Robert DoQui. Written by Edward Neumeier and Michael Miner. (8/10/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, D. W. Griffith, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through Aug. 27.)

Roxanne—Steve Martin is improbably light on his feet in this airy, modern love comedy based on Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." He seems to crossbreed the skills of W. C. Fields and Buster Keaton, with some Fred Astaire mingled in. And as the stargazer Roxanne Daryl Hannah gives off a womanly radiance—a combination of carnality and moonglow. Directed by Fred Schepisi, from Martin's script, this film is unabashedly romantic. It's set in the ski-resort town of Nelson, Washington (nestled against the mountains, it seems a dream-built locale, but it's actually Nelson, British Columbia). You want to go to the town; you want to go back to the movie. It has a mellow, dotty charm. With Shelley Duvall, Rick Rossovich, Shandra Beri, and a squad of volunteer firefighters who are like Keystone Cops. Cinematography by Ian Baker; music by Bruce Smeaton. (6/15/87) (Baronet, and New Carnegie;

through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Aug. 27, evenings only.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1942)—The setting is quiet, clean, sleepy Santa Rosa, California; it is invaded by a psychopathic killer (Joseph Cotten), who comes to visit his unsuspecting and adoring relatives. Until he made "Strangers on a Train," Alfred Hitchcock considered this fine thriller (from a script principally by Thornton Wilder) to be his best American film. With Patricia Collinge, Teresa Wright, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 4-5.)

Stakeout—Wanting to be loved isn't necessarily the worst thing in an actor: Richard Dreyfuss makes his adorableness amusing here, and gives his most confident star performance to date. He and Emilio Estevez play two Seattle police detectives who are assigned to the night shift on a stakeout, watching the former girlfriend (Madeleine Stowe) of an escaped convict (Aidan Quinn). The Dreyfuss character finds himself falling in love with the woman he's spying on, and when he breaks the rules and spends time with her he's aware that his partner, Estevez, is watching him. Hypnotized by the soft-lipped Irish-Mexican beauty played by Stowe, he's also mugging for the benefit of the young worrywart Estevez. All this is a jolly setup for amorous farce, and Dreyfuss has a Chaplinesque glee in some of the scenes; he's fun to watch. The director, John Badham, does his most entertaining work in years, but you feel the pressure of engineering underneath. You know that the movie is scheduled to deliver action, and Badham keeps everything dark and grungy, with frequent cuts to the cop-hating escaped convict, who is committing a few murders as he makes his way to Seattle. For all the nippiness in the dialogue (the script is by Jim Kouf), and the comic interplay of the actors, the picture doesn't leave you with anything. Aidan Quinn, who first appears heavily bearded, has a dashing, bulging-blue-eyed scariness. (Shot in and around Vancouver.) (8/24/87) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, 23rd St. West Triplex, Embassy 72nd St., Metro Cinema, and Embassy.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—As the madam of a Mexican bordello, Marlene Dietrich (done up in her gypsy makeup from "Golden Earrings" of 1947) greets the grotesquely oversize, padded, false-nosed Orson Welles with a glorious understatement—"You're a mess, honey. You've been eating too much candy." Welles' first American production in a decade, this marvellously garish thriller has something, but not very much, to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. What it really has to do with is love of the film medium, and if Welles can't resist the candy of shadows and angles and baroque décor he turns it into stronger fare than most directors' solemn meat and potatoes. It's a terrific entertainment. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Mercedes McCambridge, Janet Leigh, and Dennis Weaver. When the picture opened, it was 93 minutes long, and some scenes were said to have been added that were directed by Harry Keller. This version, released in 1976, runs 108 minutes and is said to represent Welles' original intentions. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 4-5.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—A first-rate hard-boiled farce about theatrical personalities. John Barrymore was a great farceur, and his performance as the egomaniac producer Oscar Jaffe is a roaring caricature of theatrical drive and temperament. It was Carole Lombard's performance as Jaffe's protégée that established her as a comedienne. Most of the action takes place on the crack train of the title—the Twentieth Century, going from Chicago to New York—which represented the latest thing in speed and luxury. Howard Hawks directed in a fast, entertaining style, punching up the lines. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 30.)

The Untouchables—Set in Chicago circa 1930—Al Capone's capital of crime—this Brian De Palma movie, from a script by David Mamet, is like an attempt to visualize the public's collective dream of Chicago gangsters. Our movie-fed imagination of the past is enlarged and given a new vividness. De Palma is a showman here. Everything is neatly done in broad strokes, and the slight unbelievability of it all makes it more enjoyable. Robert De Niro's Capone is a plump peacock with receding hair and a fat cigar in his mouth. The four men who fight to restore the honor of a corrupted society—the four who can't be bribed, the Untouchables—are the fresh-faced young Special Agent Eliot Ness, played by Kevin Costner; a smart, ornery veteran cop, played (magnificently) by Sean Connery; a rookie-cop sharpshooter (Andy Garcia); and a small, middle-aged accountant (Charles Martin Smith). It's not a great movie; it's too banal, too morally comfortable—the script is too obvious. But it's a great audience movie. Cinematography by Stephen H. Burum; music by Ennio Morricone. (Every now and then you may wonder what Morricone's throbbing disco-synthesizer beat is doing in this period.) (6/29/87) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; Aug. 28-Sept. 3.)

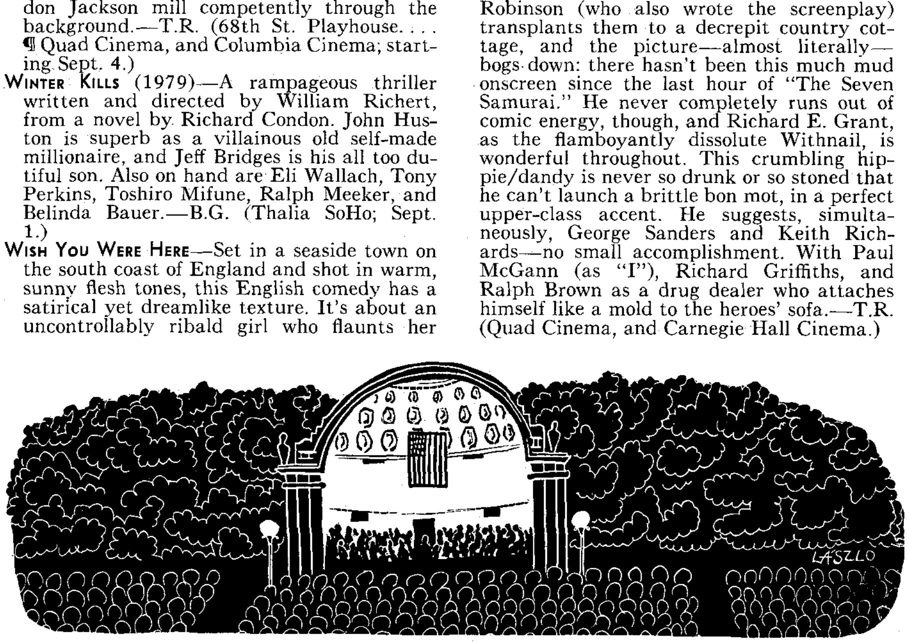
The Whistle Blower—A gray, muted British thriller about double-dealing and intricate coverups in the intelligence service. Julian Bond's script (from a novel by John Hale) aims for the tone of civilized amorality familiar to readers of John le Carré, and the director, Simon Langton, has worked this territory before—he directed the memorable TV adaptation of "Smiley's People." But this story isn't quite complex or surprising enough to engage us fully—the fiendish overelaboration of a le Carré plot is missing. It's painless, though, thanks mostly to its good cast. Michael Caine is, as always, effortlessly convincing; Sir John Gielgud provides yet another of his impeccably chiselled cameos; Barry Foster does a spectacular drunk scene; and Nigel Havers, Felicity Dean, James Fox, and Gordon Jackson mill competently through the background.—T.R. (68th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Columbia Cinema; starting Sept. 4.)

Winter Kills (1979)—A rampageous thriller written and directed by William Richert, from a novel by Richard Condon. John Huston is superb as a villainous old self-made millionaire, and Jeff Bridges is his all too dutiful son. Also on hand are Eli Wallach, Tony Perkins, Toshiro Mifune, Ralph Meeker, and Belinda Bauer.—B.G. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 1.)

Wish You Were Here—Set in a seaside town on the south coast of England and shot in warm, sunny flesh tones, this English comedy has a satirical yet dreamlike texture. It's about an uncontrollably ribald girl who flaunts her sexuality the same way she flaunts taboo words. It's 1951; she lifts up her skirts to show off her Betty Grable legs and gives men a good look at her knickers. The sixteen-year-old Emily Lloyd, who plays the part, has the kind of freshness and youthfulness that can't be faked on camera; she embodies everything that the writer-director David Leland is trying to say about the spontaneity, the honesty, and the happy, rude extroversion that kids have pressured out of them. The film is based on the early years of Cynthia Payne, who was the inspiration for the madam in "Personal Services" (which Leland wrote). The first-rate cast includes Tom Bell as the girl's bookie lover, Geoffrey Hutchings as her father, Jesse Birdsall as her bus-conductor boyfriend, Pat Heywood as her aunt, and Heathcote Williams as the psychiatrist she's taken to. The film has its banal side, but it's never visually banal; the cinematography is by Ian Wilson. (7/27/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Witches of Eastwick—It wavers between satirizing a hyper-sexed male's misogyny and revelling in it. Directed by George Miller (of the "Mad Max" movies), from a rickety script credited to Michael Cristofer, the movie resembles its source, John Updike's 1984 novel, only in its high gloss, the general outlines of the leading characters, some purloined lines of dialogue, and Jack Nicholson's entertainingly uncouth turns of phrase. As "your average horny little devil" he is so repulsive he's funny, and he has invented some furiously demented slapstick; he's an inspired buffoon. The three beauties whose combined longing for a man is potent enough to lure this devil from New York City to the (fictional) New England town of Eastwick are Cher as a sculptor, Susan Sarandon as a cellist and music teacher, and Michelle Pfeiffer as a reporter on the *Word*. (A brunette, a redhead, and a blonde, they have lost their husbands by death, divorce, and desertion.) About half the scenes don't make much sense, and the final ones might as well have a sign posted: "We're desperate for a finish." But even at its trashiest the movie keeps bumping along. And those women are a supple trio—not a brittle bone among them. Nicholson has waited all his acting life for a harem like this. With Veronica Cartwright as an unlucky puritan. Cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (6/29/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Criterion Center; through Aug. 27.)

Withnail and I—This first film directed by Bruce Robinson is a very peculiar comedy about a pair of young unemployed actors living in London in 1969. This isn't the bright, swinging London of sixties legend but the damp and sunless city that always was and always will be—a claustrophobic, mildewy atmosphere lightened only by sporadic blasts of undergraduate wit. The heroes are extremely funny in the first half hour, using jokes and a variety of intoxicants to keep the rot from seeping into their bones. Then Robinson (who also wrote the screenplay) transplants them to a decrepit country cottage, and the picture—almost literally—bogs down: there hasn't been this much mud onscreen since the last hour of "The Seven Samurai." He never completely runs out of comic energy, though, and Richard E. Grant, as the flamboyantly dissolute Withnail, is wonderful throughout. This crumbling hippie/dandy is never so drunk or so stoned that he can't launch a brittle bon mot, in a perfect upper-class accent. He suggests, simultaneously, George Sanders and Keith Richards—no small accomplishment. With Paul McGann (as "I"), Richard Griffiths, and Ralph Brown as a drug dealer who attaches himself like a mold to the heroes' sofa.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)



Photographed at Home of Franklin D. Roosevelt National Historic Site, Hyde Park, N.Y.

HIS LEGS WERE CRIPPLED. BUT HE CARRIED THE WEIGHT OF THE FREE WORLD ON HIS SHOULDERS.

He was used to carrying a heavier load than most. The braces on his legs weighed fourteen pounds.

But he not only campaigned for and won the Presidency despite his handicap, he won it four times. From his wheelchair, he steered the country through two of the most important events of the twentieth century — the Great Depression and World War II.

Yet in a survey of high school seniors, 52% could not identify Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Many could not identify Churchill or Eisenhower, either.

That's shocking and sad, and we wanted to do something about it.

So General Dynamics has brought a series of dramatic profiles of twentieth century leaders to PBS. And in a mailing to America's high schools, we have offered free videocassettes of our PBS programs featuring Churchill, Eisenhower, LBJ, and Pope John XXIII.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LETTER from a young man we know:

I have lived in New York City for eight and a half years, the first seven of which I spent in an apartment on the sixth floor of a tenement across the street from the Ravenite Social Club, on Mulberry Street. You probably already know that the Ravenite Social Club is the Manhattan headquarters of the Gambino family. I learned what it was a few years ago, when some members were indicted and all the newspapers and television stations in the city sent representatives down to photograph and film the club and ask questions of people in the neighborhood.

The club posted guards at all hours. One night when I couldn't sleep, I got up and looked out my window and saw a man standing beside the door of the club and another man on the corner. Another time, I did the same thing and saw no one until I picked out the small red end of a cigarette in the shadow of the doorway of the building next door. After that, I became convinced that even if I couldn't see them the sentries were there. In the seven years I lived in the neighborhood, I never knew of a crime, except when an old woman's purse was snatched, and that was solved immediately, because the guy took her purse right in front of the club and she shouted.

When I moved into the building, I was told by one of the tenants never to call the police, because the guys at the club really didn't like that. I was told that they policed the neighborhood, insofar as policing was necessary. This made me uneasy. For one thing, I had no idea who they were or where to reach any of them in the middle of the night if I had trouble. For another, what if they didn't want to do anything about it? From someone in the neighborhood, I heard that the last person to break into an apartment on the block had been caught and taken onto the roof of the building and thrown off. I had no way of knowing whether this was true, but I believed it, and felt safer. In addition to the sentries, the social club had a dog. First, it had a German shepherd named Duke, which disappeared and was followed by a Doberman, which also disappeared. I don't know what finally happened to either of them, but during John Gotti's trial I read in the paper that the police had tranquillized Duke while breaking into the social club to plant microphones.

I got the apartment through an ad in the paper. The woman who lived there was a filmmaker and a performance artist. She'd given a performance in the apartment, and some of the guys in the club heard about it and went. I never saw it, but I was told that it consisted of this woman wearing nothing (maybe a wig) and reclining on a platform. The platform revolved, and she reclined on one elbow with a deadpan expression on her face. Shortly after the close of the show, she was visited by the club screening committee and disinvited to live in the neighborhood. I bought the lease from her and had my first apartment in New York City. I got so comfortable there that sometimes I forgot to lock my door. Once, I went away for a weekend and left the apartment unlocked by mistake and came back and everything was fine.

Then, last year, I moved into a building on the upper East Side—not one on the prosperous upper East Side but a tenement building on Lexington Avenue. When I was moving in, I met a few people in the hallway, and they told me that the building had been broken into—they said "hit"—three times in the last six months. The man living in the apartment across the hall told me that his place had been robbed recently. After I moved in, I came home one evening and met a guy I had never seen before, who said that he lived on the first floor and asked me if I had noticed anyone around the previous night, because his apartment had been broken into. I decided I really couldn't live under the weight of that kind of concern. All the time I've lived in New York, I've dreaded waking up on a kind of intuition, like the sense of danger that wakes up birds, and seeing a man I don't know standing at the foot of my bed looking into my eyes. I remembered that a man at the office where I work had once been lying in bed asleep and then had heard someone trying to come in through his window from the fire escape. I think highly of this man, and I felt that whatever he would have done about an episode like that would be a sensible thing to do. He said he had got a burglar alarm. A day later, I was talking to a woman at the office, and she said that someone in her building had just had his apartment broken into and she was getting an alarm, and after a few days I couldn't live with the idea that two people I knew were safer than I was.

I called a company, and it sent a salesman: Bob. I didn't really want to tell Bob I feared waking up in the middle of the night and finding an intruder in my apartment; it seemed too intimate, too confessional. So I told him I was worried about my possessions. I should mention that my apartment is essentially empty. Besides my bed, I own three tables, five chairs, a cabinet, a love seat, and a bench I retrieved from the garbage outside the Ravenite Social Club when it was being remodelled. (I asked permission.) Bob and I sat in my living room, and I was trying to pay attention to what he was telling me, but it bothered me that he kept looking around. Finally, he asked if my tables and chairs were antiques, and I should have said they were, and that would have been that, but I wasn't thinking fast enough, and I only said, "What? These?" I told him that I was waiting until I had the alarm to bring my *best* things into the apartment. I began talking about things that I owned, and I was really surprised, because once I started inventing possessions I couldn't seem to stop. I didn't know how many things I ought to have before it would seem to Bob that a person in my position had to have a burglar alarm, so I just went on for a while talking about things that I'm pretty sure I would never own even if I could afford them.

I believe it was while I was describing the problem I was having with the timer on my imaginary microwave that Bob interrupted and began to explain what the alarm would do. He said it would call the Police Department. I know a man who was a deputy mayor of New York, and he told me that the only reliable way to get a policeman in the city is to phone in an officer-in-distress call and then give your address. I didn't really think that the police were going to respond in a timely fashion to an alarm in my apartment, and all I wanted anyway was the siren, so I asked if I could save some money by eliminating that feature, but Bob said no, it was standard. The alarm cost a lot of money, and it made me nervous to think about spending it. I imagined that once I did, my building would become a kind of island of safety in the wilderness of New York. I imagined that because I had spent my money people in my building would be able to own precious objects, small and portable, and leave them in plain sight on windowsills and no one would ever come and steal them. I imagined my neighbors sleeping safely with their windows open and the breeze lifting the curtains in the dark rooms. I thought, If this happens, would I be entitled to ask them for money to help pay for my alarm? Because I was thinking about all this, I couldn't pay close attention to what Bob was saying. I do remember that when I was explaining my need for an alarm and using my friend from the office as a parallel he said, "What you're reacting to is an emotional situation."

Of course, he's right. I am afraid of a lot of things in New York City. (I am afraid, for example, of a lot of the people I see on the street, and would not want to see them in my apartment.) If necessary, I could locate precisely the moment in my thinking when sound, stable judgment met fear for my safety and lost (sometime just before Bob's visit), and maybe it bothers me that I wasn't able to put the worry out of my mind. But the truth is, now that I have the alarm I feel safer. I no longer see eyes at the foot of the bed.

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Rousing

WE stopped by the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, at 135th Street and Lenox Avenue, on a recent Friday evening for a reception opening the Center's latest exhibit, "Marcus Garvey: The Centennial Exhibition." When we heard that August 17th marked the hundredth anniversary of his birth, we remembered when we first learned of Marcus Garvey. A brief paragraph in a school text said that he was born in Jamaica, moved to Harlem, and began to advocate a program encouraging blacks to return to Africa. The text had a photograph of him in dress regalia and plumed hat riding through the streets amid cheering crowds. A second paragraph was quick to tell of his conviction, jail sentence, and eventual deportation for mail fraud in connection with his Black Star Line, a shipping company to be owned and operated by blacks. We remembered, too, that some years later his name came up in the context of black nationalism, and also in reference to some vague prediction, erroneously attributed to Garvey by Rastafarians, about the rise of Haile Selassie.

On the first floor of the Schomburg Center, among neighborhood residents sipping wine, we looked at photographs of Garvey—a dark, imposing man with a wide brow and serious, penetrating eyes—that were hanging on the walls, and then our attention came to rest on a flyer announcing the formation of the Black Star Line, shares in which were being sold at five dollars apiece. "You can buy as many as you want and make money," the announcement read. The source of this copy of the flyer was the F.B.I. Near the flyer hung a memorandum written in 1919 by a young J. Edgar Hoover, who was clearly worried about the support that Garvey had been finding in Harlem since his arrival from Jamaica, in 1915: "Garvey is a West Indian Negro who [has] been particularly active among the radical elements in New York City in agitating the Negro movement. Unfortunately, however, he has not as yet violated any federal law whereby he could be proceeded against on the grounds of being an undesirable alien, from the point of view of deportation. It occurs to me, however, from the attached clipping that there might be some proceeding against him for fraud in connection with his Black Star Line propaganda." This year, Representatives Charles Rangel, of New York's Sixteenth District, has introduced in Congress a bill to clear Garvey's name.

"Calling Marcus Garvey a con man and his Black Star Line a hoax was a clever way of refusing to deal with him," we were told by Robert Hill, who had introduced himself as the guest curator of the exhibit. Mr. Hill, a thoughtful-looking bearded man, who retains a trace of Jamaican lilt in his speech after sixteen years in the States, is a history professor at U.C.L.A. and the editor of Garvey's complete writings. "In the nineteen-twenties," he continued, "there were lots of scams, so it was easy for the government to get him on a charge of deliberate fraud, although it had evidence to the contrary. A popular misconception about Marcus Garvey was that he proposed a wholesale back-to Africa program. That just wasn't so. He wanted to develop Liberia, which was already a free state, and he sent teams of engineers and mechanics there. His colonization idea was part of a grander scheme for blacks to take control of their own affairs. By dismissing his movement as a pure back-to-Africa proposal, his critics could dismiss its relevance to America. Garvey was an extraordinary thinker and an interesting man, and if J. Edgar Hoover had left him to his own devices he would have remained just that. Instead, the American government created a martyr."

Six boys between the ages of ten and twelve with very short haircuts and dressed in identical green T-shirts and black jeans trooped through the hall, notebooks in hand. Under the watchful eye of their escort, a tall, stern man dressed just the way they were, the boys, jostling for position and using one another's backs as tables, began taking notes in front of a plaque headed "The Life of Marcus Garvey: The Formative Years." By the wine and potato chips, a small girl in pink shorts and a pink Busch Gardens T-shirt scooped up a handful of chips and, while bopping back and forth to the beat of recorded reggae music, told us that her name was Shelley, and that she was visiting her aunt in New Jersey. She hadn't known anything about Marcus Garvey before that night, she said, but felt sure that she'd learn all about him in the fourth grade. A few yards away, an elegant elderly woman, wearing a sparkly rose-and-gray dress and pearls and carrying white gloves and a cane, was peering closely at a watercolor of a Jamaican village scene. She introduced herself as Beatrice Stephenson, and told us that she was a retired dietitian and would be ninety years old on Columbus Day, "God willing."

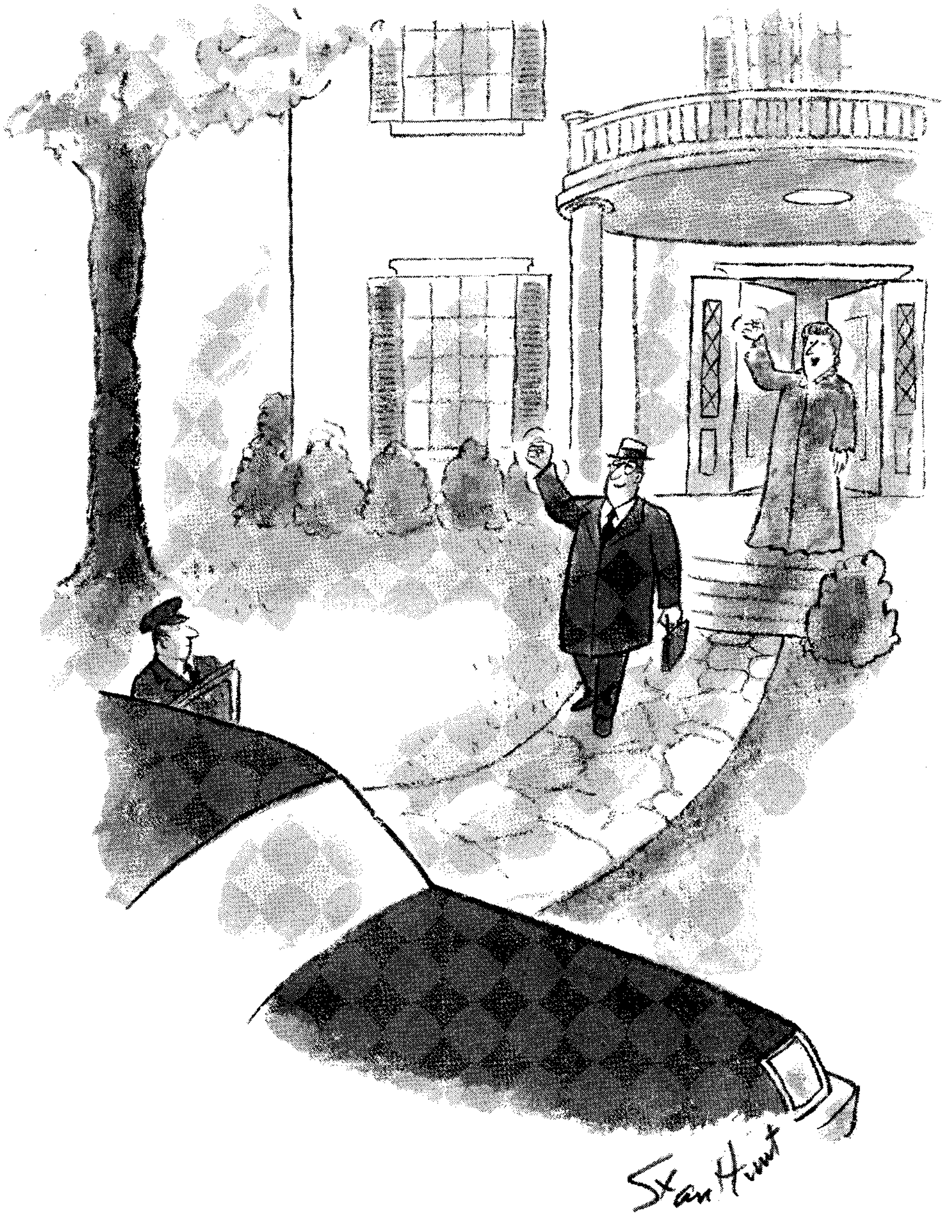
"Marcus Garvey and I lived a few blocks away from each other in Jamaica," she said. "His father and my father were very good friends. Marcus Garvey was a vigorous, ardent worker. My mother and I canvassed in Jamaica for him when he was an officer of a printers' union there. After I came to New York, in 1920, I visited Liberty Hall, on a Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street, where he held his meetings. Honey, they were rousing. The people flocked. Black people were on fire back then in Liberty Hall. And on a Sunday they were society again—top hat and tails on the avenue." Which avenue was that? "Why, Seventh Avenue," she said, playfully indignant. "It was something to behold. Marcus Garvey was a good man, but his own people turned against him. You know, there are people who, if they cannot be, do not want you to be. Do you read between the lines?"

Joining us in front of a photograph of Garvey's wife and two sons, Mr. Hill said, "Mother Stephenson is one of the elders of the African Orthodox Church in this country."

Miss Stephenson made a friendly motion with her hands as if to shoo him away. Then she said she was going to Miami, on her doctor's orders. "He said I should take four weeks of rest, but I can only take two. I have too much to do—you know, I'm treasurer of my block association." And she bade us goodbye and moved off.

Mr. Hill nodded a greeting to a woman dressed in a gown of bright, boldly patterned traditional African cloth, and said, "The historiography on Garvey is really only beginning. First, you had the eulogizers. Then you had the Marxists calling him an apologist for class privilege, claiming that he was advocating little more than petty black capitalism. It's more complicated, of course. Marcus Garvey in Harlem is different from Marcus Garvey in Jamaica, where he spent several years after he was deported. In Jamaica, blacks were in the majority, so he felt that it would be possible to capture political power. In Harlem, the most you could hope for was to start local businesses by raising money overseas. There was a mimetic quality to Garvey—he tried to emulate preëxisting symbols of powers. If there was a White Star Line, there had to be a Black Star Line. He organized the Black Cross nurses. Liberty Hall takes its name from Liberty Hall in Dublin, symbolic of the Easter Rising.

"Garvey was a visionary, but he was capable of the most extreme kind of folly. You know that after he was indicted he met with the head of the Ku Klux Klan. He thought the Klan held real power in America. He postulated, wrongly, that it was his black opposition—the black middle class and the N.A.A.C.P.—who had engineered his indictment, so he decided to outfox them and win white support. The N.A.A.C.P. advocated social equality, which many whites believed was a buzzword for intermarriage. If he



"3,000 or bust, Higby!"

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could reach white America, he thought, he'd get across his message that he was not their enemy, that in a larger sense their ends were the same—racial purity. No one knows how the meeting went, but when news of it got back to New York it demoralized the movement, splitting it between the West Indians, who didn't see what the big deal was, and the Afro-Americans, who were scandalized. In Jamaica, he became an embarrassment even to his own close associates, and they eventually bought him a ticket and put him on a boat to London. My uncle knew Garvey in Jamaica, and used to tell me how painful it was to see him walking along the street with young children running behind him taunting him. Few people recall the depths to which Garvey sank. It was pitiable that a man who had once, in the Shakespearean sense, bestridden the world had fallen so."

The lights in the Schomburg Center dimmed, and people began to stroll out onto Lenox Avenue. "I think the key to Garvey lies in the black folk memory," Mr. Hill went on. "Popular entertainment in the Caribbean starts with the election of a king or queen. A naïve monarchism is at the heart of it—you still see it at carnival in Brazil. When Garvey put on purple and gold plumes, he was performing, and the parades and costumes resonated in folk imagery. He wasn't aware of how deeply he was tapping into this—he aspired to a world of respectability. The black professional classes were horrified; they saw his parading around and naming someone the Duke of Uganda as monkeyshines. Today, there are a lot of people who think Garvey's still alive. After I returned to Jamaica from the University of Toronto, I was conducting radio interviews with some young Rastafarians, who look to Garvey as their prophet. I asked one question, then another, and realized they were quietly laughing behind me. One of them said, 'That man think Marcus Garvey dead.' They felt pity for me. I was uninformed. In black folk culture, there is no death for the righteous."

Suit-Burning

The Suit: Gray wool-blend pinstripe, size 38 or 40, about six years old, with a one-by-two-inch patch near the bottom edge of the left uncuffed trouser leg from when the owner, Dan Frankl, an account supervisor at the Scali, McCabe, Sloves advertising agency, stepped accidentally into an open desk drawer. When Dan was asked where he'd bought the suit, he checked the inside left breast pocket and found a label with a row of "S"s on it. "Oh, no," he said. "It's from Syms."

Reason for Burning the Suit: Not because it was from Syms. Because it was a symbol of the corporate life Dan has decided to reject. This week, he's leaving his job for good and going on a three-month trip to Nepal. "I'm a climber," he said. (Indeed, he's familiar to other residents of his apartment building as a slight but athletic-looking young man with curly red hair and a towering alpine backpack.) "It's not an organized trek—just me and some porters. Then, when I come back, I'm going to do something entrepreneurial. So I'll never have to wear a suit again."

Time and Site of the Burning: Approximately 10 P.M. on August 13th on the boutique-size terrace of Dan's fitting-room-size apartment, on the top floor of a brownstone in the East Sixties. To get to the terrace, you had to pass a card table where a big yellow candle illuminated a New York Times Atlas of the World open to a two-page map of India and Nepal and surrounded by a nice display of books about the Himalayas—a setup presenting the event as a ritual for reflection on one's way of life rather than as a meaningless incendiary act. Then you had to go to the bedroom window, crouch up onto the radiator, and crawl through the window to the terrace. Out there were some empty flowerpots and white metal garden furniture and, at the far end, a caldron-shaped black barbecue grill.

Disrobing: Dan was wearing the suit with a Howdy Doody T-shirt, red sandals, and a long, fringed white Buddhist prayer scarf. To the cheers of about thirty of his friends, he took off the suit, squashed it up, and stuffed it in the barbecue grill. Then he put on a pair of aqua cotton drawstring pants over his white shorts.

Precautions: Dan took off the scarf, folded it carefully, and put it aside, so it wouldn't catch fire. Then he said, "Before I burn the suit, I'm going to ask everyone to get *really far away*." People backed off, and watched from the other end of the terrace.

Ignition and Combustion (Partial): From a red metal cannister Dan poured what he called "white gas" (petroleum naphtha) onto the suit. "Now," he said, "I need some matches." A book of paper matches was thrown to him. Standing four feet away from the grill, he lit a match and tossed it at the suit. The match fell onto the ground and went out. He lit another match and tossed it, but it went out before it hit the suit. Finally, on his third try, he got a lit match into the grill, and the suit blazed up, with modest flames, like a normal wood fire. In a minute, the suit began to smoke, and gave off a horrible smell. There was movement through the window into the apartment. "Are people cutting out?" Dan asked, looking rather bewildered. Then he put the metal cover over the grill to snuff the suit.

Ritual Statements Made by Those Present, in Contemplating Their Way of Life:

"I hope there wasn't any money in the pockets."

"Anybody have any old bras or anything they want to burn?"

"It smells like those skunky firecrackers."

"Dan used to live next to a steel mill and a paper factory, so he likes the smell."

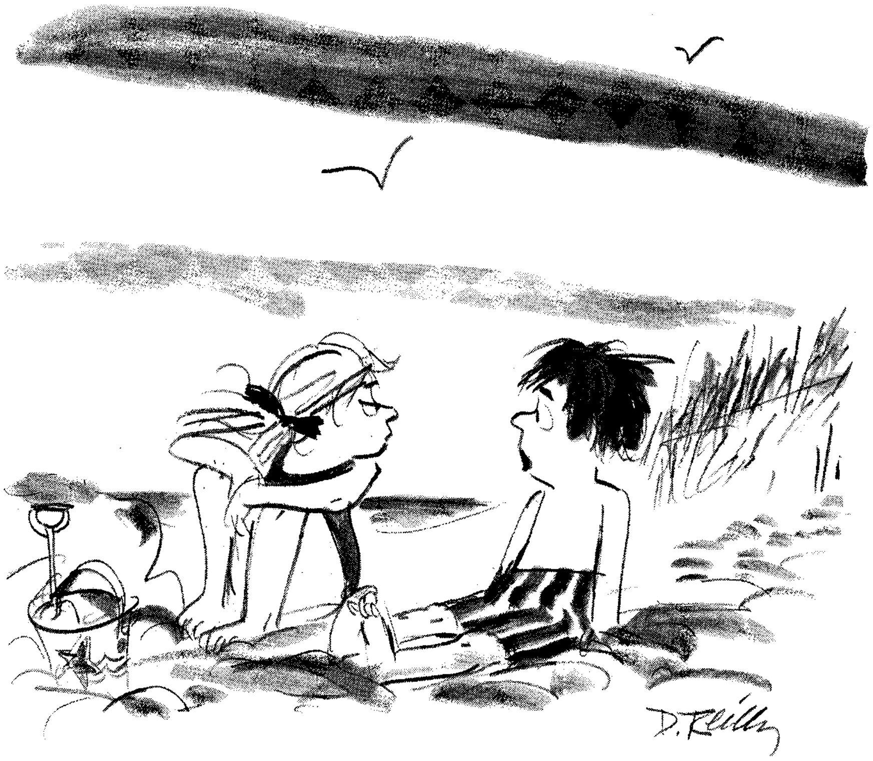
"The best thing is that a group of my friends got together to see me off."

Everly Brothers

In an age of heavy-metal youth rallies, Brooklyn still remembers when a rock concert was truly a renegade affair. In Brooklyn, "rock concert" will always mean the Brooklyn Fox, the Brooklyn Paramount, and the sweet innocence of newborn rock-and-roll rebellion. In Brooklyn, there is no MTV.

For these and other reasons, on a recent Thursday in July, when the Everly Brothers came back to Brooklyn, we went, too. They came on a sultry, cloudless night to a clamorous Flatbush street corner. We waited for them—waited with a crowd of neighbors and friends for this miracle wrought by a state senator named Marty Markowitz. For nine summers now, Marty Markowitz has played impresario to Brooklyn residents, bringing the stars and demi-stars of American music to Midwood High School's back-yard artificial-turf football park, at the corner of Avenue K and Seventeenth Street in Flatbush.

We went looking for Marty Markowitz. He was not hard to find. Five feet and a few inches tall, from gray-



"Yes, I saw 'Snow White,' but I'm not ready to talk about it yet."

ing Beatles cut to tiny white shoes, Marty was resplendent in his trademark outfit—a white tuxedo set off by a blue carnation boutonniere. When we first spotted Senator Markowitz, he was standing surrounded by a crush of friends and well-wishers, and fidgeting as his white bow tie was fussed with by an aide. Then Marty was out in the teeth of the crowd, basking in a follow spot, microphone in hand. "Welcome, welcome, welcome!" he crowed, bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet. The audience pushed on into the park—an assemblage of Brooklynites bearing lawn furniture of every kind. Marty greeted them all. It was his party.

"Please!" he cried, full of concern. "If you brought a blanket, feel free to lie on the field. But if you brought a chair you must stay on the cover." A tarpaulin had been dropped from one thirty-yard line to the other, and to one side of it was a mammoth stage. The cover area was already well occupied, the median age of the occupants being the severe sixties and their sex predominantly female.

"I beg you," Marty Markowitz adjured the crowd. "If you're down here on the field, you mustn't smoke. No smoking, please! This field is artificial turf, and if you drop a cigarette, God forbid, the whole place burns." He added, emphatically, "Besides, it's bad for you."

The sun was setting. Midwood Field was a vision in synthetic green, a swollen plastic schoolyard that had swallowed a he-man length of tree-lined residential block. Now a courtly Marty Markowitz could be seen escorting two grandmotherly Everly fans from the entrance gate to their places; one clung to each arm, giggling. Senator Markowitz beamed like a schoolboy.

7:38 P.M. A smattering of squeals. Two stretch limos, gleaming, silver-gray, come gliding slowly across the field. Onstage, Marty Markowitz stands beneath the light towers, thanking sponsors: ". . . and Con Edison and Merrill Lynch and Colgate-Palmolive and Jerry from the phone company—come on up here, Jerry, and say a few words to the people—and Wendy's and Toyota and Bloomingdale's, of course, and Manischewitz wines and Bristol-Myers . . ." Was Alan Freed ever this grateful?

The field tarp is now packed. Around it mothers in housedresses and teens in T-shirts press against police barricades. If Ebbets Field stood today, this would be the crowd filling it.

"A special thank-you to another sponsor." Senator Markowitz has assumed a pious tone. "It's a wonderful drink and they're a wonderful bunch, so let's all say a great big thank-you to our friends at Sundance Natural Juice Sprinklers. It's really delicious and— Did I say *Sprinklers*? DID I SAY SPRINKLERS?" Marty collapses into Jerry Lewis-like contortions. "*Sparklers!* I meant *Sparklers! Sundance Natural Juice Sparklers!*"

Just past eight o'clock, Phil and Don Everly ("Phil and Ron" in the Midwood Field Concert Series program book, *Bandshell*) hit the Midwood Field stage, trim and sleek, even though girdled by matching vested tuxes and black acoustic guitars. Their brotherly harmonies ring out across Avenue K. How little they've lost vocally! Can it really be thirty years? "This is our first time back here since the Fox," Don Everly muses early in the proceedings. The audience moans in empathy.

The music lasts well over two hours, a pulsing litany of Everly love songs, old and new. ("We're diehard romantics," Phil has explained simply, at the outset.) In years to come, we will remember it all this way:

"Claudette": Marty standing triumphantly at the soundboard, bewitched, sighing deeply.

"Crying in the Rain": Marty finally taking his seat, down on the tarp.

"Bye Bye Love": Marty leaping up to dance in the aisle, bidding everyone join him in manic handclaps.

"All I Have to Do Is Dream": Marty drifting out across the field toward the far end zone, embracing friends, shaking hands, squeezing babies.

"Why Worry": Marty returning to shoo loitering members of the N.Y.P.D. away from the stage, where they're obstructing the view.

"Cathy's Clown": Marty boogying fiercely with three white-haired fans.

"Wake Up, Little Susie": Marty bouncing uncontrollably in his seat, higher and higher.

"Lucille": Marty jumping to his feet again.

"Let It Be Me": A delirious Marty, arms spread wide, soulfully conducting his Everlys from the soundboard.

"Be-Bop-a-Lula": The keening voice of Marty Markowitz rising insistently over the rock and roll, saying, "Thanks for coming, everybody. Aren't they the greatest? The Everly Brothers! Next week, the Brooklyn Philharmonic, with Tito Puente. I love you all, and we all love Brooklyn. Good night."

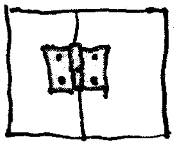
THE SELF ONCE SEEN: REFLECTIVE IMAGES IN TIME

> The first artist to be fascinated by his own image, [Albrecht] Dürer was in this respect more of a Renaissance personality than any Italian artist. His earliest known work, a drawing made at thirteen, is a self-portrait, and he continued to produce self-portraits throughout his career.—*H. W. Janson, "History of Art."*

PROFESSOR JANSON, in an otherwise comprehensive work, has apparently chosen to overlook several antecedent artists who were as fascinated by their own image as Dürer was by his, if not more so.

FLEMISH INFLUENCE:

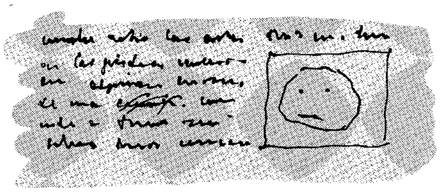
Adalbert van Hus, a contemporary of Hubert and Jan van Eyck, and a craftsman who is given credit for many of the hinges on the van Eycks' twelve-panel Ghent Altarpiece (*Illus. A*), was fascinated with his own face, which he repeatedly rendered in egg tempera. In 1420, however, he met Cosima Aufner, a Flemish beauty, and from that moment on was completely engrossed in her image and pretty much forgot about his own.



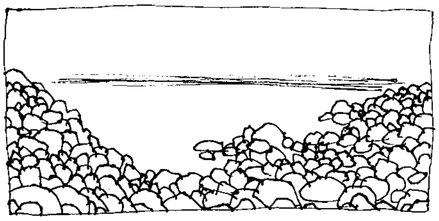
Illus. A Hinge attributed to van Hus (reduced)

THE FACE ON THE STONES:

"En las piedras de la playa hemos visto una estraña cara humana" ("On the rocks of the beach we have seen a strange human face"). So wrote Juan de Barca Capistro, captain of the Santa Lupa, in his journal in February, 1519 (*Illus. B*). The vessel, after three years at sea, had just anchored at the Galápagos Islands (Las Encantadas), and captain and crew claimed to observe the same face carved on several rocks.* Could this "face" be a repetitive self-portrait by some prehistoric castaway, doomed to a life of lonely sculpting? Some scientists have so postulated, but the truth may never be known. In 1734, the Imperturbable, a sixty-gun British frigate under orders to return breadfruit to Tahiti, stopped at the Galápagos to pick up tortoise novelties, and the commanding officer, Admiral Dexter Pruyn—a man with a keen interest in art history—decided to use the opportunity to "check out" the Face on the Stones legend. He ordered his crew to make an exhaustive search of the shore area visited by the Spaniards two hundred years earlier (*Illus. C*). After three weeks of vain hunting, the Admiral gave it up and ordered his men back to the ship. "I am dismayed and disheartened," the Admiral wrote in the ship's log as the Imperturbable set course for Tahiti. "All that time with the stones and I could get no satisfaction."



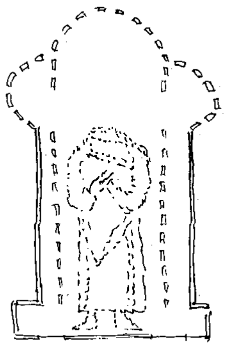
Illus. B Journal of Juan de Barca Capistro, with sketch, 1519



Illus. C Area of search, 1734

TILES:

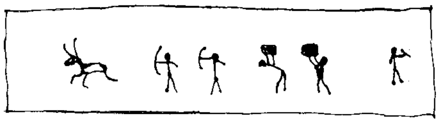
Piero della Tegula, the great mosaic artist who was born in 970 A.D., five hundred years before Dürer, included a depiction of himself in the floor of the basilica of Sta. Fraggiola (now ruined), near Siena. The self-portrait (*Illus. D*) was designed to run the full length of the nave (120 m. from narthex to apse, including hat), but when—after approximately 280,000 tiles—Tegula had failed to reach the transept (and the start of his neck) he lost interest in his own image, abandoned the basilica, and turned his attention to inlaid brooches.



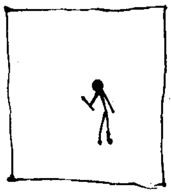
Illus. D Plan of basilica of Sta. Fraggiola (with unfinished Tegula)

PALEOLITHIC PORTRAIT:

What is probably the earliest painted self-portrait—it is approximately thirty-five thousand years old —was discovered in 1947, deep in a cave in the Dordogne, by Austin Oatley, known affectionately around Lascaux as Professor Flashlight. Oatley declares that the figure at the extreme right in the cave drawing in question (*Illus. E*) must be an artist, since he is neither hunting nor working. Furthermore, Oatley believes that the object in the man's right (or perhaps left) hand may be a brush. Cave-art revisionists insist that the figure is about to throw something; Oatley, in riposte, says this merely confirms his hypothesis. On a nearby wall there is another portrait that, according to Oatley, depicts the same man (*Illus. F*). The anti-Oatley group, while acknowledging a certain superficial similarity, says it is a completely different man. "Prove it," says Oatley.



Illus. E



Illus. F

SPATONI'S HEADS:

Enzo Spatoni (1345-69) was obsessed with his own image and is regarded as a pioneer by the Borglum school of sculpture. Between 1365 and 1369, he carved four enormous heads on the side of Mt. Zamora, in the Apennines, each one a portrait of him-

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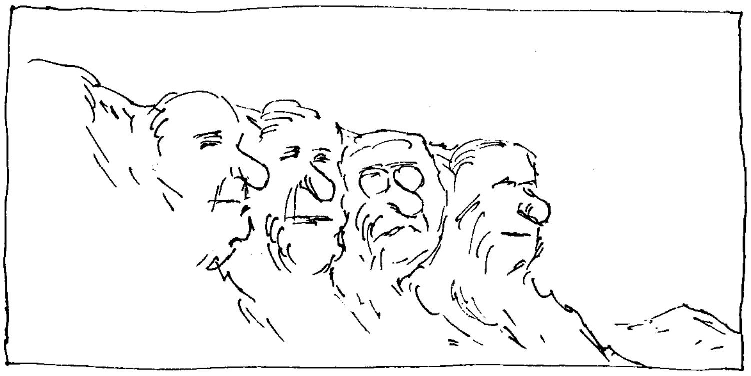
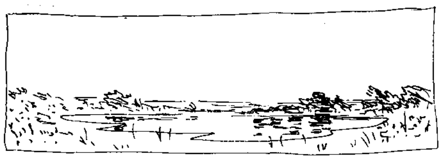
*Miguel, the Santa Lupa's boatswain, denied seeing any faces, but insisted he had viewed a number of stones displaying *"los cuerpos de mujeres muy hermosas"* ("the bodies of very beautiful women").

self in a different mood, varying but slightly as to hair, glasses, mustache, etc. (*Illus. G*). Spatoni might have gone on to a fifth or sixth portrait had it not been for a lamentable accident. In the spring of 1369, the nose of Spatoni 4 snapped off and plummeted down the nearly vertical mountainside; the artist, who had been chiselling a nostril at the time, descended with his work, passing through the houses of many of his friends in a series of brisk but touching farewells before coming to rest in the picturesque little village of Abruggio, nestled in the valley below.


Illus. G   Mt. Zamora c. 1366

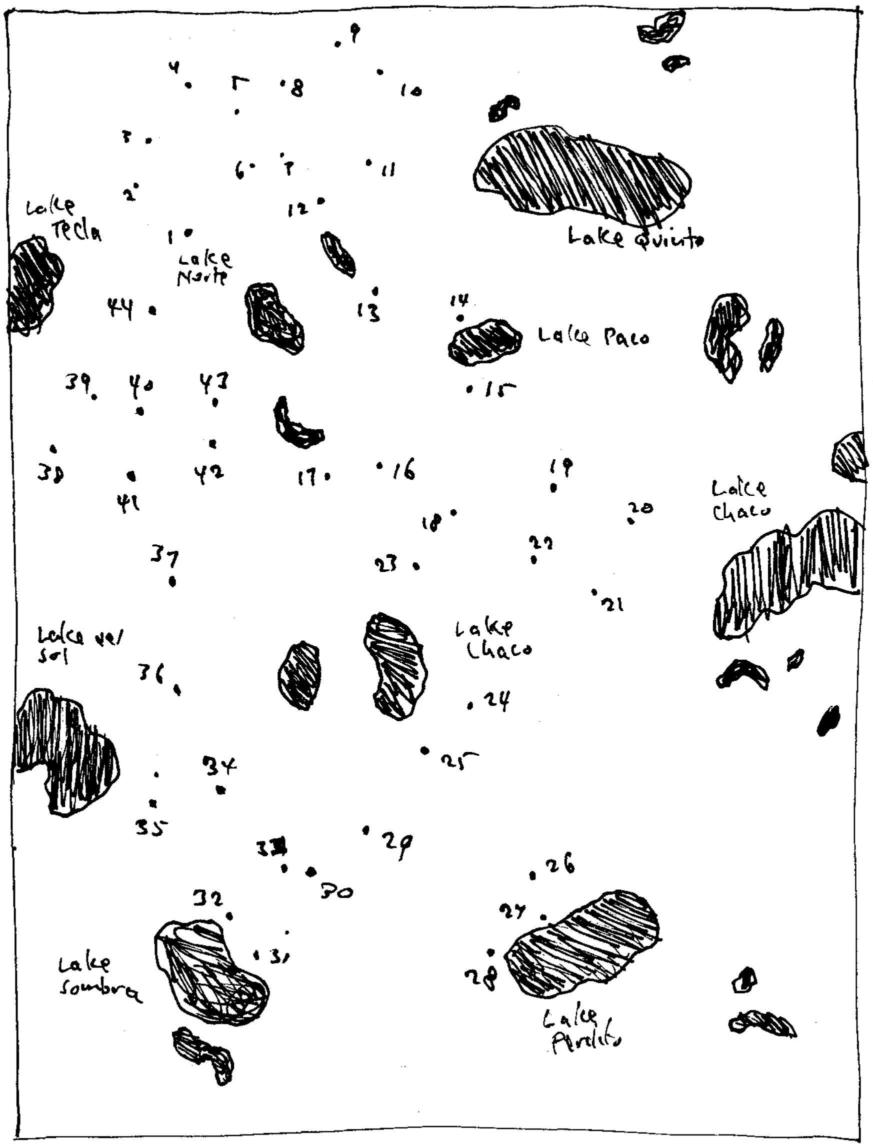
VITA LONGA, ARS BREVIS:

According to a little-known Icelandic saga, Ulf the Gifted lived to be two hundred and five *vikjas* (roughly a hundred and two years), during which he carved dozens of self-portraits, many of them life-size, that were remarkable for their precision and uncanny likenesses. The hardy sculptor worked outdoors, and villagers would pour from their huts, regardless of weather, to view his latest works and cry, "*Huuf! Huuf! Doos Ulf puva ja woopf!*" (in Old Icelandic, "Look! Look! It's Ulf all over!"). His output was remarkable, except during a two-year period known as *Do vikjas Ulf topfa da snoova* (roughly, "The time Ulf caught that awful cold"). Art historians regret that Ulf elected to sculpt in the material most readily available in the area (ice), and that no examples of his work (*Illus. H*) remain to be seen. But, as the saga says, in translation, "When comes the sun, Ulf's face departs."


Illus. H   Ulf's medium (off-season) and workplace (July, 1986)

CRATERS:

In mountainous Peru, a mystifying archeological find, the Colepaugh craters, hints at self-image fascination in pre-Columbian times. First viewed from the air in the late nineteen-seventies, these shallow craters, some two thousand in number and sited at irregular intervals, make a sixteen-hundred-mile chain crisscrossing the high lake plateaus of the Andes. The pits were initially believed to be random in pattern, but some scientists now think that they are the work of planetary visitors who long ago left a giant "calling card." Professor Harley Colepaugh, discoverer of the phenomenon, says the craters probably form a self-portrait of a typical extraterrestrial. The enormous image is visible to laymen when the craters, as viewed in an aerial photo, are connected in a numerical sequence devised by Professor Colepaugh (*Illus. I*). "I feel they were warm and friendly folk," says the Professor. "You can just tell."



Illus. I   Colepaugh's crater-connecting scheme (simplified)

—JAMES STEVENSON

THE DRINKING CLUB

HARSH, powerful sunlight strikes the far edge of the giant pink bed on which Karen Brownfield, a pianist, now lies alone. Karen, on a concert tour. It must be midmorning, or nearly. On the other hand, perhaps early afternoon? Karen seems to have removed her watch, no doubt she has thrown it somewhere, or maybe given it away to someone (she did that once in Paris, she clearly remembers the boy's fair pretty face). However, wherever she is now and whatever time it is, what day, she is not in Paris. Karen is sure of that much.

Would knowing any more, though, improve her head, which threatens to split open like a watermelon in the sun? If she knew where she was, for example, would she feel any better?

She does not really believe that any such knowledge would help her. If she rang room service, and they told her, This is the Palmer House, in Cincinnati (if there is a Palmer House in Cincinnati), why would that improve her day? She doesn't see it, although her husband, a psychiatrist, undoubtedly would. Julian, Karen's husband, is committed to what he calls emotional information.

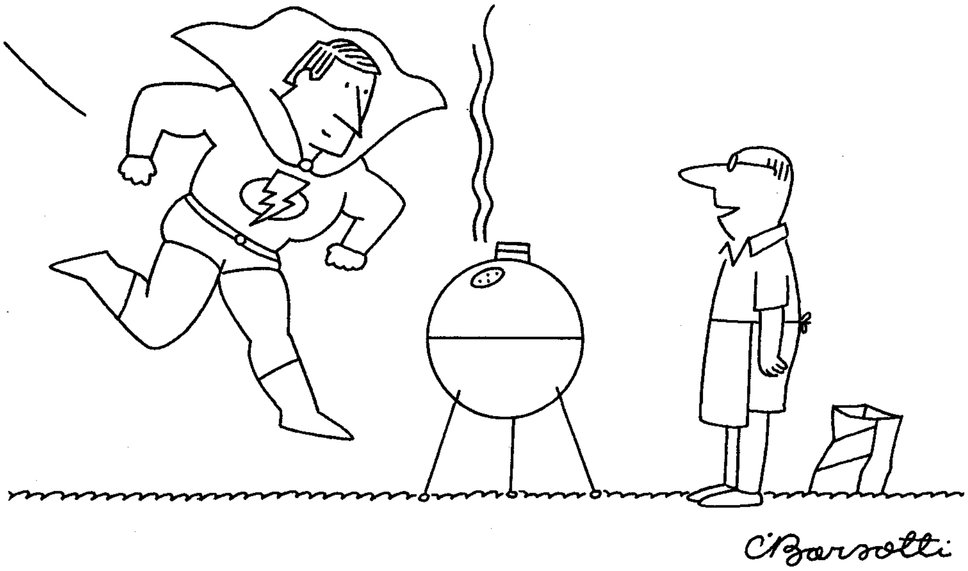
If she phoned Julian could he possibly tell her what went on last night here in her room? Well, of course not.

If she had played a concert, though, she would remember; she always does. And so, did she cancel a concert? That seems likely, quite possibly she cancelled at about this same time yesterday, perhaps from this room, this bedside pink Princess telephone. Noon is Karen's usual cancelling time, her cop-out hour.

Whatever it was she did last night, for which she must have cancelled her concert, made the most incredible whirlwind mess of the room. Karen closes her eyes against the sight of it: wadded up clothes (hers), and sheets, so many sheets! all also wadded up. And knocked over lamps, two of them on the floor. Full ashtrays. Karen doesn't smoke, they smell awful. Reeking glasses, partly filled with undrunk booze. Lord God, did she throw a party? WHO?

What she can least well face, Karen has learned from other such mornings, is the sight of her own face. *I can't face my face*, she once thought, on some other occasion, and it almost made her laugh. She is surely not laughing now, though. She is seriously concerned with the logistics of getting in and out of the bathroom with no smallest glimpse of herself in any mirror. She knows that even if you wrap yourself in a sheet you are apt to see, but she manages not to.

ONCE back from the bathroom, where she found her watch (stopped), and where she was able to braid her hair without looking at it—she is good at this—Karen decides that what she really needs is something to drink. Then she can begin with the guilt over whatever went on last night. But first she will telephone Julian, in California.



"Thanks, but there's really nothing to do while the meat's smoking."

IF another person should enter that room, for instance the elderly black waiter delivering the wine that Karen is about to order (this hotel, which is famous, is in Atlanta), he would see, in addition to the mess: a woman whose face is the color of white linen. A crazy-looking woman, with the whitest face and the biggest eyes, dark lake-blue, and the longest, thickest rope of red hair that he has ever seen.

IT is actually only about nine-thirty in Atlanta. Karen has slept less than she thinks she has. Thus in California it is about six-thirty.

IT is early for a phone call, especially since Julian is not alone in his bed, their bed, his and Karen's. He is there with his lover, Lila Lewisohn, also a psychiatrist. ("Julian's *girl*," would be Karen's phrase for what Lila is—girl, with ugly emphasis—if Karen actually knew what she now only strongly suspects.)

This is something that Julian and Lila have never done before, slept together at Julian's house. Usually there are children at home, as well as Karen, and until recently there was Lila's husband to whom she had to return. Garrett Lewisohn, a lawyer.

And tonight, after dinner in Sausalito, they had meant to go back to Lila's house, on the western, seaward slope of San Francisco. However, as they approached the Golden Gate, the yellow fog lights and heavy traffic, they learned from another motorist that there had been an accident on the bridge, and it would be closed for at least another half hour. Not long to wait, ordinarily they would have done just that: Lila and Julian are accustomed to postponements, to deferral of pleasure. Tonight, though, for whatever reasons, an unusual mood of urgency was upon them (the wine, and the fact that they hadn't been together for several weeks, Julian having been occupied with holding Karen together for her tour). In the restaurant their hands often met, eyes meeting too, laughing but complicitous, sexual.

And so, "I don't want to wait, do you?" Julian.

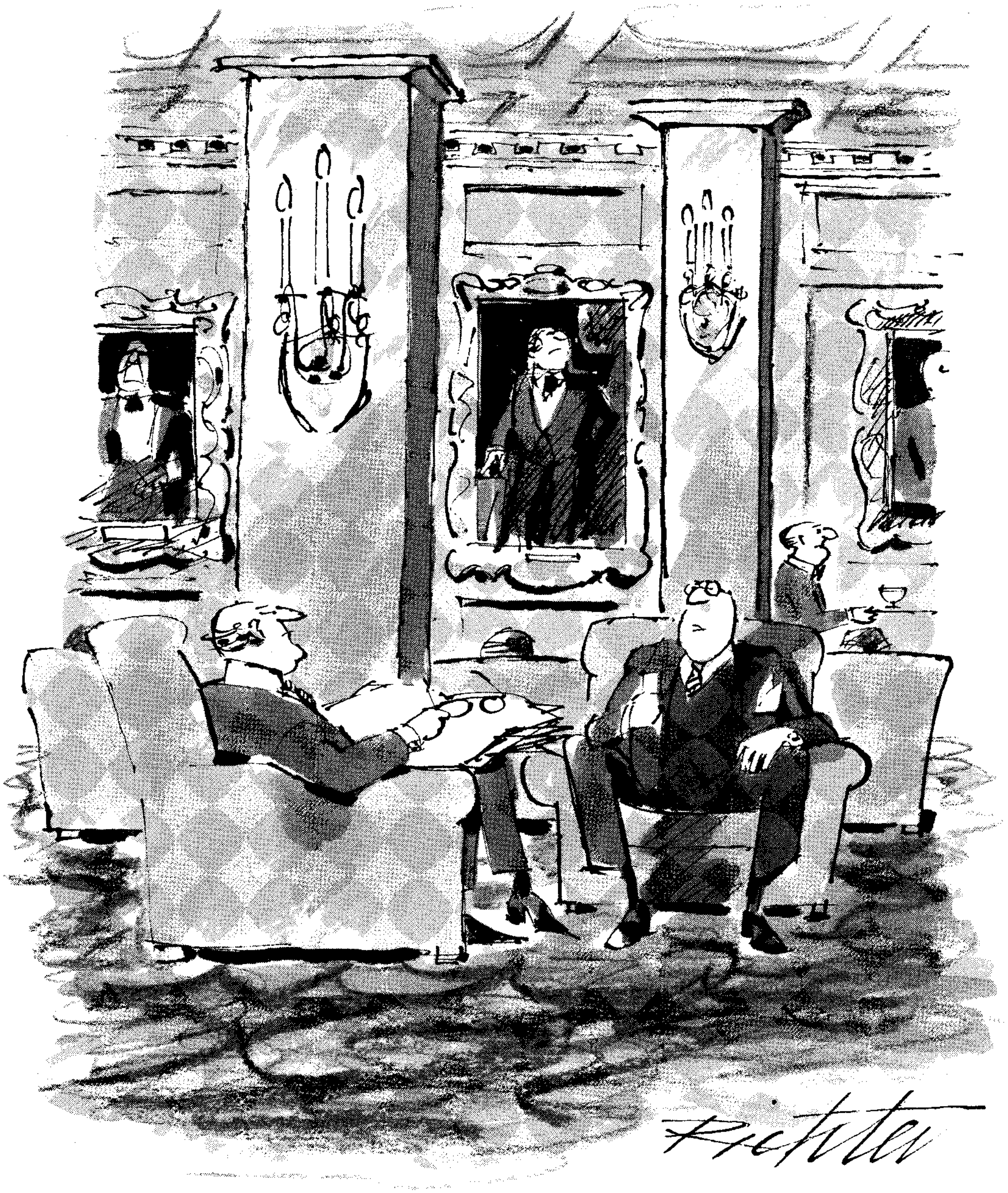
"No. But—"

Julian however had begun to turn the car about and to head too fast toward Mill Valley. Up the winding road to his very large, ultra-contemporary house, all glass and steel, among giant redwoods, mammoth ferns.

Lila has been there before, of course. She and Julian, after all, are colleagues. And the two couples, Julian and Karen, Garrett and Lila, were for a time ostensibly friends.

As lovers, though, Lila and Julian have mostly gone to motels for love, always as far from the city as they have had time for: Half Moon Bay, Bodega Bay—they seem to seek the coast. More recently, since Garrett left (moving down to Atherton, with his pregnant young girlfriend), they have enjoyed the privacy—the incredible luxury, it seems to them—of Lila's small but pleasant house.

Tonight, though, Julian's house. Or Karen's house. Her room. Her bed.



"There may be a moral equivalent of war, but, by God, there is no moral equivalent of money."

• •

JUST before the phone rings and long before any sunlight penetrates the morning fog that envelops Julian's house, naked Lila's very long brown legs are entangled in sheets, her upper body pressed to Julian's bare bony back. They breathe in unison, deeply.

(This is a scene that Karen has often imagined. Her most frequent and blackest fantasies are of Lila and Julian, in sexual poses. She has also thought of Julian with female patients, she has imagined him with some sad woman on the worn brown leather sofa in his office, humping away—although this seems much less likely than Julian with Lila.)

The phone bell. A soft, sudden and terrible sound.

Both Julian and Lila, trained doctors, are instantly awake. And both, in the second before Julian answers it, think, Karen. Or maybe a patient, they both hope it will be a patient.

"This is Dr. Brownfield. Well Karen, of course I'm here, but my dear it is rather early. Six-thirty. Well, I know it's later where you are. Tuesday, you must be in Atlanta." He laughs, then coughs. "How is Atlanta? The concert? Well Karen, I'm really sorry. No I didn't—No I don't. Karen, I'm sorry. No I didn't. No of course I don't blame you. No one will—of course you can't play when you're sick. Yes it is unpredictable. No Karen, I am not mad at you. Yes, I do. No, I don't think I should come to Atlanta, even if I could. No. No. If you need a doctor— No Karen, I am not mad. Yes. Right. Good. Good for you. Goodbye. Love."

Hanging up, he leans back against the headboard and looks at Lila.

She sees that he is utterly, totally exhausted.

"Karen has a bad cold," says Julian. "She says."

"Oh." As though Karen could see

DESPERATE CHARACTER

Playing the bongos in Rome,
dancing the rumba in Reykjavik—
he's seen it all, from Oslo to Oman.

From the Tarot deck he always draws
the Knave of Batons:
trustworthy and doomed to misadventure.

He's so wired, with so many outlets
into the expanding universe,
that he can't connect with anyone anymore.

On a supersonic jet over the Sahara,
Mahler rumbling on his earphones,
he sets up his magnetic chess set.

From memory, he plays out Alekhine's
famous victory over Capablanca at Avro
in 1938, using the French Defense.

He can still smell dates frying in oil
at the bazaar in Rabat, and he can taste
the wind flooding the *medina*, dark as honey.

But he hasn't talked to a soul in days.
His pockets are filled with cigarettes,
candy bars, and maps of the seafloor.

Once he owned a globe of Mars—
its mountain ranges cleverly embossed—
charted as minutely as the U.S.A.

So when the first astronaut zips across
the red planet in his dune buggy
he'll know exactly where he's going.

Everything will have a name.
Like this lissome stewardess behind her veil.
And the desert below. And the pink stars.

At the airport in Tunis, he drinks
mint juleps in the empty V.I.P. lounge;
twice in two weeks the place has been bombed.

Cops in mufti eye him closely
in his black Stetson, puffing a corona,
a copy of the Koran in his hip pocket.

He's just skimmed the first chapter—
"Thick Blood, or Clots of Blood"—
trying to find the epigrams the terrorists use.

Four thousand years ago, Pharaoh's cats gazed on
the blue world and cried for grief all night.
He can relate to this.

In the name of Allah, the compassionate, the merciful:
in the end how do we know one desert from another,
and how do we remember our own names?

He's sure that on Mars those red canals
flow south to north, like the Nile,
thick as lava and cold as human blood.

—NICHOLAS CHRISTOPHER

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her, Lila begins to pull sheets up around herself, covering bare breasts.

"She had to cancel the concert. Of course."

"BY the way, what's your name?" Karen, in Atlanta, is speaking to the man who has brought her the wine, a man who is large and old and black, with big gnarled hands. The bottle that he has brought on a napkined silver tray is tall and green, cold, glistening rivulets running down its sides.

"Calvin Montgomery. Ma'am."

"Oh Lord, please don't call me Ma'am. My name is Karen. Mrs. Brownfield. But you have a beautiful name."

"Thank you, Mrs. Brown. Field."

Karen laughs. "And now if you could just open it. I'm a pianist, but I feel all thumbs today. Plus which I've got a cold." She laughs again.

As she watches him closely, eagerly, Calvin Montgomery with his big hands uncorks the wine in a single practiced gesture. "There you are. There's your cold cure."

They both laugh.

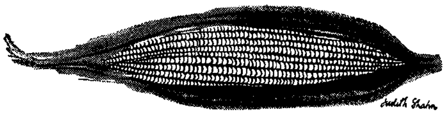
"Oh, Mr. Montgomery, thank *you*."

"SHALL I make breakfast here?" Julian asks this of Lila. They are now sitting up in bed, both with sheets drawn up around them.

Looking at Julian, his thinning gray-brown hair, large sad gray eyes, Lila thinks as she has before of the deep affinities binding them to each other. We could be brother and sister, she has sometimes thought. Blood ties.

"I don't think breakfast," she tells him. "I don't feel quite, you know, easy here." Knowing that he must feel the same about her being there. "I'd rather my house. If we have to eat breakfast."

"Well, something? Orange juice?"



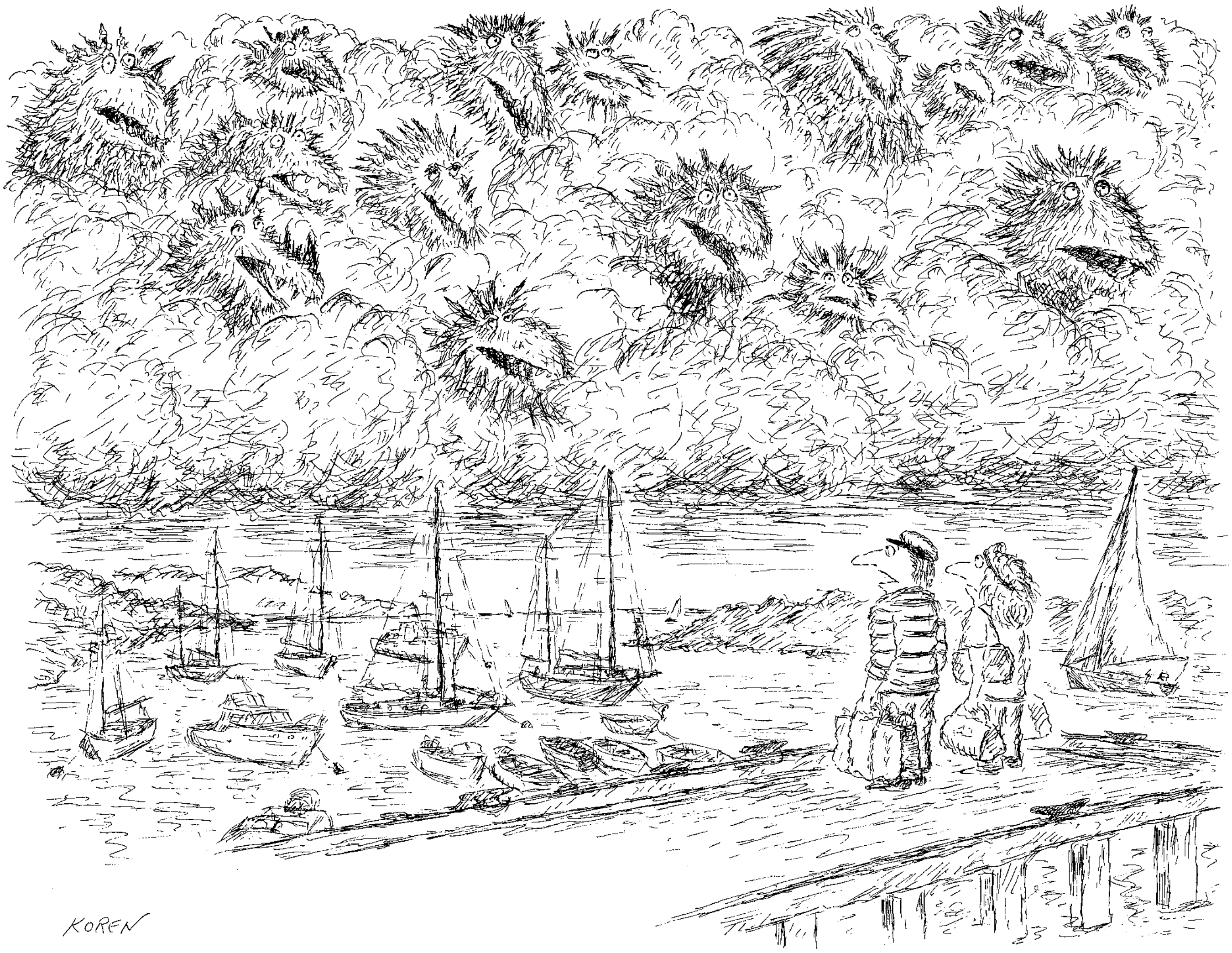
Julian has gotten up, is pulling on a robe. "You'll feel better after some juice," he reminds her.

Lila smiles, grateful. "Or I could just go home. But my car." Her car of course has been left in San Francisco, and suddenly this transportation problem seems both insuperable and highly symbolic. They are surely not supposed to sleep in this house.

Tendrils of fog reach around the smallest branches of Julian's huge redwoods, mysterious white feathers. And from somewhere comes the gentle, ambiguous sound of mourning doves, their softly descending notes.

I am simply not used to being here, Lila thinks, standing up and beginning to get into her clothes. I've never even seen it before in the daytime, or almost day. All this fog. Julian is right, she thinks, I need some juice. Blood sugar.

THE wine makes Karen feel at the same time physically improved and considerably worse in her head.



"The weather looks a little iffy."

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As shadows disperse and she begins to remember.

An interview. Yesterday at about this time, or was it later? At lunch? Yes, lunch. In any case she was being interviewed in a strange restaurant in the below-street-level part of this hotel. A more famous, possibly preferable restaurant is billed as "rooftop," to Karen a terrifying phrase. And so, this subterranean room, all stones and small calculated waterfalls, and walls of sheer water, quite effective really but slightly scaring.

Her interviewer is a pale and puffy young man, with a small rosy mouth and blinking white-blue eyes. A Southern, very Southern voice.

At first he was hard to understand, but gradually, after the skirmishes of small talk, he began to come through. "Married to a psychiatrist," he was saying. "Must be extremely interesting. Though I don't suppose they talk a lot about their cases, not supposed to anyways. But don't you find it just the least little bit of what you might call a threat?"

"Oh, I do," Karen said. No one, certainly not the shrink that she herself once went to, though not for long, has ever quite asked this. And Karen realized that from the start she had felt something very sympathetic about this young man. Karen likes fat people, she finds them comforting. Julian is so extremely thin, all sharp bones and stretched dry skin.

"I don't need to tell you that that question is solely motivated by a personal curiosity," the young man assured her, blinking, signalling his commitment to truth. Hal, did he say his name was? Yes. Hal.

"I've just put in so much time with those fellows and lady shrinks, too, that for the life of me I can't imagine a home life with any one of them," said Hal.

"Oh, you're absolutely right," Karen told him. And then she confided, "I think I'm coming down with a really bad cold. Can you hear it in my voice?"

"Oh, I sure can. Well, maybe this here ice tea was a mistake." At first this seemed an odd remark, and then not odd. Karen recognized a certain gleam in those pale eyes, along with a certain timid question in his voice.

"I'm sure you're right," she told him, laughing lightly, and tossing her long braid back over her shoulder. "We need some stronger stuff. What do folks around here mostly drink?" (Lord, where had she suddenly got that accent?)

"Bourbon, mostly. Although I've gone off that hard stuff myself." Righteous Hal. "But I can tell you, there's a certain very nice concoction—” He snapped his fingers for the waiter.

The concoction when it came was fairly sweet and very strong, Karen could tell it was strong. And watching Hal as he drank, his eager quick repeated sips, she thought, No wonder I like you.

They had a couple of concoctions, all the time talking in a very civilized way about Karen's professional history, Hal taking notes: Wellesley, Juilliard, the Paris Conservatory. Brahms, Chopin, Debussy.

And then, maybe on the third of those drinks, they returned to the question of shrinks. Living with them. Talking to them. The terror.

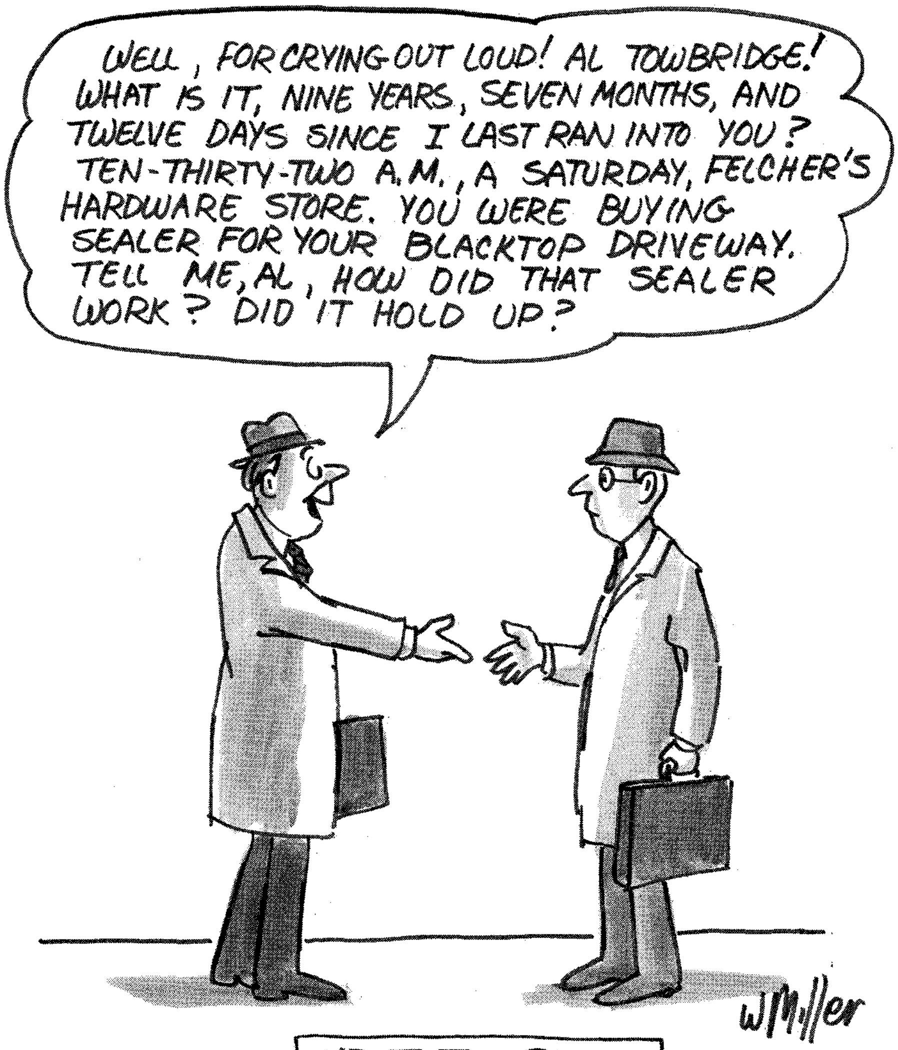
“Most probably in their spare time they ought to just only talk to each other,” Hal said (fatally).

“Oh, you are so right,” Karen told him. “My husband, Julian Brownfield, has this big friend, and when I say big I mean really, really big, you never in your life saw such a big tall woman. Name of Lila Lewisohn.” And out it all poured, in that crazy new sweet Southern voice. All Karen's worst fears, her ugliest, most powerful fantasies.

“I can just see her big long legs in some great big old bed, some motel I guess, all wrapped around my skinny white old Julian.”

Along with the new accent Karen seemed to have acquired a new persona, and one that she liked a lot. She liked being a silly, pretty, somewhat flirty, complaining little woman, talking to that nice big fat old boy. Telling him just about everything.

Her cold by then was making her sniffle and sneeze, and quite naturally Karen had a lot to say about her condition. “It's still just coming on strong. I can feel it all over me,” she told Hal. “Although these concoctions of yours are really something else. But you know if you'll just excuse me I think I've got to call my agent. There's just no way I can play a concert tonight. As a matter of fact I think I'd better make the call from my room. Why don't you just come on up with me, give me some moral support? Lord God, will he be *mad!* I'm telling you, fit to kill.”


WELL, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! AL TOWBRIDGE! WHAT IS IT, NINE YEARS, SEVEN MONTHS, AND TWELVE DAYS SINCE I LAST RAN INTO YOU? TEN-THIRTY-TWO A.M., A SATURDAY, FELCHER'S HARDWARE STORE. YOU WERE BUYING SEALER FOR YOUR BLACKTOP DRIVEWAY. TELL ME, AL, HOW DID THAT SEALER WORK? DID IT HOLD UP?

MR. TOTAL RECALL

So far Karen remembers it all, the whole conversation now plays as precisely as a tape, in her grimed, exhausted mind.

Now, continuing in her new Southern voice, she thinks, Julian wasn't very nice to me on the phone. He tells me he cares how I feel but he doesn't, not really. All he really cares about is his patients, and that awful old Lila.

Julian and Lila have left Mill Valley, crossed the bridge and reached San Francisco, Lila's house. But although alone in those familiar surroundings they are not quite restored to each other. For one thing there is almost no time. Both have morning patients, Julian must leave. And for another Karen is so present to them both, having just arisen from her bed, been awakened by her voice.

Lila has made coffee and heated two bagels. With this small nourishment they are perched at Lila's round kitchen table. It would be pleasant simply to enjoy the moment for what it is, but the fact of what they are, what they do, prevents an avoidance of the subject. Of Karen.

Julian. “Amazing, really amazing. I still feel a certain amount of guilt over not going to Atlanta.”

Lila. “Julian the caretaker.”

“I know, we seem to have struck a perfect balance, she and I.”

“Right. Whereas Garrett and I were so unbalanced that he had to leave. Or one of us did and it turned out to be him.” But they have already talked a great deal about Garrett—of course they have. They have even discussed at some length the possibility of their needing Garrett for some balance of their own: since Julian is married to Karen, how will things work out in terms of Julian and Lila, now that Lila is unmarried? They talk a lot, they speculate.

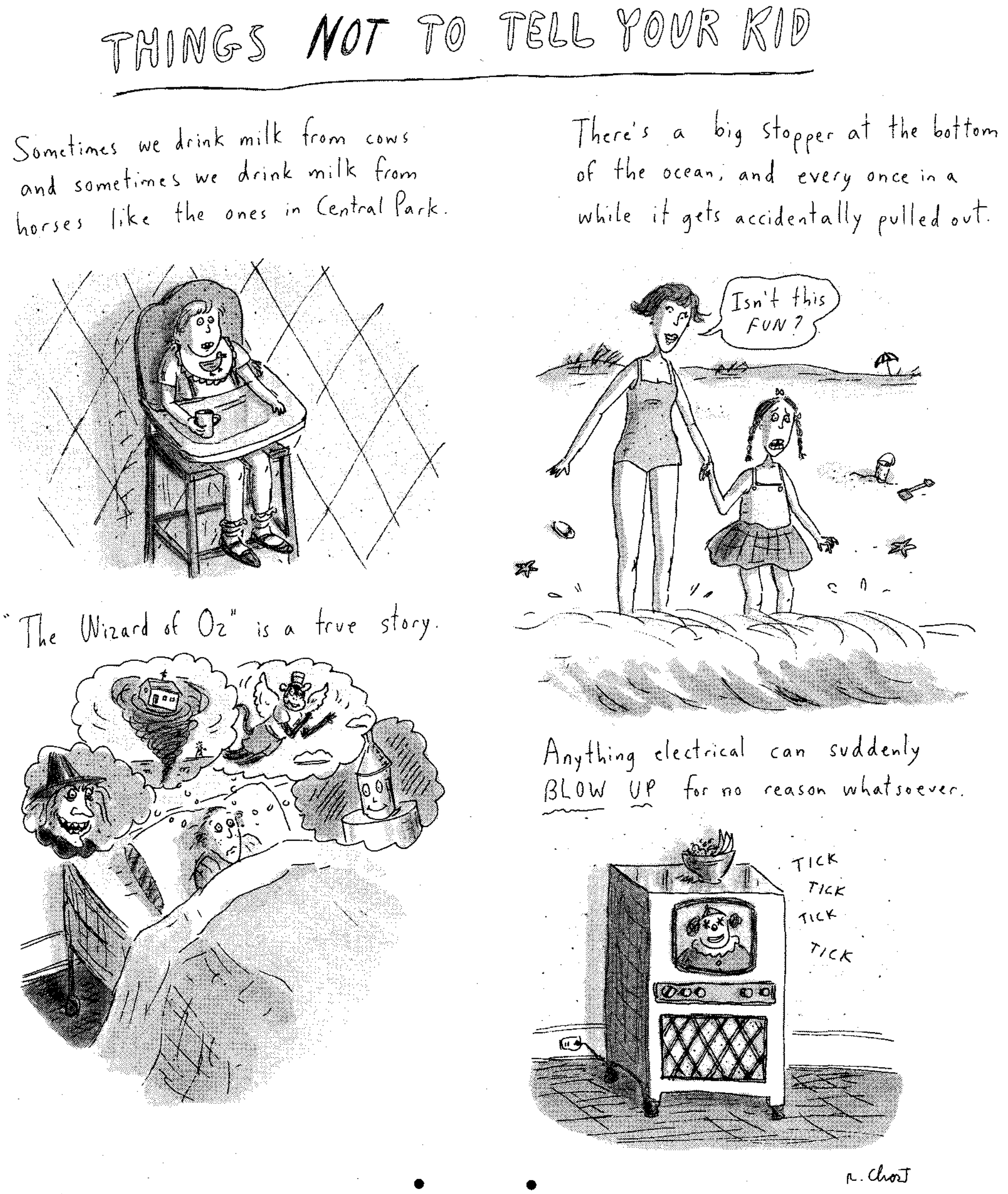
Not so long ago, all four of those people sat at that same round kitchen table, Lila and Garrett playing host to Julian and Karen. All drinking champagne, good French stuff bought by Garrett. And they were eating something fancy that he had whipped up, crab and mushrooms. After a concert of Karen's, in Berkeley.

Karen had played beautifully. Brahms, Mozart, Debussy. A silly Satie. A safe concert, as reviewers would hasten to point out (Karen was unpopular with local critics, her habit of cancellation did not win friends), but still, Karen's particular lyric flow was present. Playing, she sang. Wonderfully.

That night Lila, as she looked at Karen, the small exhausted woman hunched over the table, her fallen silk hair a mess, white hands gripping the stem of her glass (Karen tended to break glasses; she did so later, a good glass from Lila's mother; Garrett was angry)—watching Karen, then, it seemed astounding to Lila that she could have played at all.

Karen's beauty, too, was always astounding, even totally dishevelled, entirely tired. That white, translucent skin, the very wide dark-blue eyes, small nose and long delicate mouth. The amazing long red silk hair.

SOMETIMES, envisioning Karen, Lila has thought, Well, no wonder. No wonder Julian wants her around just to look at, even if she is so often drunk, impossible. She is so beautiful, and impressively talented. He feels what I would feel, probably.


THINGS NOT TO TELL YOUR KID
Sometimes we drink milk from cows and sometimes we drink milk from horses like the ones in Central Park.
There's a big stopper at the bottom of the ocean, and every once in a while it gets accidentally pulled out.
Isn't this FUN?
"The Wizard of Oz" is a true story.
Anything electrical can suddenly BLOW UP for no reason whatsoever.
TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK
R. Chast

"I HAVE this really wonderful group of friends at home," Karen now remembers telling Hal, once they were up in her room and she had made the phone call. "All people who like to drink, well, you know, too much. And who've tried the shrink route, A.A., Betty Ford, all that grim stuff. Well, we all got together and we formed this little club, we called it the Drinking Club. We meet every now and then and we really drink, I mean we just drink up a storm. But the rest of the time stone-cold sober."

By the time she had finished all this about her club, both Karen and Hal were laughing so hard they were crying, she sitting up on her big pink bed and he in a chair near the window—a huge piece of floor-to-ceiling glass that seemed to slant into the room.

"Only trouble was," Karen continued, "we got to having our meetings all the *time*."

"You know what?" Hal said, when either of them could speak. "You know what, I'm going to start me a branch of your club right here in Atlanta, and I'm going to start promoting the first meeting right here in this room, right *now*."

And Hal picked up the bedside pink Princess phone and began to tap out numbers, and to talk. In the mirror across the room Karen could see herself as he did so: a pretty little woman lying back on the bed, her loosened hair fanned out, prettily (the same bed which is now such a horrible mess).

Yesterday afternoon? Last night? As Hal talked and talked on the phone Karen lay back and laughed and laughed, his voice sounded so funny to her, just killing. And his fat was so nice, so reassuring.

After that her memory is vaguer, more spotty.

Other people came to her room. All men? Karen thinks so, but just as she thinks, All men, she remembers a woman. Was that a maid, with more drinks, bottles? Ice?

Drinking. Smoking. A lot of them smoked, a lot.

Then something about the air-conditioner not working. Too hot.

People undressing?

But no sex. Nothing like that.

Or was there?

At that moment, two things happen to Karen simultaneously: Her memory closes down. Black. Blank. And her stomach lurches, then tightens like a fist.

In the bathroom nothing comes to her mouth but bile, thin and bitter, greenish. Her stomach contracts again, and again. More bitterness, more thin bile.

Very clearly then, to herself Karen says, This must never happen again. Not any of it. Not ever.

She begins to repeat, "I am an alcoholic. I am not in control of my life."

IN San Francisco, in the heavy early-morning fog that will probably last all day, the trees around Lila's house drip moisture, water running down pine needles, slow drops from eucalyptus leaves. And from out in the bay comes the heavy, scraping sound of foghorns.

Lila has pulled a dark gray sweater over the silk shirt that she wore to dinner last night, with Julian, but even so she is cold, as they stand there in her doorway, saying goodbye.

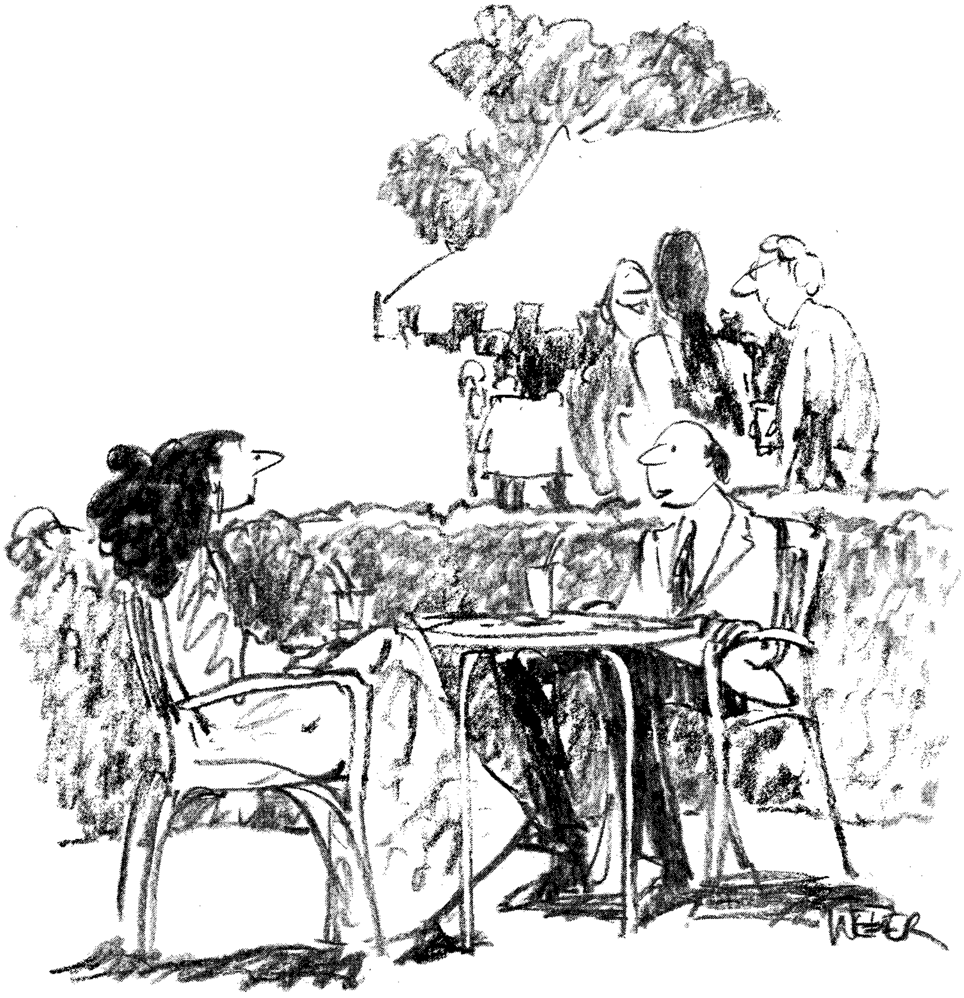
"Well, in any case, tonight, O.K.?" asks Julian. "We'll stay here? Do you want to make dinner, or should we go out, do you think. It might be better—"

This tentativeness of Julian's tells Lila that he is not at all sure what to do about Karen, who might telephone—anywhere.

Surprising herself—she, too, had assumed this night for them together—Lila hears her own voice saying, "Well, maybe not? I mean maybe not tonight at all?" She laughs to lighten the effect of what she has said: they have never before not seen each other when they could. "Let's talk on the phone instead." She laughs again.

"Well. Oh. Well, O.K." Looking hard at Lila as he says those few words Julian too seems to strive for lightness. But then he says, "Or I could make dinner at my house? We haven't done that for a while. I'll bring you home early, I promise."

Meaning that he can't quite let her go, not now? He needs some sort of help from Lila?



"My not wearing a hairpiece indicates to others that I'm comfortable with myself."

No time for talking about it, however, and so she temporizes. "Well, let me call you later, O.K.?"

They kiss, both with the thought that they will see each other that night after all. Probably.

Julian walks over to his car, and Lila goes back inside her house, where she will clean up their few dishes before heading over to her study, ready for the day's first patient.

CLEANING up her room, which seemed to Karen a first step, is not quite as terrible as she imagined it would be. To start with, there are not as many sheets lying around as she thought there were. She pulls the sheets and a couple of towels into a bundle that she then thrusts out into the hall—seeing no one in the corridor, luckily.

She empties the ashtrays into the toilet, along with the inches of booze in the several glasses. Flushes it all away. Gone. She considers washing the ashtrays and decides against it, imagining that wet-ash smell. She just stacks everything there in the bathroom and closes the door.

Well. Already a huge improvement.

She will call her agent and apologize, in fact she will call a lot of people, explaining, apologizing. But there is no way, not now, that she could go on to New York today, as she was meant to.

She will call down for some food, a tray of tea and eggs, some yogurt, all healthy stuff. Maybe that nice black man will bring it up to her, the one who brought the wine. (Wine. She will never drink wine again, or anything else.) How surprised and pleased he will be to see how she has tidied up the room! And to see her looking so much better! How surprised everyone will be when they see her.

She very much hopes it will be the same waiter. She really liked him. If only she could remember his name.

—ALICE ADAMS

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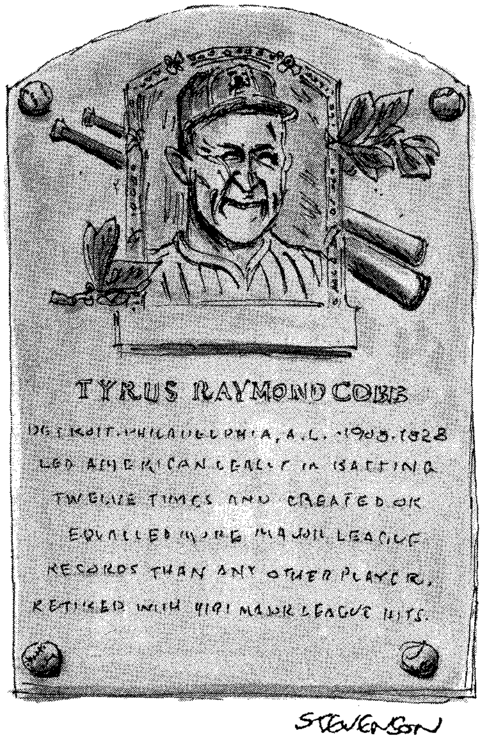
WEDNESDAY
JUNE 17,
1987

CAMBRIC
(kame´ brik) n. a fine, thin linen or cotton cloth with a dull finish.
They carried delicate handkerchiefs of white ceramic.
—*Word-A-Day Calendar.*

And a lot of Kleenex.

THE SPORTING SCENE

UP AT THE HALL


TYRUS RAYMOND COBB
DETROIT-PHILADELPHIA, A.L. 1905-1928
LED AMERICAN LEAGUE IN BATTING
TWELVE TIMES AND CREATED OR
EQUALLED MORE MAJOR LEAGUE
RECORDS THAN ANY OTHER PLAYER.
RETIRED WITH 4191 MAJOR LEAGUE HITS.
STEVENSON

HERE we are, and here it all is for us: already too much to remember. Here's a meerschaum pipe presented to Cy Young by his Red Sox teammates after his perfect game in 1904. Here are Shoeless Joe Jackson's shoes. Here's a life-size statue of Ted Williams, beautifully done in basswood; Ted is just finishing his swing, and his eyes are following the flight of the ball, into the right-field stands again. Here is John McGraw's little black mitt, from the days when he played third base for the old Orioles: a blob of licorice, by the looks of it, or perhaps a small flattened animal, dead on the highway. Here's a ball signed by seventeen-year-old Willie McCovey and his teammates on the 1955 Class D Sandersville (Georgia) club —Stretch's first address in organized ball—and over *here* is a ball from a June 14, 1870, game between Cincinnati and the Brooklyn Atlantics; Brooklyn won, snapping the Red Stockings' astounding winning streak of two full years. Babe Ruth, in a floor-to-ceiling photomural, sits behind the wheel of an open touring car, with his manager, little Miller Huggins, almost hidden beside him. The Babe is wearing driving gauntlets, a cap, a fur-collared coat, and a sullen, assured look: Out of the way, world! Let's hum a song or two (from the sheet music for "Home Run Bill" or "The Marquard Glide" or "That Baseball Rag") while we think about some intrepid barnstormers of the game: the Chicago White Sox arrayed in front of the Egyptian Pyramids in 1889; King George V (in a derby) gravely inspecting a visiting American exhibition squad (in uniforms and spikes) in 1913; and shipboard high jinks by the members of a 1931 team headed for Japan (Mickey Cochrane is sporting white-and-tan wingtips). The 1935 Negro League Pittsburgh Crawfords were travellers, too; their blurry team photograph has them lined up, in smiles and baggy uniforms, in front of their dusty, streamlined team bus. Over here are some all-time minor-league records for us to think about: Ron Necciai pitched a no-hitter for the Appalachian League's Bristol Twins in 1952 and struck out all twenty-seven batters in the process; and Joe Wilhoit hit safely in sixty-nine consecutive games for the Wichita Wolves in 1919. Wilhoit was on his way down by then, after four undistinguished wartime seasons with four different big-league clubs, but Necciai's feat won him an immediate starting spot with the Pittsburgh Pirates—and a lifetime one-season 1–6 record in the majors, with a 7.08 earned-run average. Hard lines, but another kid made more of *his* chances after hitting safely in sixty-one consecutive games with the San Francisco Seals in 1933: Joe DiMaggio.

Enough. Come sit down and take a load off—let's sit here on these old green ballpark seats and watch this movie tape. I think it's— Yes, it *is:*

COSTELLO: Now, wait. What's the name of the first baseman?
ABBOTT: No, What's the name of the second baseman.
COSTELLO: I don't know.
ABBOTT: He's the third baseman.
COSTELLO: Let's start over.
ABBOTT: O.K. Who's on first.
COSTELLO: I'm asking *you* what's the name of the first baseman.
ABBOTT: What's the name of the second baseman.
COSTELLO: I don't know.
ABBOTT: He's on third. . . .

What about bats? Pete Rose had a nearly knobless bat, with six separate strips of tape on the handle—or at least that's what he swung when he rapped out his four-thousandth hit (he was with the Expos then), against the Phillies, in 1984. Probably he wouldn't have done so well with Babe Ruth's thick-waisted model, or with Home Run Baker's mighty mace. Maybe weight isn't what matters: here's Jim Bottomley's modest-looking bat lying on its side in a case—the bat he used in a September 16, 1924, game, when he went six for six against the Dodgers (Sunny Jim played for the Cardinals, of course) and batted in twelve runs. I won't forget *that*, I'm sure, but here in the World Series section (there is a cut-out silhouette of Joe Rudi making that beautiful catch up against the wall in 1974: I was there!) some text tells us that the Tigers batted .455 against the Padres' starting pitchers in the 1984 Series—and how in the world could I have forgotten that, now that I know forever that Cy Young's 1954 Ohio license plate was "C-511-Y" (Cy won five hundred and eleven games, lifetime) and that Mrs. Lou Gehrig's New York plate for 1942 (Lou had died the year before) was "1-LG"?

THIS clotted flow is an inadequate representation of the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum in Cooperstown, but it is perhaps a good tissue sample of one man's brain taken after a couple of hours in the marvellous place. What has been left out so far is the fans themselves—dozens and scores and hundreds of them, arrayed throughout the four floors of the modest Georgian edifice on any summer afternoon, with wives (or husbands) and kids and grandfathers and toddlers in tow, and all of them talking baseball a mile a minute: "Pop, look at *this!* Here's Roger Clemens' cap and his gloves and his shoes he wore on the day he struck out all those guys last year—you know, that twenty-strike-out game?" and "Ralph Kiner led the National League in home runs his first *seven* years running—how do you like that, honey!" and "Alison! Alison-n-n! Has anybody seen Alison?" I have done some museum time in my day—if I had to compare the Hall with any other museum in the world it would be the Victoria and Albert, in London—

but I can't recollect a more willing and enthusiastic culture-crawl anywhere. It took me a little while to dope this out, and the answer, it became clear, is geographical. The Hall of Fame draws a quarter of a million visitors every year—a total that cannot be fashioned out of drop-in locals from Cooperstown (pop. 2,300), plus a handful of idle music lovers, up for the nearby Glimmerglass Opera summer season, and a few busloads of kids from day camps scattered along adjoining Otsego Lake. (There are other tourist attractions in town as well: the Farmers' Museum and Fenimore House, the latter of which displays some furnishings of the eponymous and tireless non-Cleveland Indian publicist James Fenimore Cooper.) Cooperstown is an inviting little village, with flowering window baskets set out in front of its dignified old brick-front stores, but it isn't near anyplace else, unless you count Cobleskill or Cazenovia. From New York City, it's three hours up the New York Thruway and another hour out west of Albany before you hit the winding back-country road that takes you thirty miles to the lake and the town. Folks who come to the Hall are pilgrims, then; they want to be there, and most of the visitors I talked to during a couple of recent stays told me they had planned their trip more than a year before. The place is a shrine.

I had resisted it, all these years, for just that reason. I've been a baseball fan all my life—starting long before the Hall of Fame opened, in 1939—but lately when each summer came along I realized once again that I preferred to stay with the new season, close to the heat and fuss and noise and news of the games, rather than pay my respects to baseball's past. Cooperstown seemed too far away, in any case, and I secretly suspected that I wouldn't like it. I was afraid I'd be bored—a dumb idea for a baseball fan, if you think about it. By mid-June this year, however, up-close baseball had begun to lose its flavor for me. The World Champion Mets—*my* Mets—had lost most of their dashing pitching staff to injuries and other unhappy circumstances, and the team fell victim to bad nerves and bickering as it slipped farther behind in the standings. The Red Sox, who also held my fealty, were even worse off: twelve games behind and already out of the race, it seemed—a terrible letdown after their championship season of 1986. Spoiled and sulky, I suddenly remembered Cooperstown one afternoon in late June, and within an hour had extemporized a northward expedition with Charles, a colleague of mine and a fellow-Soxperson, and his ten-year-old Soxson, Ben—perfect companions, it turned out. We cheated a little by flying up from LaGuardia on a Catskill Airways commuter hop to Oneonta, where we rented a car and instantly resumed our seminar (it was too noisy in the plane to talk about baseball or anything else), which went on uninterrupted through two soggy days and four meals and three bottom-to-top sojourns in the Hall of Fame: an essential trip, we decided, maybe even for Yankee fans.

LIKE other shrines, perhaps, the Baseball Hall of Fame is founded on a fantasy—the highly dubious possibility that baseball was "invented" in Cooperstown by a local youth, Abner Doubleday, while he was fooling around with some friends in a pasture one day in the summer of 1839. In 1905, a committee of baseball panjandrums and politicos, the Mills Commission, forgathered to determine the origins of the national pastime, and after three years of deliberation it bestowed the garland on Doubleday, who had not done damage to his cause by growing up to become a major general and fight in the Mexican and Civil Wars. (He himself never laid claim to the baseball invention.) The commission, we might note, was convened at a time when organized professional baseball was not quite thirty years old and the modern, two-league era (and the first World Series) was only three years old. Teddy Roosevelt was in office, in a time of glowing national self-assurance, and the Mills Commission reacted with alacrity to a letter from one Abner Graves, a mining engineer who had grown up in Cooperstown and swore he had been on hand on the day when nineteen-year-old Abner Doubleday scratched out the first diamond in the dust of a Cooperstown pasture, put bases at three angles, and added a pitcher and a catcher for good measure. (Subsequent and more cautious baseball historians have agreed that the American game almost surely evolved out of a British boys' amusement called rounders, and that the true father of baseball was Alexander Cartwright, a young engineer and draftsman and volunteer fireman, who first marked off the crucial ninety feet between the bases and formulated the pretty and sensible arrangement of nine innings to a game and nine men to a side; his team, the New York Knickerbockers, came into being in Hoboken in 1845, and their sort of baseball—"The New York Game"—became the sport we know today.) The Cooperstown chimera persisted, however, and was wonderfully transfused by the 1934 discovery of a tattered homemade baseball among the effects of the aforementioned Graves, in Fly Creek, New York, three miles west of Cooperstown. The ball—soon ennobled as The Doubleday Baseball—was purchased for five dollars by Stephen C. Clark, a Cooperstown millionaire who had established a fortune with the Singer Sewing Machine Company. The ancient pill became the centerpiece of Clark's small private collection of baseball memorabilia and, very soon thereafter, of the National Baseball Museum—an idea happily seized upon and pushed forward by Ford C. Frick, the president of the National League, and by other gamekeepers of the era, including Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis. The museum opened its doors on June 12, 1939. It is providential, I think, that the Hall has no official connection with organized baseball, although

Commissioner Peter Ueberroth and his predecessor, Bowie Kuhn, are both on the Hall's current board of directors, as are the two league presidents and a couple of team owners. The Hall is also financially independent, making do nicely on its gate receipts (admission is five dollars for adults, two for kids), donations, and the revenues derived from an overflowing and popular souvenir shop. The place seems to belong to the fans.

The Doubleday Baseball, the touchstone of the sport, is on view in the Cooperstown Room of the H. of F.: a small dark sphere, stuffed with cloth, which looks a good deal like some artifact—possibly a pair of rolled-up socks—exhumed from a Danish peat bog. Near its niche, on the same wall of the Cooperstown Room, there is an eloquent and unapologetic establishing text (it was written by Carl Lundquist, a long-term early publicist) that disarms and pleases in equal measure:

> Abner Doubleday, who started baseball in Farmer Phinney's Cooperstown pasture, is not enshrined in the Hall of Fame. However, it is known that as a youth he played in the pasture and that a home-made ball, found in a trunk, belonged to him. Of such facts are legends made. As a Civil War general, Doubleday performed deeds of valor that earned him a place in history; but in the hearts of those who love baseball he is remembered as the lad in the pasture where the game was invented. Only cynics would need to know more.

THE journey that even the most distant fan must endure to arrive at the Hall of Fame is but a few steps compared to the passage required of its members—one hundred and ninety-nine retired major-league players, players from the defunct Negro Leagues, old umpires, old managers, baseball pioneers, celebrated bygone executives—whose bronze plaques, each with inscribed name and feats and features, line the wall of the Hall of Fame Gallery and form the centerpiece and raison d'être of the pantheon. Elections consist of an annual polling of four hundred members of the Baseball Writers' Association of America, and to be selected for the Hall a player must be named on seventy-five per cent of the ballots. To be eligible for the ballot, the candidate must have put in at least ten years' service in the majors, plus a five-year waiting period following retirement. A backup system permits election by the Committee on Veterans, an august eighteen-man body (baronial old players, executives, and writers, including Stan Musial, Roy Campanella, Monte Irvin, Gabe Paul, and Shirley Povich) that selects notables of the distant and not so distant past who have somehow been passed over by the B.B.W.A.; a subcommittee picks players from the Negro Leagues, which went out of business in the early fifties. (Eleven Negro League players have been elected to date.) In the early days of the Hall, the Veterans Committee was the more active body, since it had to deal with the claims and statistics of many hundreds of old-timers, dating back into the nineteenth century, while the writers were voting on players most of them had actually seen on the field. One hundred and twenty-six plaques in the Hall (ninety of them depicting players) are attributable to the Veterans Committee, but a more accurate view of the workings of the present system emerges when one sorts out the fifty-four living players now in the Hall, sixteen of whom ascended by way of the Veterans Committee and thirty-eight by way of the writers' poll.

Election of the immortals began even before the Hall was completed, and by Dedication Day four years' balloting had produced twenty-five members—senior gods, if you will. One of the riveting exhibits at the Hall is a formal photograph of the living inductees (there were eleven of them, and ten are in the picture) who came to Cooperstown that sunny June afternoon in 1939. Connie Mack, spare and erect and fatherly in a dark suit and high collar, sits next to Babe Ruth in the front row; the Babe, moon-faced and gone to beef, has an open collar above his double-breasted suit, and his crossed left leg reveals that his socks have been rolled down to shoe-top level. Tris Speaker, playing short center field as usual, stands directly behind Ruth, and Honus Wagner and Walter Johnson, with their famous country sweetness perfectly visible, occupy the corners. As you study the photograph (never a quick process, no matter how many times you have seen it), your gaze stops at the other men's faces, one by one, as recollection of their deeds and their flair for the game comes flooding back: Eddie Collins, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Nap Lajoie, Cy Young (pipe in hand), and George Sisler—old warriors squinting in the sun, comfortable at last. The one man missing is Ty Cobb. He had car trouble on the

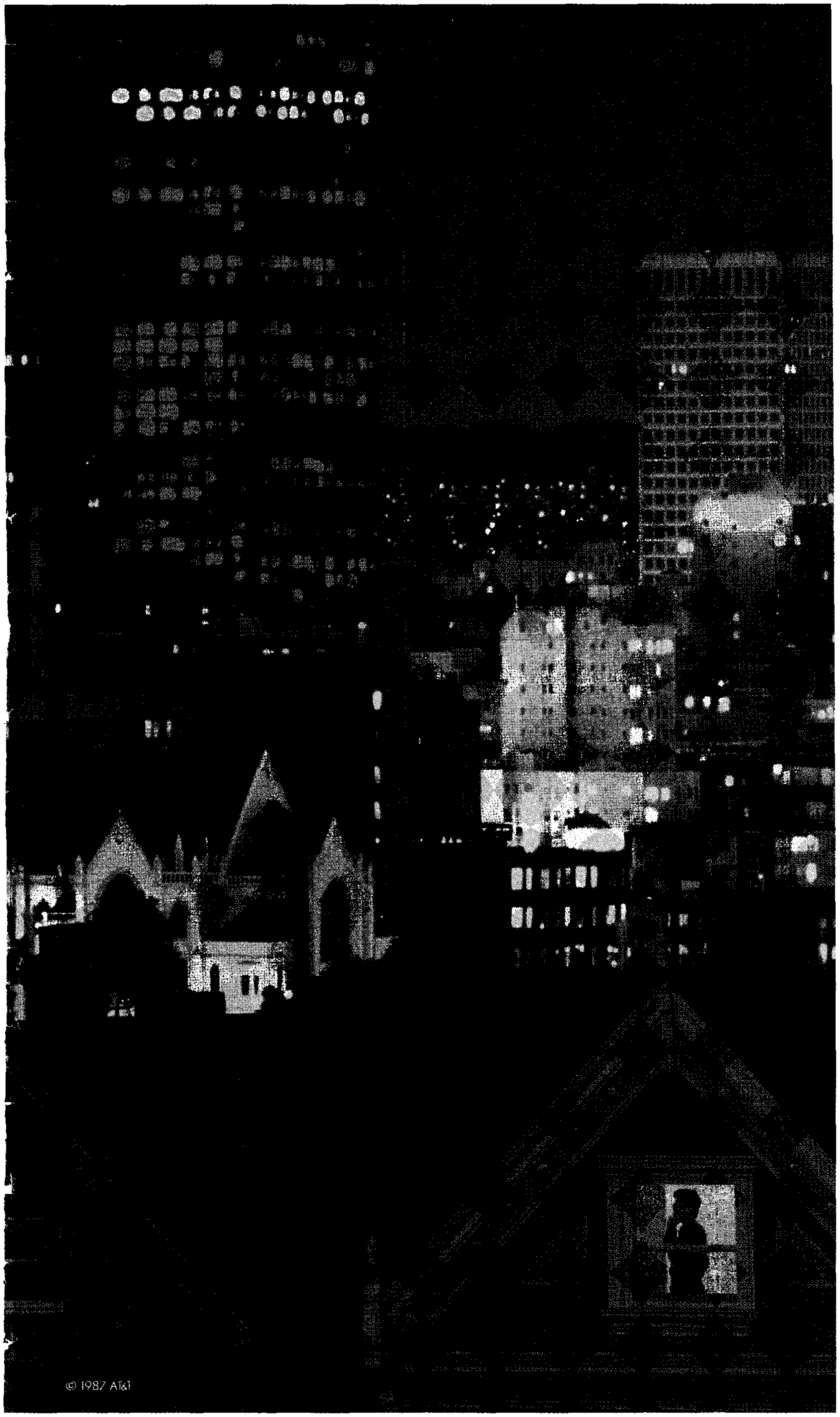
"Is there an accountant in the house?"

road and missed the photo opportunity by ten minutes—late for the first time in his life.

The Hall of Fame Gallery—part Parthenon, part bus terminal—is a long hall, windowed at the far end, with dark columns that set off the raised and illuminated galleries, left and right, in which the plaques are arrayed. You want to resist the place, but you can't—or at least *I* couldn't. I am an old cosmopolitan, and I live in a city where wonders are thrust at you every day, but not many gala openings have produced the skipped heartbeat, the prickle down the neck, the interior lampglow of pleasure that I felt every time I walked into this room. Others there felt the same way—I heard them, every time—and I noticed, too, that the bronze memorials, which are hung in double rows within alcoves, elicit a neighborly flow of baseball talk and baseball recollection among the strangers standing together before them. The familiar plaques—the immortal's likeness, in framed bas-relief, supra, with accompanying decorative bats and laurel spray, and the ennobling text and stats below—start on the right, as you enter, and proceed by years and order of election down that wall and then, doubling back, up the left side of the room. The early texts tend to be short: Jove needs few encomiums. Ty Cobb's five lines read, "Led American League in batting twelve times and created or equalled more major-league records than any other player. Retired with 4,191 major-league hits." Babe Ruth: "Greatest drawing card in history of baseball. Holder of many home-run and other batting records. Gathered 714 home runs in addition to fifteen in World Series." That "gathered" is felicitous, but all the texts—almost fifty years of them now—have a nice ring to them: a touch of Westminster Abbey, a whiff of the press box. Christy Mathewson (he died young, in 1925) was among the first five players voted into the Hall, and the shining raised lines on his plaque sound the trumpets, all right: "Greatest of all the great pitchers in the 20th century's first quarter, pitched 3 shutouts in 1905 World Series. First pitcher of the century ever to win 30 games in 3 successive years. Won 37 games in 1908. 'Matty was master of them all.' "

The early likenesses on the plaques (no one seems to know the name of the first sculptor) show an assurance and zest that lift them above the heroic genre. Different (and sometimes indifferent) talents have worked the portraits in subsequent years, but no matter: fine art isn't quite the point here. Ted Williams, who waltzed into the Hall in 1966 (his first year of eligibility, of course), so disliked the looks of his plaque that he persuaded the Hall to have another one struck off and hung in its place. This one missed him, too, but you overlook that when you notice that his nose and the brim of his cap have been worn to brightness by the affectionate touches of his fans. ("I'm a *saint*, you mean?" he said when I told him about this not long ago, and he gave one of his bearlike huffs of pleasure.) In time, my visits to the Gallery became random cruises from alcove to alcove, until I would be brought to a stop by a likeness, a name, a juxtaposition, or a thunderous line or two of stats. I found Casey Stengel, Burleigh Grimes, Larry MacPhail, Hank Aaron, Rube Waddell. Amos Rusie (The Hoosier Thunderbolt) adjoined Addie Joss, my father's favorite pitcher. Here was Freddie Lindstrom. ("As youngest player [he was eighteen] in World Series history, he tied record with four hits in game in 1924.") And here, all in a cluster, were Yogi Berra, Josh Gibson, Sandy Koufax ("Sanford Koufax. . . . Set all-time records with 4 no-hitters in 4 years, capped by 1965 perfect game, and by capturing earned-run title five seasons in a row"), Buck Leonard, and Early Wynn. Hack Wilson's plaque showed his determined jaw but stopped just above the place where he became interesting: his mighty shoulders and thick, short body (he was five feet six), which powered fifty-six homers and a record one hundred and ninety R.B.I.s in 1930. I found Roberto Clemente (". . . rifle-armed defensive star set N.L. mark by pacing outfielders in assists five years") and Eppa Rixey (but why did they delete his nickname: Eppa *Jephtha* Rixey?). I looked up Johnny Mize and learned something I had forgotten about the Big Cat, if, indeed, I'd ever known it ("Keen-eyed slugger . . . set major-loop records by hitting three homers in a game six times"). The plaques of this year's Hall of Famers—Catfish Hunter, Billy Williams, and Ray Dandridge (another star from the Negro Leagues)—were not yet in place, of course, and after I looked at the bare wall that awaited them I moved along into an empty alcove and thought about the faces that would be hung up there in bronze over the next few summers: Willie Stargell, Johnny Bench, Carl Yastrzemski, Gaylord

You're enough to keep us awake nights.



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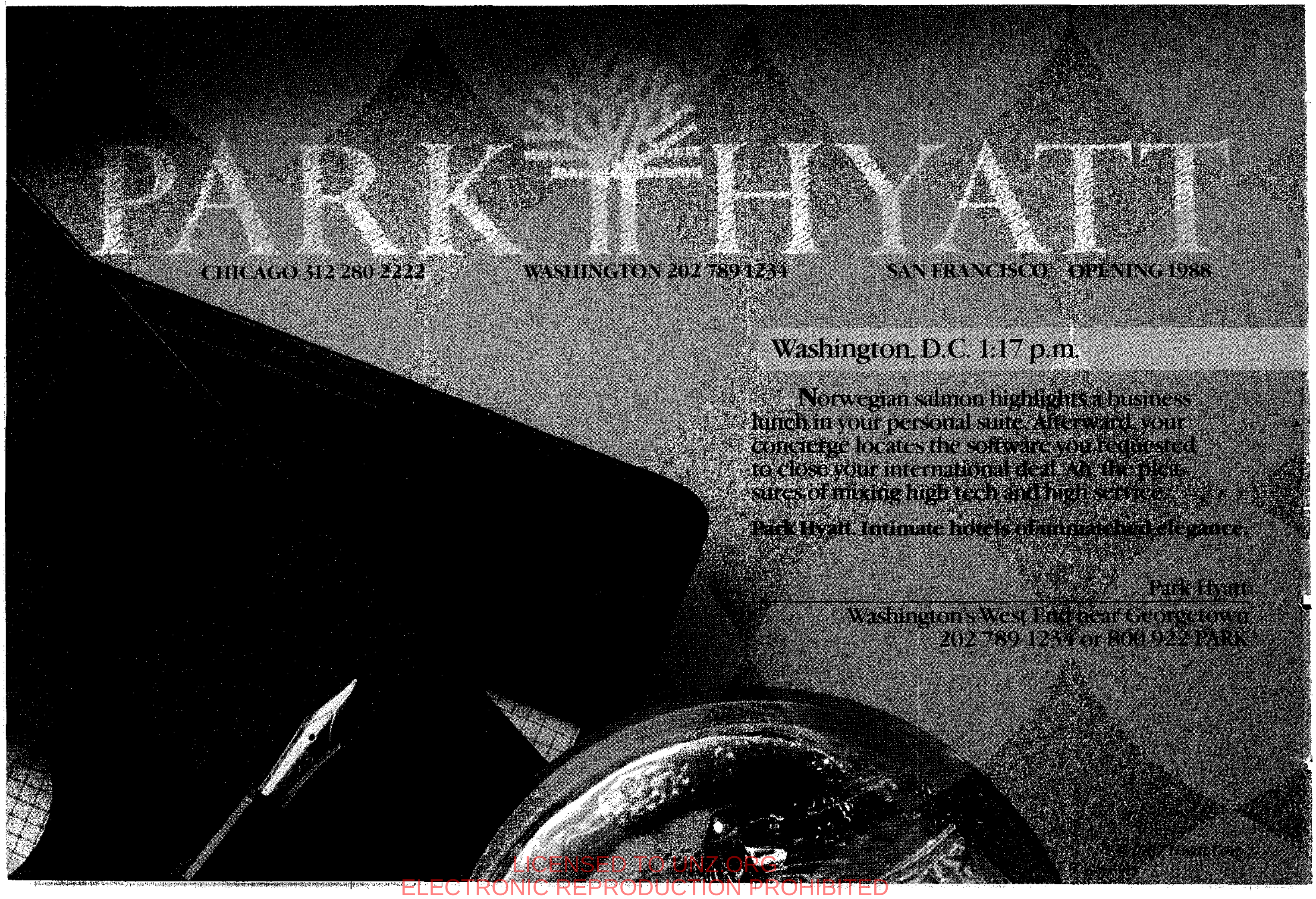
Perry, Rod Carew, Jim Palmer, Pete Rose . . . I could almost see the plaques already, and I pretty well knew what the lines on them would say, but these longtime favorites of mine would be altered, in quiet, thrilling fashion.

Men embronzed have a certified look to them, as if they had always belonged here, but for many of them the selection process has been far from peaceful. Great stars usually jump into the Hall on their very first year of eligibility—in the past decade, these have included Willie Mays, Bob Gibson, Frank Robinson, Brooks Robinson, and Willie McCovey. But Juan Marichal had to wait three years before garnering the requisite seventy-five per cent of the writers' ballots, and Don Drysdale waited out ten. Looking back, we detect other excruciations, some of them (but perhaps not all of them) inexplicable. Charlie Gehringer didn't pass muster until his fifth ballot; Gabby Hartnett waited nine years and Lou Boudreau thirteen. Ralph Kiner made it on his thirteenth try, and Ducky Medwick on his fifteenth, and last, year of eligibility. Candidates who fall shy after fifteen Baseball Writers' ballots must survive three further years in limbo before their names and feats can be taken up by the Veterans Committee—twenty-three years after their retirement from the game. Johnny Mize, whose apotheosis was decreed twenty-eight years after he had hung up his spikes, told me that he was grateful for the honor, but confessed that he had lost interest in the process along the way; he had been particularly unhappy whenever he saw his name slip lower in the writers' estimation because of some arriviste youngster on the ballot. Jack Lang, of the *News*, who, in his capacity as the near-perennial secretary-treasurer of the B.B.W.A., supervises the voting (he himself was voted into the writers' section of the Hall at this year's induction), told me that many newly eligible stars experience an early ground swell of support and then tail off in ensuing ballots. Columnists and owners and fan clubs have been known to campaign intensively for favorites (Joe Sewell, a stubby little shortstop with the Indians in the nineteen-twenties, and Bob Lemon, the big Cleveland right-hander, inspired an inundation of letters before being admitted), but the process can backfire. Phil Rizzuto, the Yankee shortstop, has become the Harold Stassen of the Hall in recent years, and Lang believes that the sort of electioneering for the Scooter conducted by George Steinbrenner and by segments of the New York media helped bring about the defiant selection of another diminutive shortstop from the same town and the same era: Pee Wee Reese. The committees have considerable power, when you come to think about it, and one must assume that the writers are more reliable today than they were at times in the past: twenty-three B.B.W.A. voters left Willie Mays' name off their ballots altogether when he first came up for consideration, in 1979. He survived this knockdown pitch and made it home that first year just the same. Lang is uneasy when asked to speculate for long about such matters, and so is another good gray baseball friend of mine, Seymour Siwoff, the chief flamekeeper at the Elias Sports Bureau. He and I had a telephone conversation about the vagueness of the statistics emanating from the old Negro Leagues, and he said, "The numbers just aren't there, so we have to rely on what the guys who played with him say about a player we're thinking about for the Hall. But I don't worry about it. When a man is in, he's in,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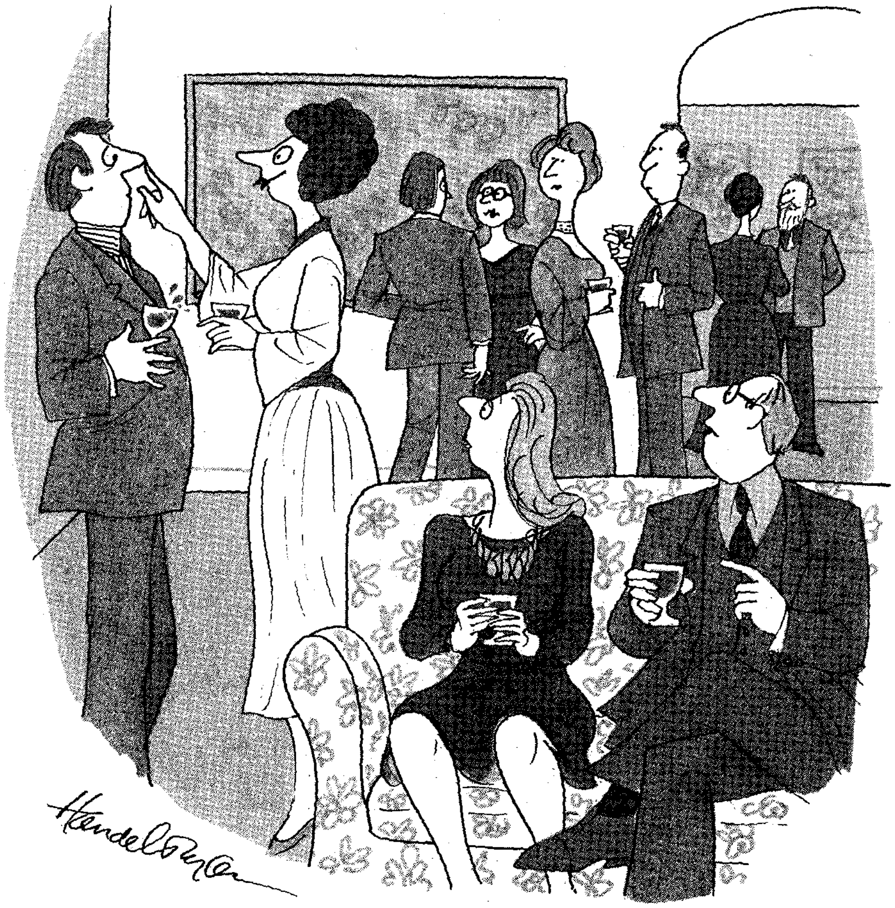
and we should be happy for him. We need the Hall, is how I see it. You gotta have that romance."

MUSEUMS wear you down, and Ben and Charles and I took time off from the Hall whenever the bats and stats and babies and souvenir Astro key rings and genuine Cubs Christmas-tree balls began to swim and blur in our heads. We visited Doubleday Field, the lovely old brick-grandstand ballpark (it's owned by the village) where an annual exhibition game between two big-league teams is played during Induction Weekend; a local high-school team and a semi-pro club play here, too, but the field was sopping on the morning we got there, and the only players on it were some robins busily working the base paths. Ben took a shot at an adjoining baseball range, and his father and I watched him swing like Yaz, like Wade Boggs, and now perhaps like Mickey Mantle and Tris Speaker and Joe D. as well. Mostly, though, we used our time away from the Hall to talk about the Hall. Ben's favorite feature was the I.B.M. Major League Leaders computer stations, where you could punch in the names of players (nine hundred and twenty-two of them) in more than eleven hundred categories, and doodle them around on the screen. "I didn't know all that much about Ty Cobb before this," he said at lunch one day. "I'd read about him in books, but I didn't pay much attention, because he was such a rat. But he was great—I have to admit it." Charles was fond of a second-floor nook given over to the old Boston Beaneater teams and their near-prehistoric stars, like Jimmy Collins, Kid Nichols, King Kelly, Hughie Duffy, and Billy Hamilton, who had battled Ned Hanlon's Orioles for dominance of the National League at the end of the last century. A splendid photomural of the Beaneater fans shows a thousand derbies. "I think there was a song way back then called 'Slide, Kelly, Slide,' " Charles said, "and when I was a kid there was a 'Slide, Kelly, Slide' ride at Whalom Park, in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. I'll bet it's still there."

All three of us loved the basement in the Hall, and we kept going back there. It was a catchall—a *basement*—full of leftovers and old board games and stuff: Abner Doubleday's campaign trunk; a Hillerich & Bradsby batmaking lathe; an awesome red iron pitching machine (circa 1942) on rubber wheels—a farm implement, you would guess—which fired balls plateward with a mighty rubber band, after a black paddle had flipped up to alert the batter just before the *twangg!* In another sector we found an assemblage of slotted All-Time Leaders boards—lists of the individual lifetime standings in hits, doubles, runs batted in, and so forth; it reminded you of the lobby of a high-school gym. The names Aaron and Cobb and Musial ran across the offensive boards like bright threads in a tapestry. The lists were up to the minute, with Reggie Jackson's five hundred and fifty-five home runs, putting him sixth on the Home Runs roster, eighteen back of Harmon Killebrew and nineteen up on Mickey Mantle. Nearby, I lingered over a little exhibit about the handful of perfect games that the sport has produced in its long history, from John Richmond's 1–0 victory over Cleveland for the Worcester Ruby Legs, on June 12, 1880, down to Mike Witt's perfecto on September 30, 1984, when his Angels beat the Rangers by the same score. (Catfish Hunter had a perfect game to his credit, too: Oakland 4–Twins zip, in 1968.) These had been quick entertainments. Cy Young whipped the Athletics in an hour and twenty-five minutes in 1904, and Sandy Koufax needed only eighteen additional minutes to wrap up his famous outing (Dodgers 1–Cubs 0) in 1965. There have been only eleven perfect, nobody-on-base-at-all games in big-league play, if you count Don Larsen's win over the Dodgers in the 1956 World Series, and *don't* count Harvey Haddix's twelve perfect innings for the Pirates against the Braves in 1959. (He lost the no-hitter, and the game, in the thirteenth.) John Montgomery Ward, pitching for the Providence Grays against the Buffalo Bisons, pulled off the second perfect game in the National League only five days after Richmond's feat, and the *next* perfect game in that league came along eighty-four years later: Jim Bunning and the Phillies over the Mets, 6–0, on June 21, 1964. You can't beat baseball.

Now and then, I sensed a fleeting wish that the Hall were less optimistic



"People used to think of Miriam as zany. Later, she was generally perceived as kooky. Now, I'm afraid, the consensus is that she's flaky."

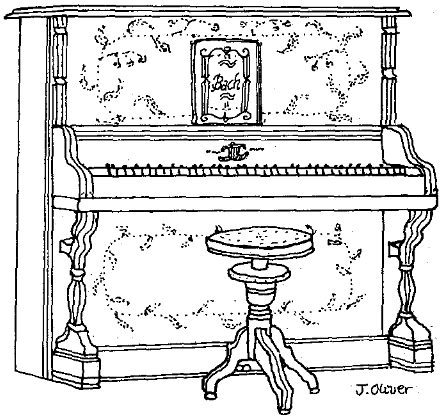
• •

and decorous. I think I would have enjoyed a visit to Cliché Corner, in a sector devoted to baseball and the language, and perhaps a downside exhibit—Boot Hall, let's say—of celebrated gaffes of the sport: Merkle's Boner, Snodgrass's Muff, and so forth, right on down to Bill Buckner's through-the-wickets error in Game Six of the Series last year. Sometimes you wonder if the Hall isn't excessively preoccupied with the past, but the charge doesn't quite hold up. The Great Moments display that catches your eye the moment you walk in has Joe DiMaggio's fifty-six-game hitting streak and Johnny Vander Meer's successive no-hitters in 1938 and Babe Ruth's sixty homers (and Roger Maris's sixty-one), and so on, but Roger Clemens is up there, too, striking out those twenty batters (they were Mariners) on April 29th last year. The sport is ongoing and indivisible, and the Hall's Baseball Today room downstairs has every single Topps Bubble Gum card for 1987 *and* the bats wielded by Marvell Wynne, Tony Gwynn, and John Kruk when they led off the Padres' first inning against the Giants on April 13th this year with a first-ever three home runs in succession. "I wouldn't give up my bat if I'd done something like that," Ben said on inspecting this wonder. "I'd sell it. No—I'd *keep* it."

The Hall, in any case, wouldn't have bought Ben's bat; it doesn't buy stuff. Aside from a few objects on loan, all twenty-three or twenty-four thousand artifacts on view or tucked away in Curator William T. Spencer's workroom have been acquired by gift—often a solicited gift, to be sure. The regularly incoming flood of baseball memorabilia and baseball junk is so heavy that a staff committee, which includes Director Howard C. Talbot, Jr., Associate Director William J. Guilfoile, and Registrar Peter Clark, who are the worthies most responsible for the imagination and wit and good sense evident in the present Hall, meets every Friday to decide what to accept and (mostly) what to turn down. Dozens of putative Babe Ruth home-run balls are offered by mail, and so, too, are "authentic" Babe Ruth bats, including innumerable samples of a Louisville Slugger model, once turned out by the hundred, with the Babe's imprinted signature on the barrel. The committee is slow to reject, however, for slim leads often yield treasures. A hesitant letter about a box full of clothes belonging to "somebody named Bender" that turned up in an attic in Washington, D.C., three years ago eventually produced Chief Bender's dazzling white 1914 Athletics uniform, which is now to be seen in the General History sector on the second floor, next to a dandy photo of the Chippewa fireballer. Players are prime sources, of course, and some—Hank Aaron among them—have almost emptied their lockers for the Hall, possibly on the theory that immortality can always be improved a little.

Bill Guilfoile has spent a lifetime in baseball. (He writes the texts for the current plaques, among other things.) Before he came to Cooperstown, in 1979, he was assistant to the general manager and director of public relations for the Pirates, and I suspect that he may be responsible for the acquisition of the life-size wax statue of Roberto Clemente that now stands just outside his office door. This mysterious-looking effigy used to live in a back room at Three Rivers Stadium, in Pittsburgh, and one day—this was long before Clemente's untimely death in a plane crash—Pirate trainer Tony Bartirome and pitcher Jim Rooker spirited the thing down to the clubhouse and laid it out on the trainer's table, and turned off most of the lights. Then they told team physician Dr. Joe Finegold that Clemente had just fainted on the field, during batting practice. Dr. Finegold—or so the story goes—hurried in, took one appalled look, and felt for a pulse.

If I have slighted Mr. Guilfoile and his colleagues here, the National Baseball Library, which adjoins and is part of the Hall itself, must suffer a similar inadequate dismissal. I did pay a brief visit to the library, where the director, Tom Heitz, shrugged and laughed when I asked him to tell me about the four or five million newspaper documents, the hundred and twenty-five thousand photographs, the fifteen thousand-odd baseball books, the old radio-broadcast tapes, and so forth, that are in his care. The library is the custodian of the famous John Tattersall Collection of early-to-recent box scores, and Heitz told me that game information and biographical material about eighty-five per cent of all the men who have ever played the game, at any professional level, was readily at hand. He permitted me to leaf through the files of that day's letters and applications to visit the stacks (ten thousand or so scholars consult the library every year), and I found queries from someone who wanted a photograph of the 1934 World Series; from someone who needed the box scores of games he had attended in 1934, 1961, and 1965 (there's a lot of this, Heitz said); from someone who wanted the name of every pitcher who had ever struck out ten or more batters in a single game (not feasible to sort out, Heitz said); an extensive communication from a Belgian scholar, Léon Vanvière, who is the world's No. 1 expert on baseball references in stamps; a letter from Bill Marshall, a scholar at the University of Kentucky, who is preparing a work on the mid-America, lower-minors Kitty, Bluegrass, Ohio State, and Appalachian Leagues; and two or three letters asking for information about a family member or ancestor who claimed or was said to have played professional ball once. Almost a quarter of such heroes, Heitz told me, turn out to be phantoms. But, like Bill Guilfoile, he is cautious. A woman who called up the library a few months ago was found to be a relative of Ted Welch, who pitched in three games for the St. Louis Terriers, in the old Federal League, in 1914 (Won 0–Lost 0; E.R.A. 6.00). The library knew nothing else about him—not even his birthplace—but a research questionnaire was mailed off, and Heitz expects that Ted Welch will have an extra agate line or two in the next edition of the Baseball Encyclopedia.



Before I said goodbye, I asked Heitz if his staff could dredge up the box score of a game played in the spring of 1930, in which Lefty Gomez, pitching his first big-league game, beat the White Sox at Yankee Stadium. I was pretty sure about that much, because I was there that day (I was nine years old), and because I had talked with Gomez about the game a few years back. The box score came to me in the mail two days later, and the first thing I noticed when I looked it over was that there were

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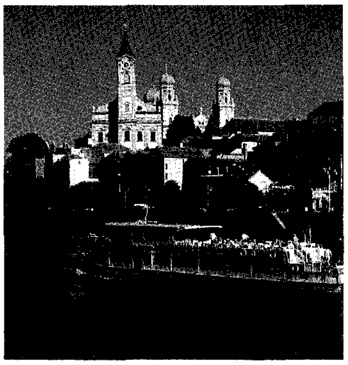
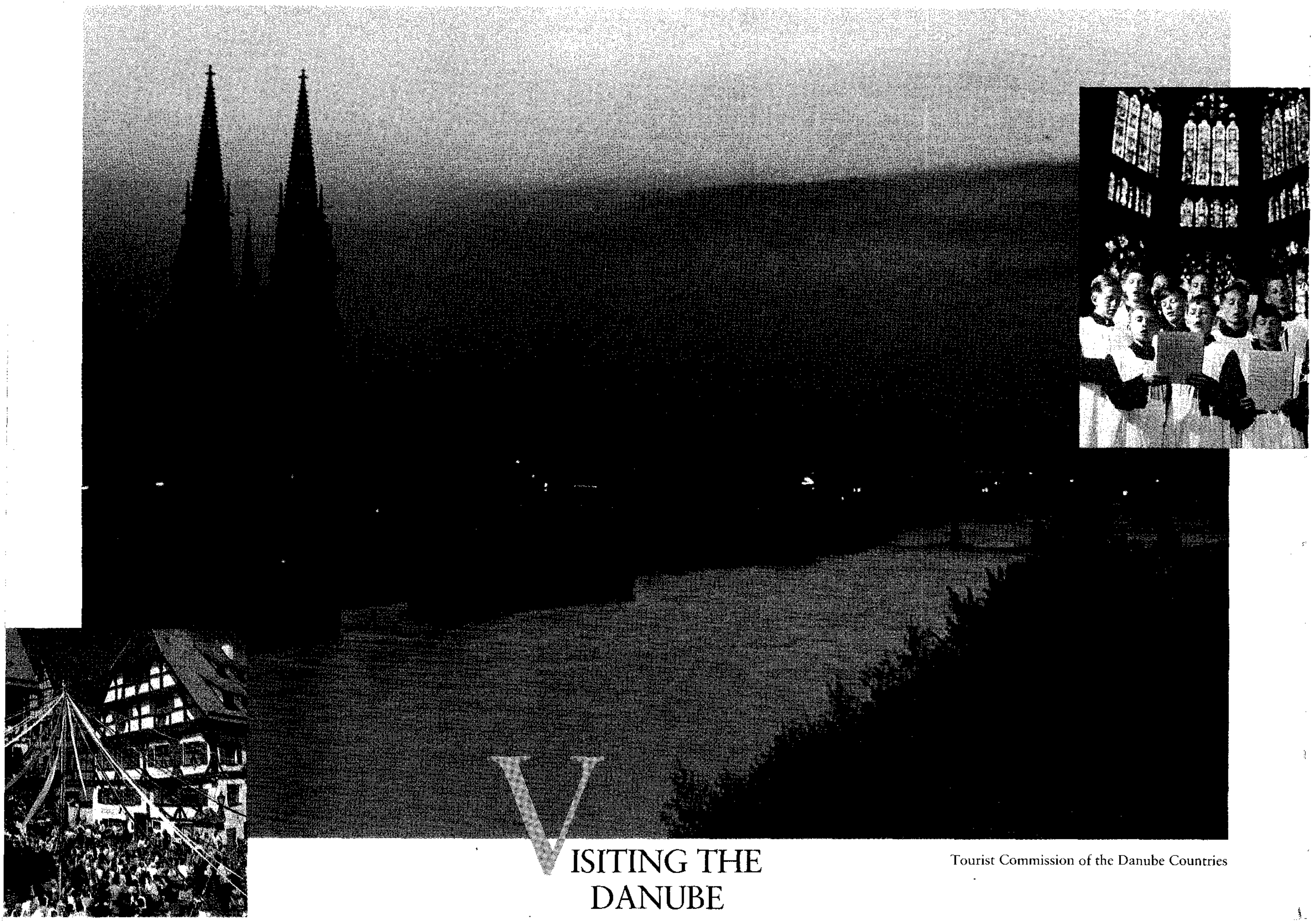


ALONG THE BANKS OF THE
DANUBE
FROM THE BLACK FOREST TO THE BLACK SEA

ДРЖАВА С.Х.С.
15
DRŽAVA S.H.S.



Tourist Commission of the Danube Countries

VISITING THE DANUBE

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To travel from almost any town on the river to any other, the Donau-Dampfschiffahrts-Gesellschaft (known as DDSG), Austria's steamship company, provides comfortable first class accommodations in modern ships such as the "Theodor Körner." The completely restored "DFS Schönbrunn" offers 1912-vintage nostalgia on the only paddle-wheel steamer still operating in Austria. In June, DDSG christened the first five-star luxury cruise ship on the Danube, the "M.S. Mozart," which is making its maiden voyage down the river in August.

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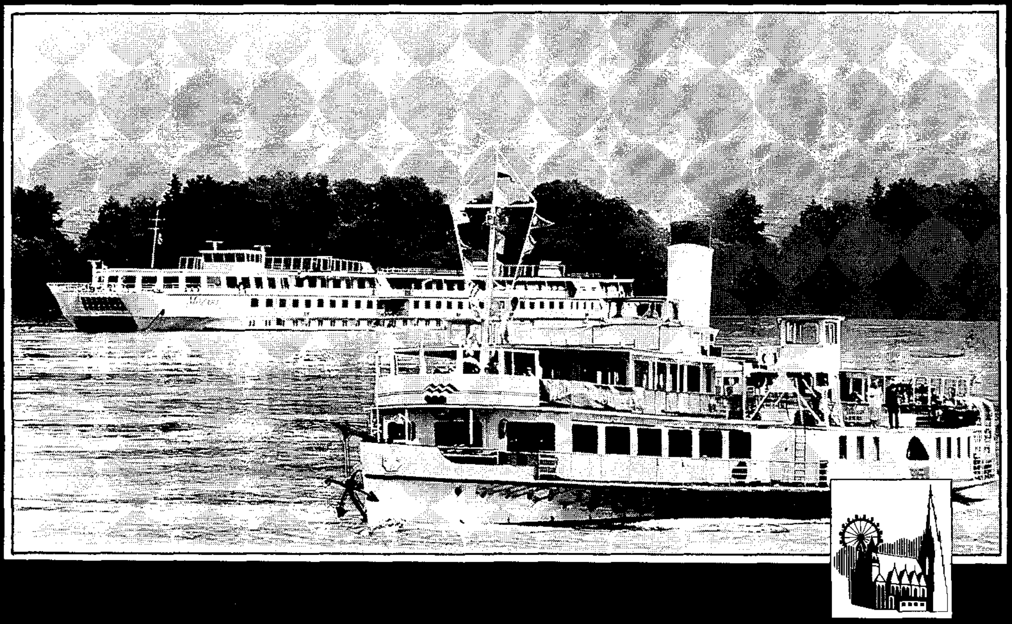
For visiting the region by car, bus, or train, or in combination with short boat trips, the Danube can be divided into six areas, starting near the river's source: Ulm to Passau in southern Germany; Austria's Wachau Valley; Vienna; Bratislava, the capital of Slovakia in Czechoslovakia; Budapest, Hungary; Belgrade, Yugoslavia; Bulgaria, and Rumania.

Vienna

The "Blue Danube Waltz" did not become the leitmotiv of Vienna's enduring 3/4-time subculture by pure coincidence. Ancient ties bind the river, at 1,756 miles Europe's second-longest, to the imperial city which, for 640 years, held sway over the heartland of the continent. Merchants and monks, marauders and minstrels followed the waterway through the ebb and flow of history which had both source and focus in this region.

Vienna is still the hub of travel along the river. D.D.S.G., Austria's Danube Steamship Company, provides water-borne jaunts from local sightseeing excursions to week-long international cruises on river craft from a magnificently refurbished vintage sidewheel steamer, the "Schönbrunn" (1912), to the latest in luxury cruise vessels, the "Mozart" (1987). Vienna's Mondial Travel has created an attractive assortment of Danube tour programs.



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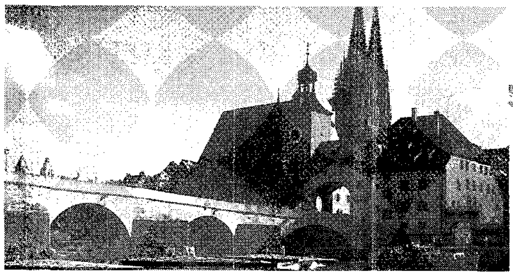


THE BAVARIAN DANUBE

Often missed by visitors who fly from city to city are the medieval Bavarian cities of Ulm, Regensburg, and Passau. Once powerful and wealthy centers that controlled the trade route to the Orient during the eleventh to fifteenth centuries, these cities (and the towns that lie in between) are living museums where antiquity is respected, preserved, and regarded as part of everyday life. The three are also bustling university towns, providing a youthful energy that blends well with the enduring medieval ambiance.

Replete with good hotels and restaurants, any of these once "free imperial cities" on the Bavarian Danube would serve as an excellent base for thoroughly exploring the whole region. They are ideal walking towns, during the day or at night in the well-illuminated old quarters. Their calendars of festivals and cultural events are varied and abundant, particularly in summer when jazz and symphony concerts, ballet, theatre, and opera are held outside.

The magnificent Gothic Cathedral in Ulm, which was begun in 1377 and finished in 1890, is the setting for organ concerts on Saturday evenings and Sunday mornings with orchestral concerts during the week.

Oath Monday in July is also a day of local importance. After the Lord Mayor of Ulm formally reaffirms his Constitutional oath of 1397 to treat the rich and poor alike, satirical comments on city affairs are acted out by the townspeople on a procession of river boats. A water carnival follows, which, some years, ends with fishermen's jousting matches.

Ulm's Fishermen's Quarter is ideal as an area for strolling, having a drink, or sitting down to a leisurely dinner. Its medieval houses built on waterways, its Venetian wooden foot bridges, and its flowering trees mingle with modern private homes, elegant offices, galleries, and restaurants such as the excellent "Forelle" on Fishergasse.

The Ulm Museum houses one of the finest collections of medieval German paintings and sculpture. The new Edwin Scharff Museum in New Ulm contains the painting and sculpture of Edwin Scharff, as well as visiting exhibits.

Regensburg, Germany's largest medieval city, is ideally situated, as the great poet Johann Goethe himself observed when he visited in 1786. A veritable celebration of twelfth and thirteenth century Romanesque and Gothic architecture, Regensburg is located on the northernmost point of the Danube, surrounded by gentle rolling hills, and vineyards dating back to Roman times.

The old city center contains more than 1,200 historical buildings, including palaces and castles, the Old City Hall, St. Peter's Cathedral, and the Old Stone Bridge, which was built before 1146 and is still used to cross the Danube.

In September the focus is on folklore—music, dancing, traditions, and costumes. Other seasonal events include music from the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and baroque periods, played on historical instruments.

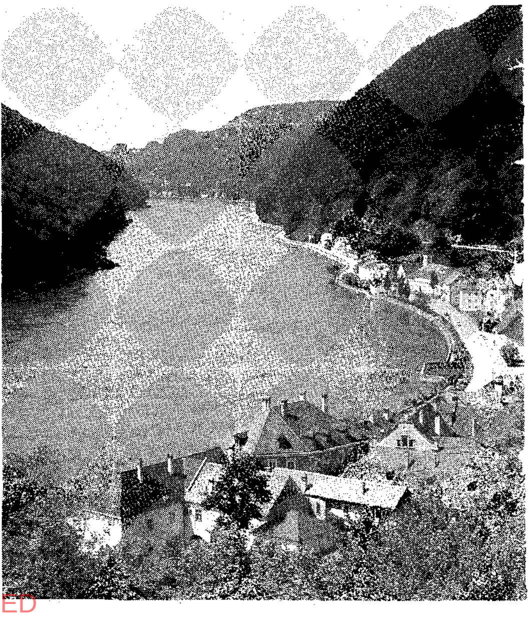
Using one of Regensburg's many excellent hotels as a base, day trips can be taken by car to Donaudurchbruch, the narrow gorge through which the Danube flows near Weltenburg, to fascinating villages, splendid monasteries (which are like small museums themselves), fortresses and castles, or up into the mountains to the Bavarian Forest.

Passau, which lies at the confluence of three rivers close to the Austrian border, is a medieval fairy tale city. Founded more than two thousand years ago by the Celts, Passau was later ruled by the Romans and in the Middle Ages became a city of religious, intellectual, and economic power. This treasure of another time is still very much intact, with modern plumbing and all the amenities the twentieth century traveller expects.

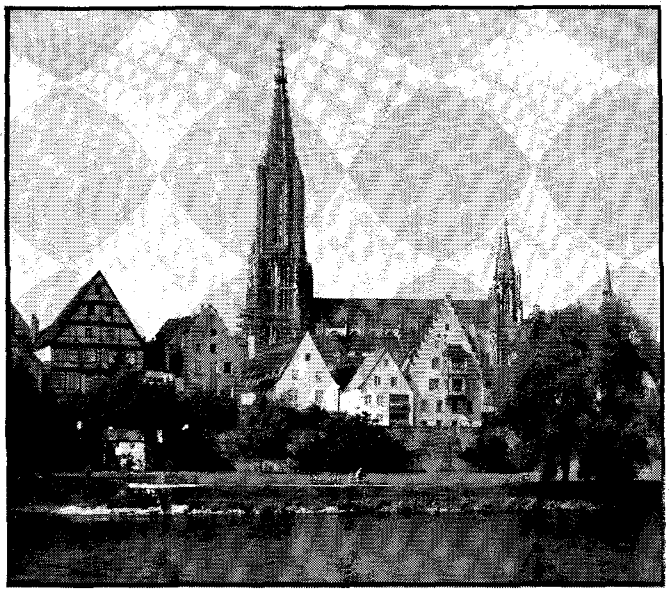
Besides dining at a number of outdoor restaurants, all of which overlook at least one river and a row of old but brightly painted buildings (or even a castle or fortress) on the other side, there is much to see and do. St. Stephen's Cathedral is a mixture of late Gothic and baroque architecture (though its stucco decorations give the interior an Italian appearance), and offers morning concerts featuring the biggest church organ in the world. There are three medieval chapels in the former Cathedral Cloisters, and there is Cathedral Square with the former canonical courtyards. There is also Oberhaus Castle built in 1219, the privately-owned Niederhaus Castle built in the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries, St. Paul's church rebuilt in 1627, the Town Hall built in 1393, and St. Severin's fifth to ninth century church whose Romanesque nave dates from the eleventh century.

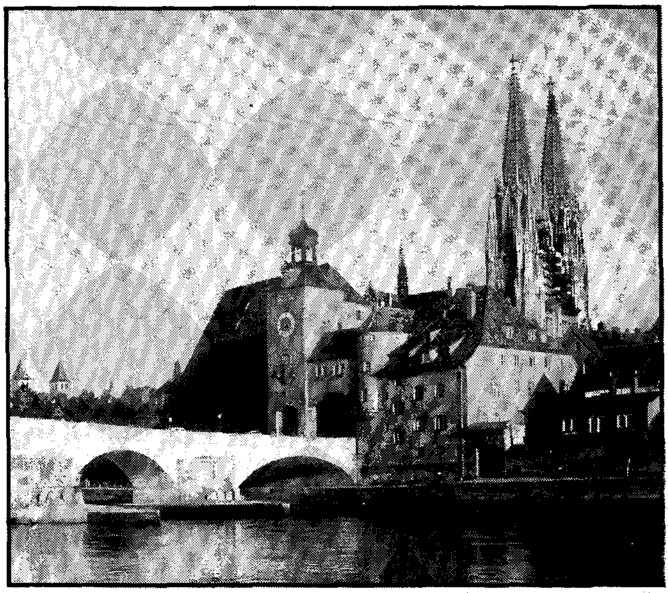
A visit to Passau's Glass Museum offers an intimate look at the mind and manners of the civilized world from 1800 to the 1930s. The comprehensive collection of vases, bowls, glasses, and pieces of decorative sculpture, in a medium that records spontaneous expression without recourse to self-conscious revision, is well organized by period and style, providing an unedited insight into the prevailing view of the world at the time. Of particular interest is the c. 1900 Jungendstil period, now enjoying a revival in Vienna, and art deco which came some twenty years later. Admirers of popular art will also find excellent examples in both collections.

Tourist Commission of the Danube Countries

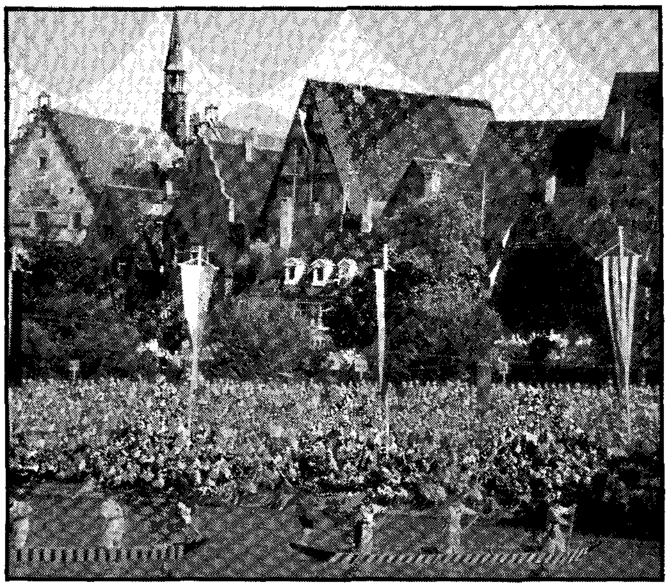


Germany: Holiday dreams, live.





In the homeland of the Danube.



The Danube originates at the edge of the Black Forest. You can visit the source of the Danube in a large pool, directly next to the princely castle in Donaueschingen. Start your trip here along the German part of the Danube to Passau.

A trip through wonderful scenery and through the history of many centuries which remains vivid up to this present day.

In the old town of Ulm, do visit the Gothic cathedral with the highest church spire in the world.

In Regensburg, stroll through one of the best preserved Middle Age towns. Experience a concert on the largest organ in the world in the cathedral of the old bishops' town of Passau. Enjoy grand folk festivals, such as the "Fischerstechen" in Ulm (jousting by fishermen in boats). Listen to the famous choir of the "Regensburger Domspatzen". Take a little time for trips completely of your own choosing: everywhere, right and left along the way, romantic small towns, fortresses, castles and Baroque monasteries await your visit.

And when you are resting in elegant restaurants, cozy beer parlors or wine taverns, you will realize that here, in the homeland of the Danube, your holiday dreams have become reality!

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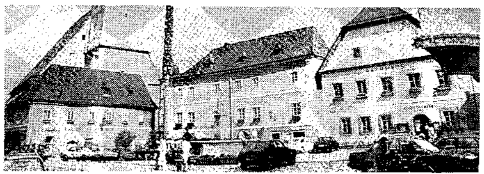


Tourist Commission of the Danube Countries

THE DANUBE AND WACHAU VALLEYS

From Passau to Vienna the banks of the Danube should be seen by boat, but the string of historic villages along the way, built on hills overlooking the river or set slightly back in a grove of trees, should be visited by car.

After Passau the first city is Linz—Austria's largest port and industrial complex, and an important center for music. In its setting of rich baroque buildings Linz holds the International Bruckner Festival in September every year in honor of the famous composer who was born at Ansfeld, Upper Austria, and studied in nearby St. Florian.

Important historic monuments include a sixteenth-century castle with a museum of Roman and pre-Roman artifacts; a nearby Carolingian church, the Martinskirche; and the Landhaus, former seat of the provincial assembly and the site on which Kepler taught and evolved his theory of planetary motion.

There are dozens of restaurants and coffee houses in Linz, all of which serve the region's excellent cider, which is more popular in the area than wine.

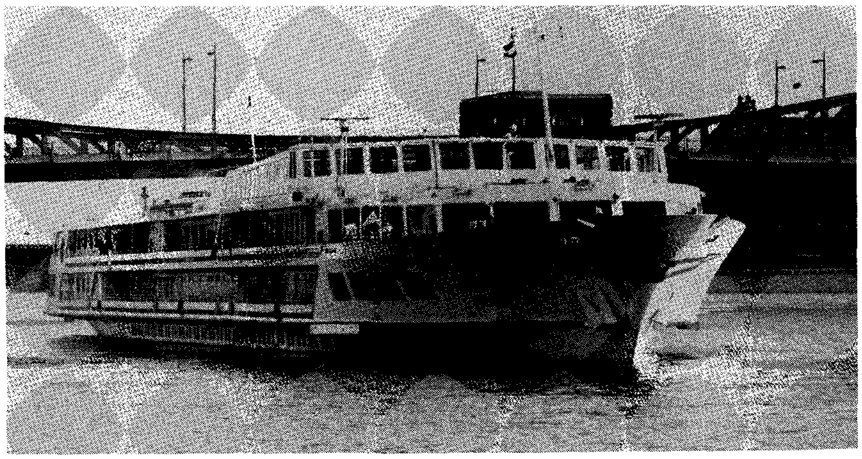
St. Florian, just eleven miles away, is the site of a large abbey with a magnificent library and a gallery containing important paintings by Altdorfer, a contemporary of Dürer.

Grein is famous for its castle that looks down on a slight bend in the Danube, for its concerts in the castle courtyard, its shipping museum in a wing of the castle, and for the village itself, with its picturesque town square and the oldest public theatre in Upper Austria.

Melk alone is worth a visit for its great abbey, considered to be the finest example of baroque architecture in Austria. Rebuilt in 1714 by Jacob Prandtauer, the lavishly decorated many-windowed golden church was the work of many of the masters of Austrian baroque, including Johann Rottmayr, Paul Troger, Franz Rosenstingl, Antonio Beduzzi, and Johann Bergl. The abbey, which maintains a high school founded in 1160, is also famous for its grand marble hall with painted ceiling, linked to a library containing 80,000 books and 1,800 illuminated manuscripts.

The narrow Wachau Valley, which extends from Melk to Krems, should be seen from the river for a picture-book view of the steep terraced vineyards, castles, palaces, and ruins. Krems, a small wine capital, consists of four or five terraced streets lined with houses that date back to as early as 1530. Pagan midsummer is celebrated throughout the Wachau Valley, especially at Krems, Spitz, and Ybbs. The grape harvest takes place in September and October.

A few miles upriver from Krems lies Dürrenstein, well known for its medieval taverns, picturesque inns, and for the dramatic imprisonment of England's Richard the Lion Hearted in Duke Leopold of Austria's castle, in 1192.



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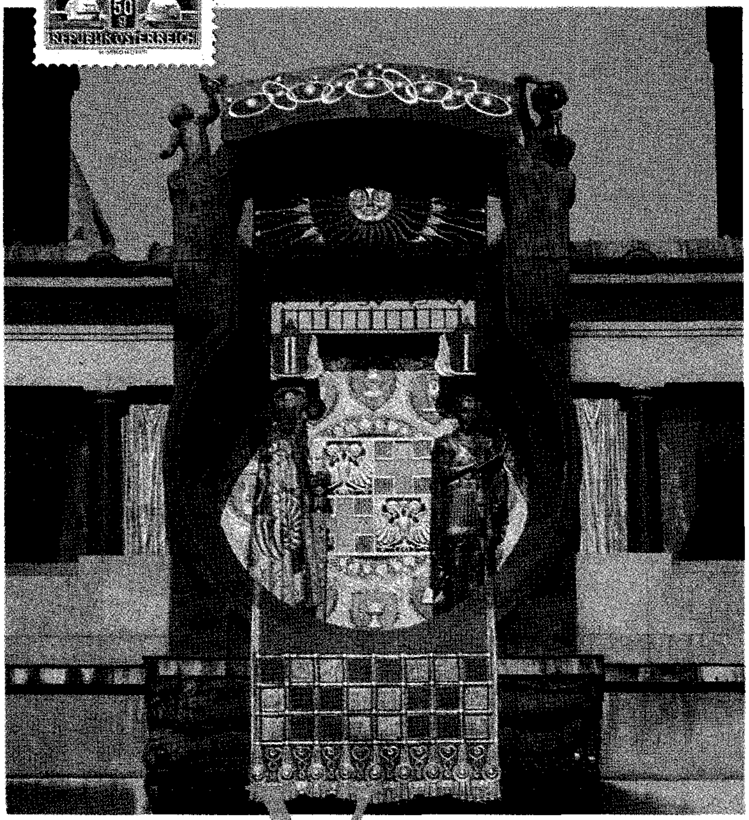


Austrian National Tourist Office

VIENNA

Something has happened in the city of waltzes, palaces, music, and art. Vienna is still the world capital of them all, with an overwhelmingly crowded calendar of cultural events, but a new energy is present that hasn't always been part of Vienna. There is a desire to explore and a willingness to give equal billing to the new alongside the old.

Manifestations of this new spirit are seen in the number of small theatres that have sprung up in the backs of stores and in basements throughout Vienna, for the most part managed by young people, many of whom are writing and producing their own plays; in the emergence of the new "Bermuda Triangle," several blocks of cabarets and clubs that cater to young people who seem to be as interested in satirizing world events as they are in what is traditionally regarded as having a good time; and there is the revival of interest in the revolutionary Jungendstil movement in architecture, decoration, and art that Vienna gave to the world in the 1890s.

The symbol of this break with tradition, the unorthodox Secession building, designed by Josef Maria Olbrich and built in 1897 to house the new art style, has been restored. Its gold filigree dome, derisively called the "golden cabbage" when it was built, has been regilded to glisten even more brightly in the sun, across from Otto Wagner's Karlsplatz railway pavilion, which the prolific architect also decorated so richly in gold.

Wagner's numerous designs throughout the city, which gave such a distinctive look to turn-of-the-century Vienna, are also receiving new attention, as are the works of Gustav Klimt (1862–1918), the leader of the revolutionary art movement. The Klimt exhibition at Vienna's Belvedere Museum has, in fact, influenced part of Geiger of Austria's elegant woollen and suede fashions in this year's fall collection (which, besides the traditional Austrian lodens and skirts made of boiled wool, includes a collection of fine clothes for men).

The enormous success of the exhibition of European Mannerism, called "The Spell of Medusa," at the Kunstlerhaus this summer also indicates that something exciting is happening

Germany: Explore and enjoy the historic cities on the Danube

Ulm

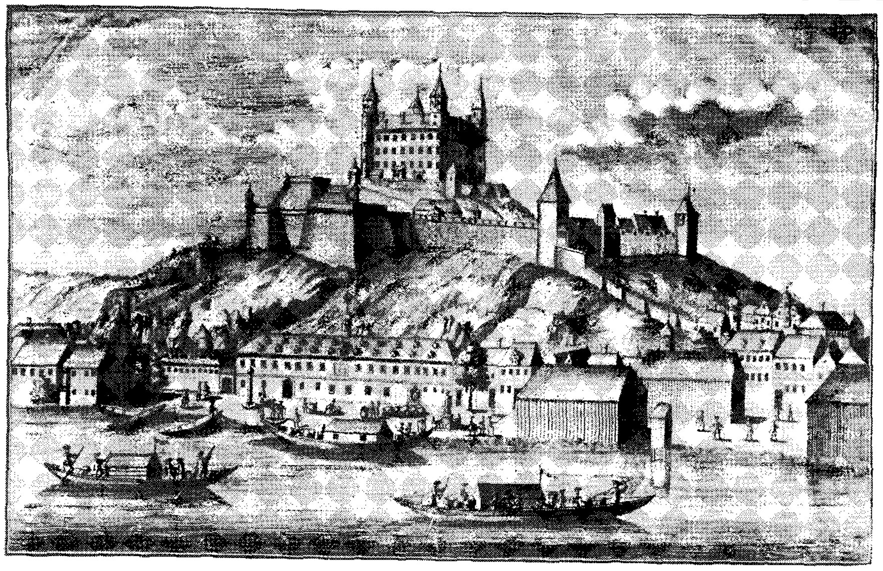
the beautiful Swabian city with the tallest cathedral spire in the world. Birthplace of Albert Einstein. German Bread Museum. Traditional Events. Start of the picturesque Baroque Road to Lake Constance.
Tourist Information, Münsterplatz,
D-7900 Ulm

Regensburg

the 2000 years old city with many historical monuments of culture and art. Former Roman citadel. Most beautiful Gothic cathedral in Bavaria. Stone Bridge (1135). Townhall with "Reichssaal" (1360). Famous boy's choir "Domspatzen".
Tourist Information, Altes Rathaus,
D-8400 Regensburg

Passau

the Venice of Bavaria on three rivers, with the important baroque cathedral and the world's biggest church organ, the Roman and Glass Museums, the historic city, cruising on the Danube, and a great deal more…
Tourist Information, Nibelungenhalle,
D-8390 Passau



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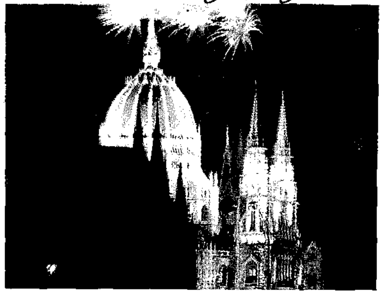
Welcome to Hungary



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KARLSPLATZ

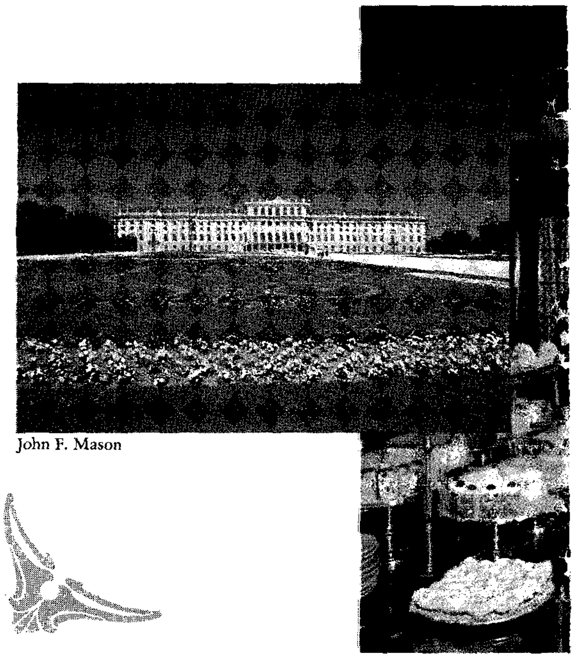
Austrian National Tourist Office

here. Whatever the reason, Vienna is very much alive, and the place to be among international travellers, with its cultural offerings, historical monuments, and its reputation for gracious living.

The Hotel Imperial has been the home away from home for foreign heads of state since the royal leaders of Europe visited the World Exhibition in 1873. Queen Elizabeth II of England called the Imperial "by far the most beautiful hotel" she had ever stayed in. Even for non-royalty the service is impeccable and personal, and dinner in the hotel's Zur Majestat restaurant is superb.

Other opportunities to live in royal style are provided by the Hotel in Palais Schwarzenberg, an eight-minute walk from the opera, surrounded by fifteen acres of private park; the Konig von Ungarn (King of Hungary), a block from St. Stephen's Cathedral; the Sacher, the Vienna Hilton, and the Hotel Bristol.

Already attracting congresses, conventions, and trade fairs is the new Austria Center in Vienna, inaugurated in June. Built on the Danube, next to the United Nations building, the new center seats



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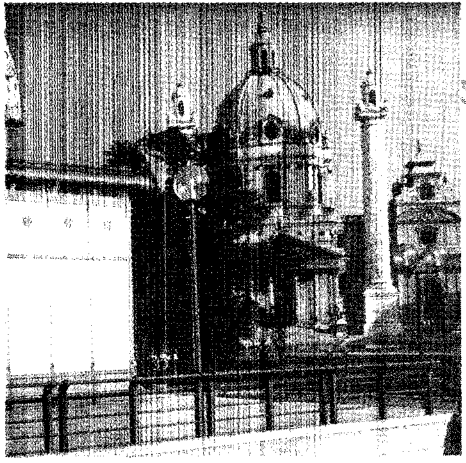
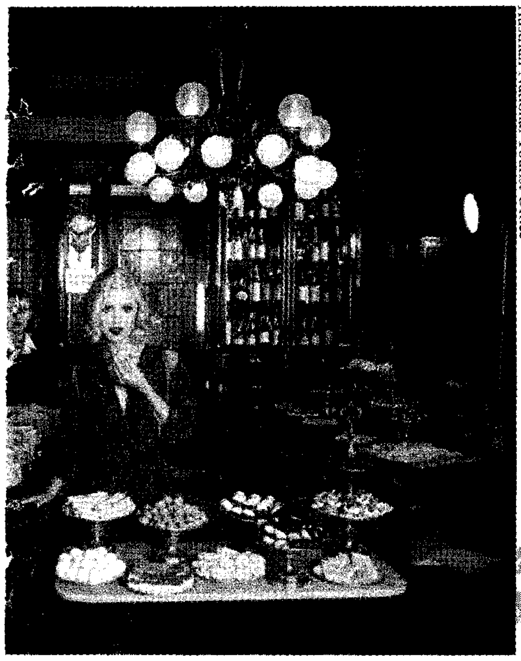


9,500 in fourteen halls on four levels, and is one of the most technically advanced convention centers in the world. At the push of a button the entire Vienna Symphony Orchestra can be raised into a large auditorium, lowered out of sight, and banquet tables made to appear.

After visiting both of Vienna's opera houses, the museums, the Spanish Riding School, the Boys' Choir, the palaces, and St. Stephen's Cathedral, dinner at any of several Heurigen in Vienna provides a relaxing change of pace. These rustic outdoor restaurants so popular with the Viennese in summer serve excellent food from the Vienna woods along with endless pitchers of chilled new wine.

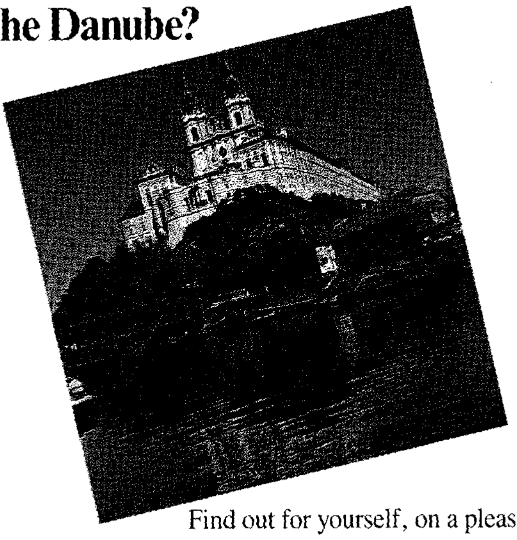
For a rare shopping treat, browse through Hubner Watchmakers on Grabenstrasse, near St. Stephen's Cathedral. You may not decide to buy a three-hundred-year-old clock for fifty to sixty thousand dollars, but you will enjoy seeing the collection.

For household linens as fine in their category as Hubner's clocks, Zur Schwabischen Jungfrau next door has the best of the best from all over the world.



Austrian National Tourist Office

How blue is the Danube?



Find out for yourself, on a pleasant, sunny day in Austria. And make the best of your time, getting to know the castles and abbeys, the towns and cities along the banks. The Danube is a blue ribbon tied around all the gifts Austria offers you: scenery, history, music, romance, hospitality, elegance — and a heart-warming welcome. We'll be happy to tell you more. Or talk to your travel agent.

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ČESKOSLOVENSKO

SLOVAKIA

Bratislava is a city of castles, palaces, and churches with a history as old as it is confusing. Settled by the Celts, it became a stronghold of the Romans; in the Middle Ages, it was the capital of Hungary; and today it is the capital of the Slovak Socialist Republic of Czechoslovakia.

Dominating the city and guarding the Danube is Bratislava Castle, built before the year 907 on a rock rising more than 260 feet above the river. Used as a seat of government for hundreds of years during the Middle Ages, the castle was destroyed by fire in 1811 and rebuilt in 1968. Today it houses cultural and scientific institutions and a museum.

Bratislava can easily be explored on foot—St. Martin's Cathedral, a Gothic building dating back to the 1400s, where eleven kings and eight queens have been crowned, is interesting for its decorations and lead sculpture of St. Martin.

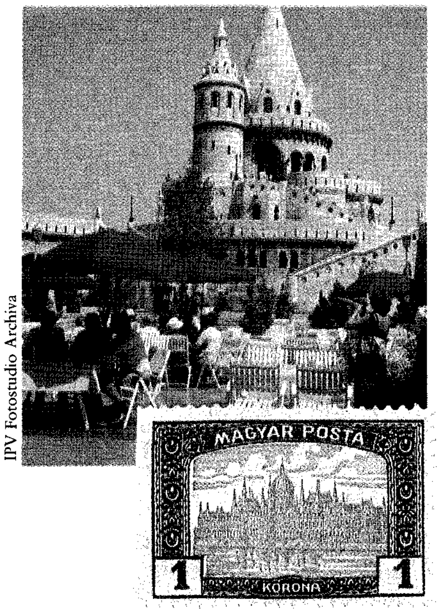
The Old Town Hall, built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, is a handsome mixture of Gothic and Renaissance, with a baroque tower, and today serves as the municipal museum housing valuable collections of old documents, books, and archaeological findings.

Besides a number of Gothic and baroque churches Bratislava offers seven or so palaces that can be visited, seven museums, and three galleries.

A glorious view of the city and its environs is afforded from Slavin Hill where there is a monument to the liberation of Czechoslovakia by the Soviets. The trip also is worth the climb for a look at the bas-relief on the monument's bronze doors, which expresses a warmth and compassion not usually seen in patriotic sculpture.

Bratislava is well equipped with hotels, good restaurants, coffee houses, wine cellars, and bars. A car and a road map make the surrounding Slovakian countryside accessible, taking you to picturesque villages where the people are friendly, and the wine and food are excellent.

Modra is an ancient royal town known for its vineyards and ceramics. Červený Kameň offers a castle surrounded by forest that is said to have inspired Jules Verne to write "The Mysterious Castle in the Carpathians." Today the castle houses a museum of period furniture. Trnava is an ancient royal town with rich architectural monuments—a Gothic cathedral, several baroque churches, and a university. Piešťany is known for its curative springs and spas, while Nitra offers churches, a cathedral with rich sculpture and paintings, and a cable lift to the top of historical Zobor Hill.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HUNGARY

Many people who visit the great cities of Europe with frequency say Budapest is the one they like best. It is a city of elegance and beauty with a centuries-old culture whose force and influence on everyday life has never diminished. On your second visit to Budapest, the saying goes, you are happy to be back. On your third, you are glad to be home.

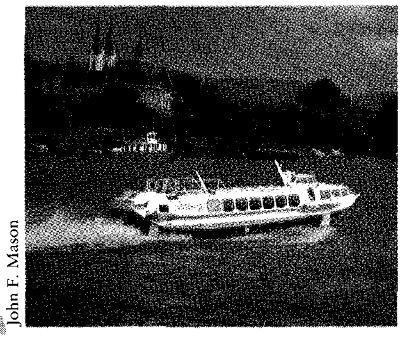
Budapest is the true Queen of the Danube, with the river as much a part of the city as the Grand Canal is of Venice. Buda, on the hilly right bank of the Danube, is older and somewhat more picturesque than modern Pest on the flat bank on the other side. But each has its charm and advantages, and there are excellent hotels in both.

Castle Hill is the oldest part of Budapest, and has retained its medieval appearance with its cobblestone streets, houses dating back to the fourteenth century, coffee houses, and small shops.

A major monument on Castle Hill is the Royal Castle, an imposing neo-baroque castle which needed extensive rebuilding after the devastation of World War II. The palace now houses three museums. Also on Castle Hill are St. Matthias' Church, built in the thirteenth century, and the Fisherman's Bastion, a fanciful array of turrets, terraces, and arches built at the beginning of this century in medieval style.

Margaret Island, in the middle of the Danube, ten minutes by taxi to either Buda or Pest, has always been popular for its bucolic stretch of woods, lawns, and fountains, its public swimming pools, and outdoor theatre for operettas.

There are several museums in Budapest that offer collections that cannot be seen anywhere else in the world. At the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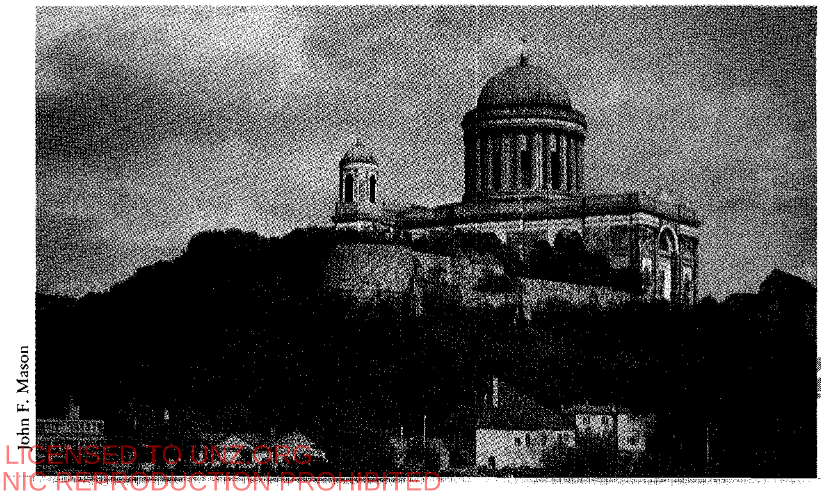
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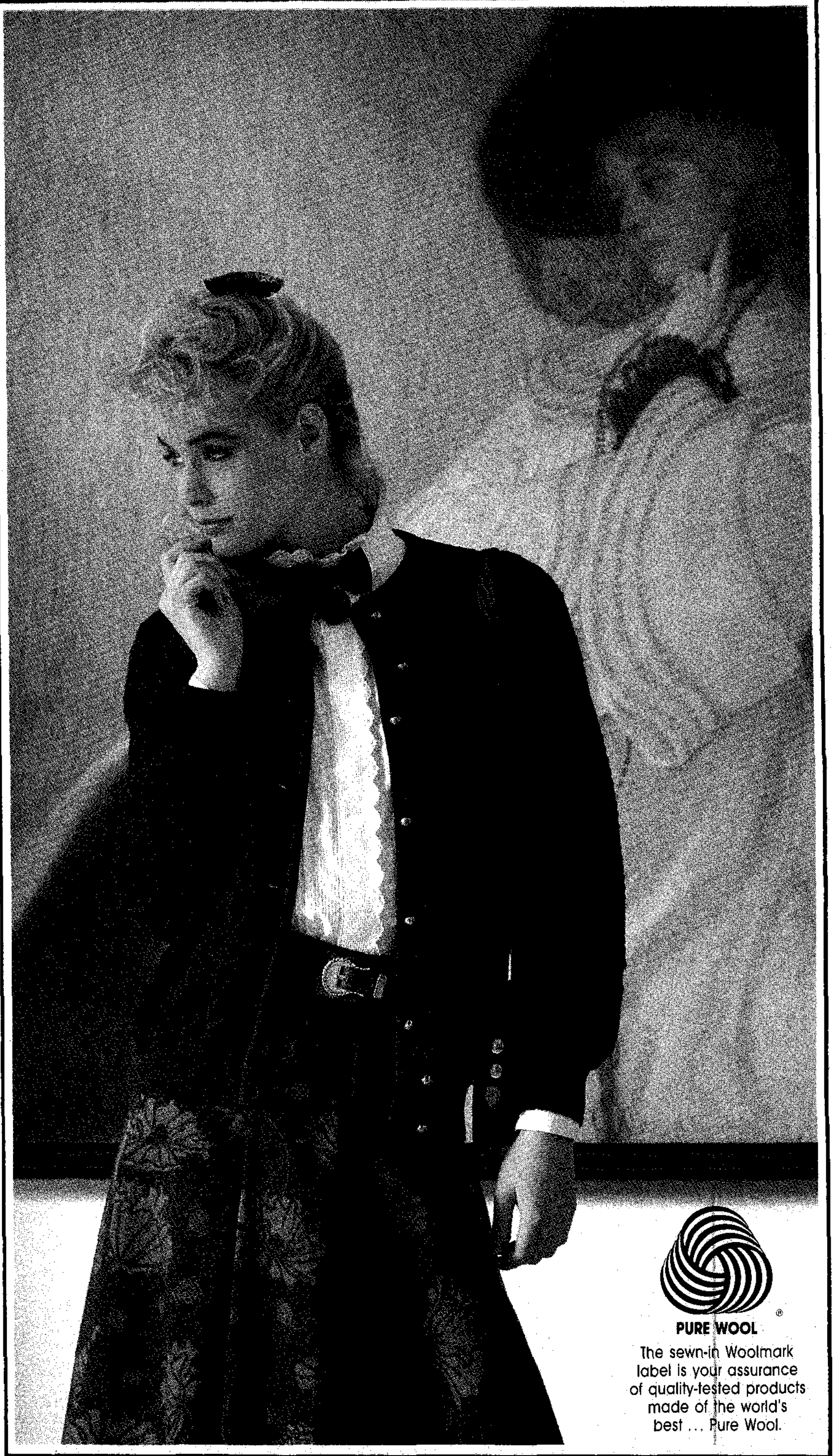

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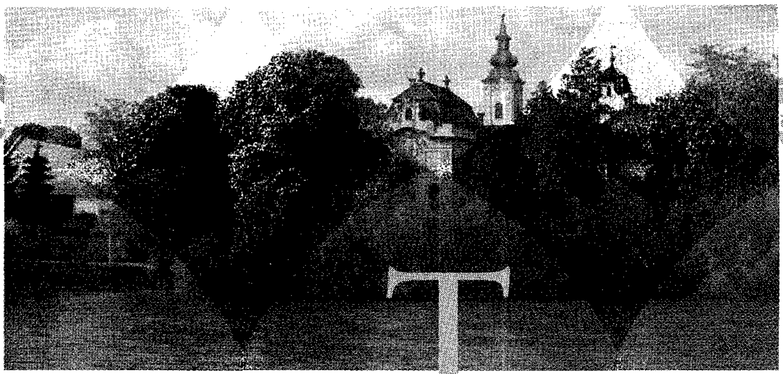


John F. Mason

Hungarian National Gallery, in the central wing of the Royal Castle, a vast collection of works by Hungarian painters from the Middle Ages onward provides a unique opportunity to study the vitality and vision that have motivated the Hungarians for eight hundred years.

Also in the Royal Castle, is a fascinating exhibition (which visitors from non-Socialist countries usually miss) in the Museum of the History of the Hungarian Working Class. Here there is a large collection of revolutionary posters, the heroic sculpture of the period, and marvelous photographs of various Hungarian revolutionaries.

The superb collection at the Museum of Fine Arts in Heros Square contains works by Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch masters that you won't see elsewhere. On display among the rarities are also a surprising number of paintings by French Impressionists and Post-Impressionists, such as Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Cezanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh.

The Hungarian National Museum in Pest houses the Hungarian royal regalia, including the crown attributed to St. Stephen of the eleventh century, which symbolizes to the Hungarians autonomy and independence.

Budapest's ultra-modern Convention Center is boosting the city's reputation as a hub for international congresses. In 1986, the Center's first year, Budapest played host to nearly 60 conventions involving 24,000 participants for a period of 164 days. Run by Novotel, the Convention Center is bringing in even more international groups this year.

THE DANUBE BEND

Some twelve miles north of Budapest the Danube suddenly abandons its easterly course and turns south, slicing through the local mountain range to leave a rich semicircular stretch of forest interrupted by cliffs, ruins, and villages. The Danube Bend is Hungary's year-round playground.

A one-day trip from Budapest can include Szentendre, just twelve miles upstream from Budapest. This over 250-year-old village dominated by seven church towers consists of an eighteenth-century baroque church, a colorful town square, several csardas, or restaurants serving traditional Hungarian food, and four museums.

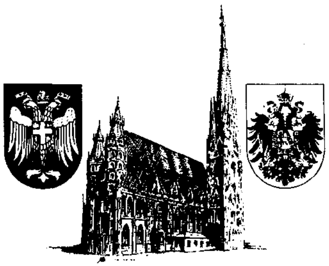
The most popular museum contains the collection of the twentieth-century ceramic sculptor Margit Kovacs, featuring her large-eyed maidens. There are also works by Hungarian impressionist Karoly Ferenczy and his two children, giving us a look at the stylish dress and manners of Hungary's well-to-do at the turn of the century.

Up the river a few miles is Visegrad, a picturesque village surrounded by green hills that slope down to the water's edge. Of interest is King Matthais Corvinus' magnificent fifteenth-century palace, only now being unearthed and restored.

In Esztergom, a few miles on, Hungary's largest church, the Basilica of Esztergom, stands on a cliff overlooking the Danube. The Basilica's treasury contains Hungary's richest store of religious objects, including a ninth-century cross of crystal from Metz and the fifteenth-century calvary of King Matthias.

John F. Mason

Once a section of the moat surrounding medieval Vienna, the "Graben" now serves as a conduit for the finest in traditional, hand-crafted goods. A selection of quality stores, many of which have been in family hands for generations, offer access to a philosophy of workmanship and a commitment to detail which dates back for centuries.



At the head of the "Graben" stands St. Stephan's Cathedral, since 1511 Vienna's majestic centerpiece.

Photo: E. Semotan, Art Director: C. Satek

Ladies' gold Rolex and antique clock from the collection of traditional timepieces at **Hübner,** expert watchmakers for generations, **at Graben 28.** Complemented by a wide selection of contemporary masterworks from Rolex, Blancpain, Breguet, Ebel, IWC Schaffhausen, Longines and Jaeger le Coultre.

Jacket, skirt and silk top from **Knize & Comp., at Graben 13,** tailors and shirtmakers since 1858 and former purveyors to the Emperor's Court. Made-to-measure suitings for ladies and gentlemen, and a luxury selection of pre-tailored clothing of cashmere, silk and wool.

Gold jewelry from **Anton Heldwein, at Graben 13,** jewelers for four generations and former purveyors to the Hapsburg Court, creating such delicate treasures as "Crystal blossoms," handcrafted right on the premises. Complemented by a selection of antique silverware and rare Piaget and Patek Philippe watches.

Bedding and tablecloths from **"Zur Schwäbischen Jungfrau", at Graben 26.** Since 1720 supplier of the finest in hand-embroidered, hand-painted and hand-woven damask, linen and cambric. Collection includes Austrian Country-style materials and trimmings.

Coffee service, silver wine chiller, and champagne flutes from **Rasper & Söhne, at Graben 15,** specialist in tableware, porcelain, silver cutlery and gifts since 1832. Supplied by such renowned names as Rosenthal, Hutschenreuther, Wedgwood, Baccarat, Lalique and Christofle.

Meissen and Dresden porcelain vases from **Albin Denk, at Graben 13,** former purveyors to the Hapsburg Court. Founded in 1702, Albin Denk is Vienna's oldest porcelain and crystal ware store, displaying a large and varied collection.

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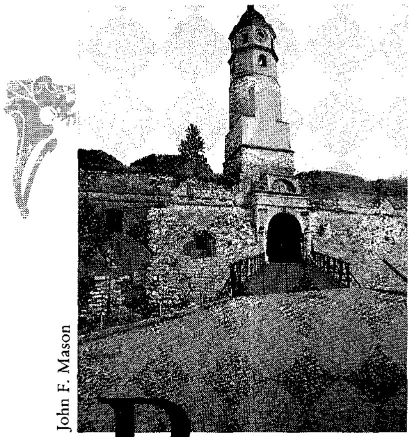
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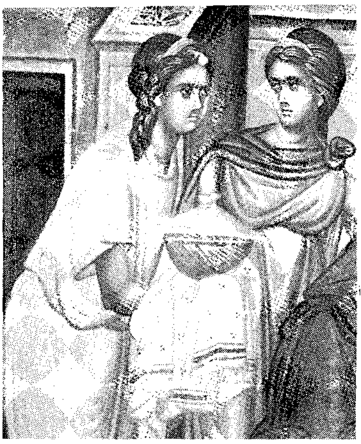

Yugoslavian Tourist Federation

BELGRADE

Belgrade, the capital of Serbia and of Yugoslavia, is more a monument to the strength and durability of the Serbs than to the country's two-thousand-year history.

Destroyed and rebuilt at least twenty times, Beograd (in Serbo-Croation, the "White City") is modern, with only a few of its past treasures still intact. But it is a living city—it has always encouraged creative, energetic people with excellent artistic work to show for their efforts.

Shopping is excellent in Belgrade, and throughout Yugoslavia, for watercolors and graphic art work by Yugoslav artists, knitwear produced by the Serbian peasant women of Dragacevo and Mt. Zlatibor, embroidery, rugs, crystal, leather goods, and silver jewelry.

The most imposing monument still left in Belgrade is the Kalemegdan Fortress, which was built on a bluff above the confluence of the Sava and Danube Rivers. Begun in the early fourteenth century, the fortress is now a military museum and a center for sports.

Belgrade's other historical monuments include the Konak, the former royal castle, the nineteenth-century residence of the Princess Ljubica, and the cathedral. The nucleus of the old city around Skadarlija Street is a pleasant walk in and around its narrow, winding streets, cafes, restaurants, and shops.

Belgrade has twenty-three museums. Besides the National Museum, the most comprehensive, there is the Museum of Modern Art and the Fresco Gallery.

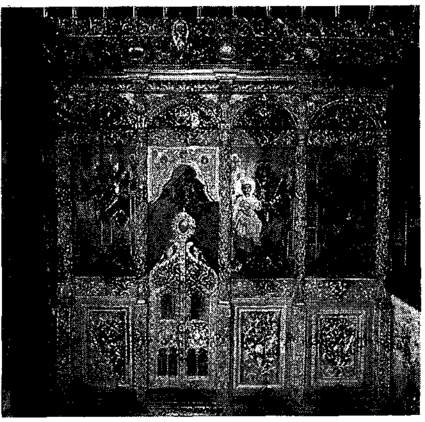
New roads, cutting through long stretches of mountain in East Serbia, have recently opened an area of great scenic beauty between the Lower Big Morava and the Yugoslav-Bulgarian border. For the first time it is possible to drive through the Danube's Djerdap Gorge, known as the Iron Gate, the largest in Europe.

Fifteen miles south of Belgrade, outside the town of Grocka, lunch is served at the Vinogradi, a restaurant shaded by trees, surrounded by vineyards and orchards, and overlooking a quiet, unbelievably bucolic stretch of the Danube. The food and the dry white wine, both from the region, will undoubtedly be remembered with respect.

Some thirteen miles farther on lies Smederevo, on the banks of the Danube among vineyards and orchards. The enormous fortress, one of the mightiest of the Middle Ages, was built in 1430, in a single year, by order of the despot Djuradj Brankovic. The outer walls are protected by 25 huge towers.

To see this region quickly from the Danube, hydrofoils make trips down the river from Belgrade as far as the Djerdap hydroelectric plant on the Yugoslav-Rumanian border, passing the fortress of Smederevo, Golubac Fortress, and other places of interest in eastern Serbia.

In the vicinity of Belgrade, priceless collections of eleventh to thirteenth century art can be seen in medieval monasteries, works that will probably never leave the monasteries for travelling exhibits. Three are of particular interest for the exceptional quality of their frescoes: the Monastery of Studenica, not far from the small town of Usce; the Monastery of Mileseva, near Prijepolje; and the Monastery of Sopocani.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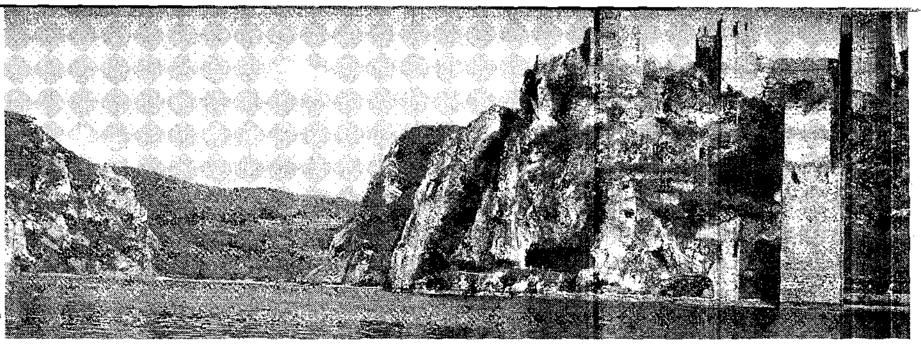
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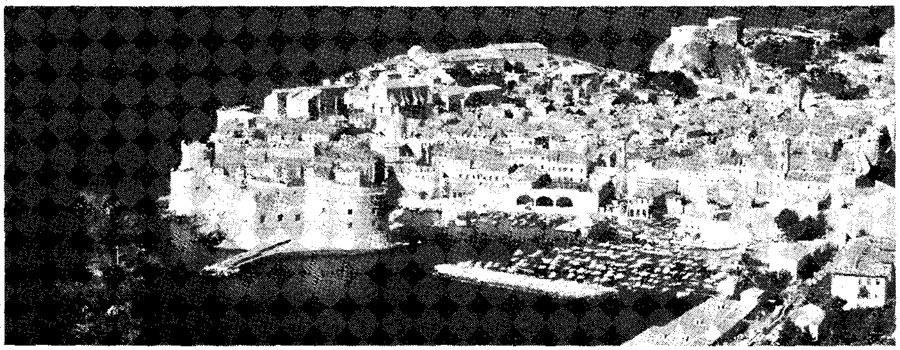

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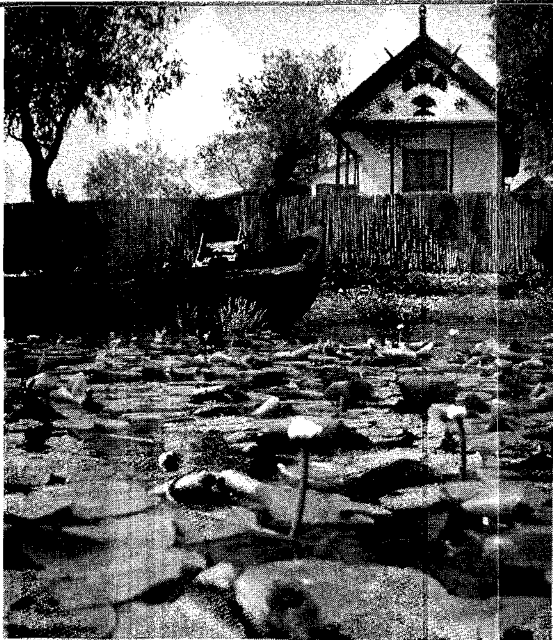

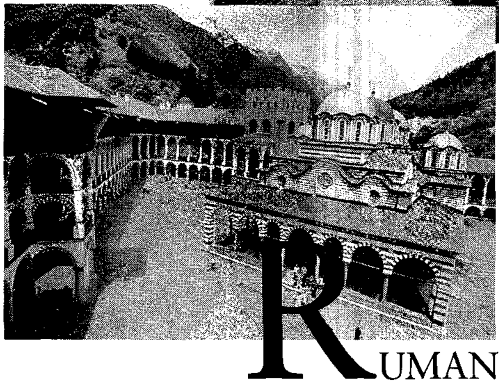

Rumania National Tourist Office

RUMANIA AND BULGARIA

As the Danube flows in toward the Black Sea, it forms the southern border of Rumania, first with Yugoslavia on the river's southern bank, then Bulgaria. Of all the countries on the Danube, Rumania has the largest shore, 645 miles, 225 miles of which are completely within its borders.

From the river, Rumania is flat and agrarian. Not seen are the Carpathian Mountains to the north, which cover two-thirds of the country, reaching, in places, altitudes of 7,500 feet.

Bulgaria, as seen from the Danube, is also flat and agricultural, its Balkan Mountains with their terraced farmlands lying farther to the south.

Visitors to Rumania should take advantage of the thermomineral and mineral waters of the area, which have been famed since Roman times. Archeologists have found indications that great numbers flocked to Rumania for the balneal cures; only recently have experiments proved that the waters have restorative powers, a fact which Rumanians have known for hundreds of years.

Moldova Veche, near the Hungary-Rumania border, is located on the former Roman settlement of Maduva. The ruins of a fourth-century citadel stand on a mountain looming in the background. Below the city, the Danube divides into two arms, each embracing the Moldova Veche island.

Between vineyards and orchards and long stretches of woods, towns and villages appear and vanish from sight on both sides of the river. The thirteenth-century castle of Vidin is memorable for its thick walls, square towers, gates, and drawbridges. Vidin is one of the oldest towns in Bulgaria and its castle one of the most beautiful.

Further down the river, the town of Lom, on the Bulgarian side, is an active port, with a busy shipyard, sugarcane plantations, and watermelon farms. It also has a museum of Roman artifacts. On the opposite shore in Rumania there are several large lakes, rich in fish.

Giurgiu is one of the main ports of Rumania, located almost directly south of the capital, Bucharest. Points of interest in Giurgiu include the Museum of Independence, and the Memorial to the French soldiers who fell in battle during World War II. Spanning the Danube is the Bridge of Friendship built in 1954 by Rumania and Bulgaria to connect Giurgiu with the Bulgarian port of Ruse.

Cruise ships usually dock in Giurgiu, allowing passengers to go into Bucharest for the day, a sad experience for those who remember the Rumanian capital before WWII. Opposite, on the Bulgarian bank in the town of Ruse, side trips by airplane to Sofia, Bulgaria's capital, or a flight back to Vienna are offered.

Near the Black Sea, the river suddenly turns north, and then with another bend to the east splits up into the vast swamps and marshes of the delta. The mouth of the Danube is a world unto itself and a home for rare plants and animals.

The Danube has played a vital role in the history of Europe for thousands of years; Napoleon Bonaparte used to call it "La Roi des Fleuves de l'Europe." Each year the Danube Delta becomes forty square meters larger, as the metamorphosis of the area continues. The average discharge of the river is 6,300 cubic meters per second, carrying two tons of alluvial deposits—which little by little form what is the youngest land of the European continent.

John F. Mason, a freelance writer and photographer who lives in New York and Sitges, Spain, writes on both cultural and economic developments in Europe.

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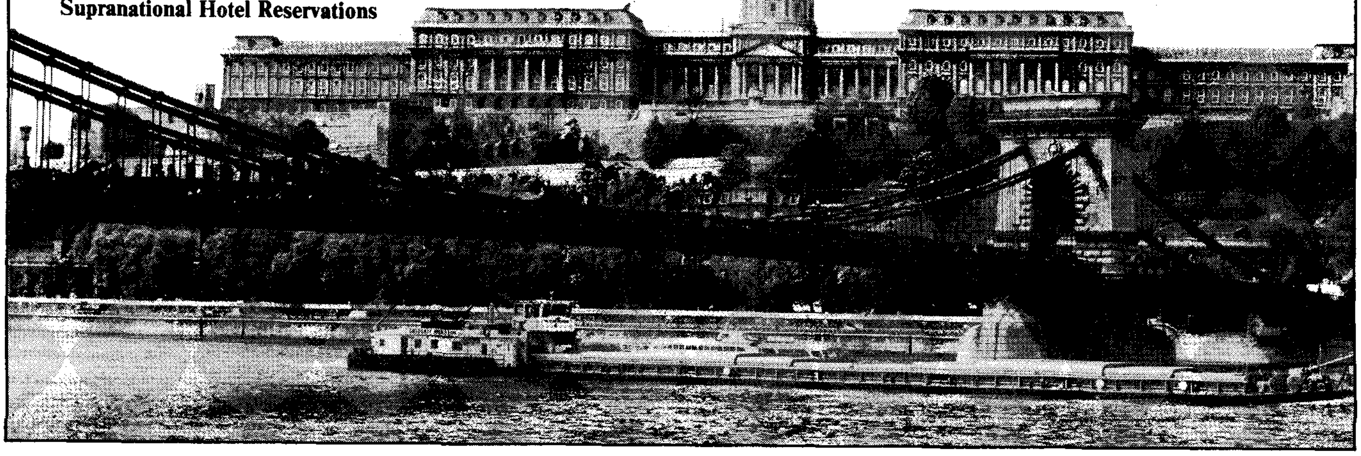

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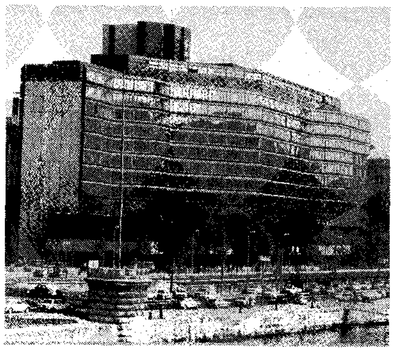

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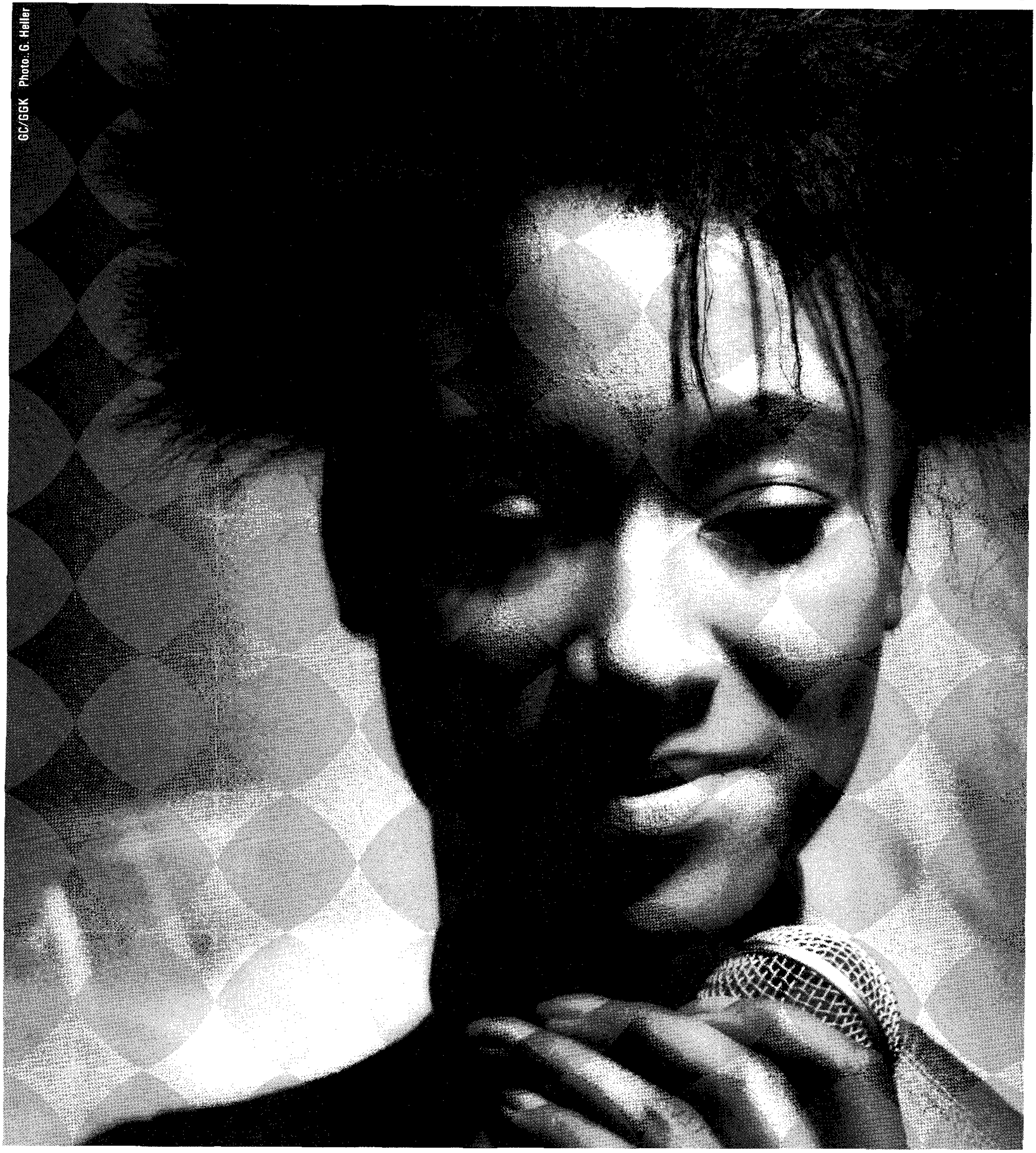

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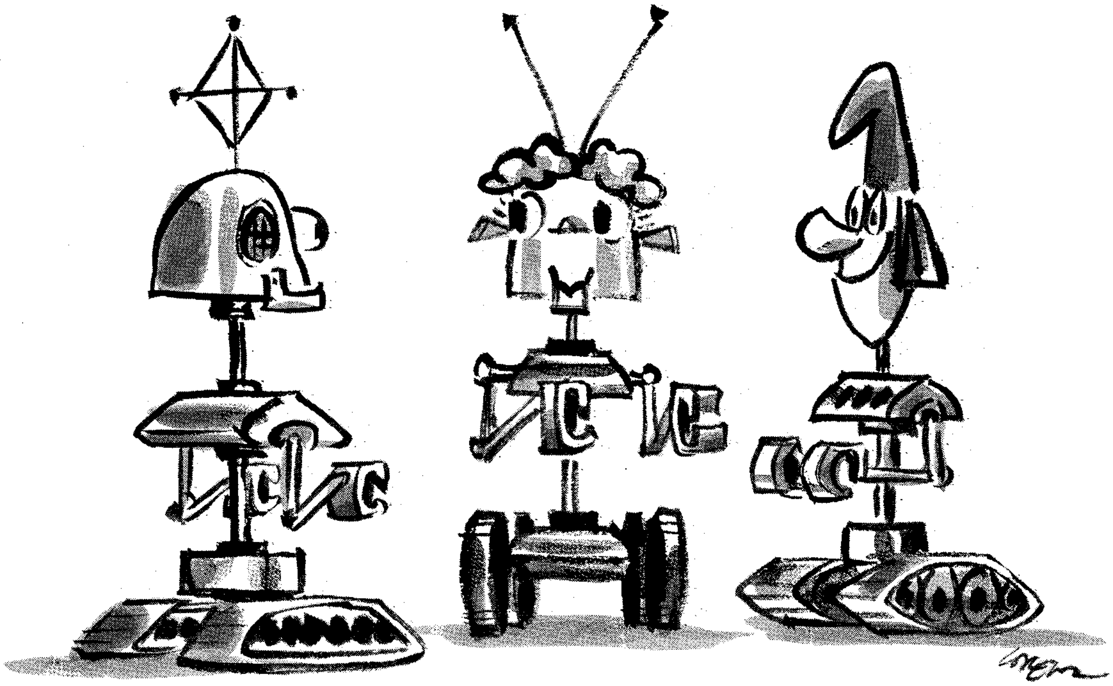
five future Hall of Famers on the field that day, including both pitchers: Red Faber and Lefty Gomez. Lefty fanned the side in the first inning (there was a little game summary attached to the box score), and the Yankees went on to win, 4–1.



"*Arthur is a cast-iron lawn ornament on his father's side.*"

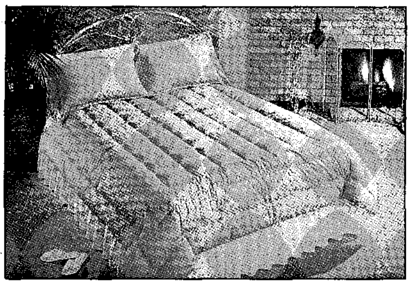
• •

I HADN'T planned to go back to Cooperstown at once, but when Induction Weekend came along, late in July, I couldn't stay away. I was a little nervous about too much pomp and oratory, but what I encountered was a jolly family party of baseball. Twenty-five Hall of Fame members came back, to welcome the inductees—Hunter, Williams, and Dandridge—and so did their wives and (in many cases) children and grandchildren, and so did neighbors, brothers and sisters, and old teammates. Mary Rice, the widow of Hall of Fame outfielder Sam Rice, of the old Washington Senators, came back, as usual (Sam died in 1974), and so did her daughter Christine and her granddaughter Kimberly; this was Kimberly's nineteenth reunion at Cooperstown. Hall of Famer Happy Chandler—former commissioner, former Kentucky governor, former Kentucky senator—turned up, still hale and handshaking at eighty-nine, and so did Willie Mays, Ralph Kiner, Bill Dickey, Robin Roberts, the Splendid Splinter (more a tree now), Campy, Cool Papa, Country, Pee Wee, the Big Cat, Stan the Man, and more. The noble, Doric-columned old Otesaga Hotel, whose lawns run down to the glistening Otsego waters, took us all in (my wife and me included), and, hanging out in and around its lobby, bars, deep verandas, and restaurants, you heard baseball and nothing else for three steaming, cheerful summer days and nights. The fans were there, too, though at a distance—eight to ten thousand of them, heavily familied as well. The Hall had set up a long, airy tent down by the lakefront for three extended autograph sessions—all comers on the first and third days, kids only on the second—and the waiting lines were so long that they had to be mercifully truncated; the foresighted early arrivals had camped out all night to hold their places. I sought no autographs (one small girl in a Mariners T-shirt asked for *my* signature, somehow under the impression that I was Billy Williams), but I happily stuck around, and there in Cooperstown, encircled by great souls and heroes of the pastime, I bathed in a Ganges of baseball:

JOHNNY MIZE (*at seventy-four, he is melon-faced and massively calm—unchanged*): These batters today are so nervous. You look at Winfield and he's *duh, duh, dah-duh* at the plate. They're doing a dance up there. I'd always walk into the box, drop my bat down, get my feet right, and then I'd be on base or out of there. . . . My worst day was when I got traded to the Giants and I knew I'd have to hit in the Polo Grounds all year, with that five-hundred-foot center field. It was four hundred and twenty-two feet to right-center, where I liked to hit the ball. Bill Terry hit straightaway and he batted .400 in the Polo Grounds before I got there, and to me that's .500, easy, in any other park.

RAY DANDRIDGE (*square and squatty, with bowed legs and broad, large hands; he wore a snowy white cap by day and an engaging smile at all times; seventy-three years old, possibly older*): I played shortstop and second base, but third base was my real position. I played with the Detroit Stars in 1933, then in Newark—the Newark Dodgers that turned into the Newark Eagles. I played all year round, mostly for fifteen dollars a week. Went to Puerto Rico, and it was fifteen dollars a week; went to Cuba, fifteen dollars a week; Venezuela and Santo Domingo and Mexico, fifteen dollars a week. I played seven years in Mexico and made some more money there in the end. We won the championship for Mexico City. . . . I'm a place-hitter—hit the ball to all fields. I'm a Stan Musial man. I loved to see that man hit. He's my idol, because I hit like him—or he hit like me.

MONTE IRVIN (*played in the Negro Leagues and then for seven years with the Giants and, briefly, the Cubs; he batted .458 in the 1951 World Series; tall and dignified*): Ray Dandridge played third base with style and class. He had the quickest hands—I never saw anybody come in and sweep up the swinging bunt the way he could do it. He's in a class with Brooks Robinson. . . . If the major leagues had integrated ten years earlier, you'd have seen the great Negro League stars in their prime—Satchel, Buck Leonard, Josh Gibson. We had some sure Hall of Fame pitchers you probably never heard of—Roy Partlow, Raymond Brown, and Leon Day. Leon is here this weekend, you should talk to him. . . . Back then, you had to go easy at the beginning with your team, because



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there'd likely be an old-timer holding down your spot. He'd say, "Boy, this position belongs to *me*—go play somewhere else." So you learned to play all over the place.

Ted Williams (*no description needed; he talked about hitting, of all things*): The man who made that statue of me noticed something most people never did: I shortened up on the bat. I knew I was smarter than ninety-nine per cent of the other hitters—not mentally but baseballically. I said to myself, "The quicker I am, the longer I can wait. The longer I can wait, the less I'm likely to get fooled. So how can I be quick? Don't get too heavy a bat. Don't swing from the end of the bat. And with two strikes don't try to pull the ball all the time. And *get a good pitch to hit*." That's all there is to it! When I was first in the Pacific Coast League, I went to see Lefty O'Doul, because I was a student of hitting. I talked to him one afternoon—he was with the Seals—when he was sitting on the grass out in center field, taking some sun. He said, "Kid, don't let anybody ever change you." And that's when I thought, Boy, I must be pretty good!

Ernie Banks (*still narrow as a slat at fifty-six; still talking, here to Ted Williams, in the next chair in the autographing tent*): You should be a Rhodes Scholar, Ted—baseball's never had one. We need a Rhodes Scholar, because this game takes brains. You even *look* smart, so you could have done it. You and me, we're the same kind of players. We like people who focus on the task, not the results. It's not the gold, it's the getting.

Billy Williams (*eavesdropping from the next chair in line*): Oh, no. Not again. I was Ernie's roommate, so I heard this stuff for sixteen years. But I'm all right. I'll survive it.

Joe Sewell (*eighty-eight years old, and probably an inch or two under his listed height of five feet seven back with the Indians in the twenties; struck out only three times in 1930 and again in 1932, and only a hundred and fourteen times lifetime, in more than seven thousand at-bats; wears thick glasses now and carried nine pens and pencils in his shirt pocket*): I have the bat at home that I used for fourteen years. The same bat. It weighs forty ounces. I never cracked it, because I knew how to swing the right way. I took good care of it—worked on it every single day. I rubbed it with a chicken bone and a plug of tobacco, and then I'd roll it up and down with a smooth bottle. The bat was your tool, so you took care of it. They want that bat up here at the Hall, but I'm keeping it.

Catfish Hunter (*at forty-one, he is the second-youngest player—second to Koufax—ever to attain the Hall; he looks even better than he did when he was out there painting the corners*): I don't miss the game, because I'm still in it, coaching my boys. One son, Todd, I coached up from Little League right on through Legion ball. Now he's graduating, so I'm going back to wait for my son Paul, who'll be ready for Little League in a couple of years. I'm a Little League grounds-keeper right now. Some parents think Little League pressure is too much for kids, but you got to get used to pressure sometime if you're going to want to play. . . . My wife and my three kids are here. My three sisters will be here tomorrow, and three of my four brothers, and *their* kids. There's two busloads and ten or twenty carloads of folks coming from North Carolina, so my home town—there's twenty-five hundred inhabitants, same as when I was a kid—will be not at home tomorrow.

Leon Day (*he is not young—he must be in his late seventies—but is broad, low, and still powerful-looking, with long arms; sunny disposition; many believe he will be the next player from the Negro Leagues to attain the Hall*): With the Newark Eagles, we played every day it didn't rain. Played all kinds of teams, in the league and out of the league. One Fourth of July, we played at Bay Ridge Parkway, in Brooklyn, in the morning—I think it was the Bushwicks that game. Then we played a league doubleheader in the afternoon at Ebbets Field—the Dodgers was away on the road. Then we played another game someplace that night. The same pitcher, a fellow named Jackman, started all four games. He got knocked out of the box each time, but he'd say "Gimme the ball, I can beat these guys," so he ended up losing four games on the same day. . . . I had the reputation of being the kind of pitcher who'd knock you down if you'd got a hit off of me, but I wouldn't always do it on the first pitch. Maybe I'd throw you a knuckleball instead. Then a curveball. Then a nice change of pace. You'd start to think, Good, he forgot about that hit, and right then—*whap*—down you'd go. (*Laughs delightedly.*)

EACH of the Hall of Famers had his own round table at the banquet that night, and the Lefty Gomez party made room for me and my wife. I had brought along my old 1930 box score—I had to read it to Gomez, who had forgotten his reading glasses—and he thanked me and said, "My God, I was six feet two and I weighed a hundred and forty-nine pounds that year. I was a *ghost*." He looked around the crowded, cheerful room and said, "When I was a kid in the game, the older players would talk about all the famous guys that had once played with them or against them, but I never listened. I just wasn't interested. Now that's all I ever do."

I sat next to a delightful daughter of Lefty's, who told me that she was Vernona Lois Gomez (Lefty is Vernon) and that the name had been selected after her parents had held personal consultations with the editor of a "Your Baby's Name" feature in the Boston *Post*. I asked her what the runner-up handle had been. "Juanita," she said.

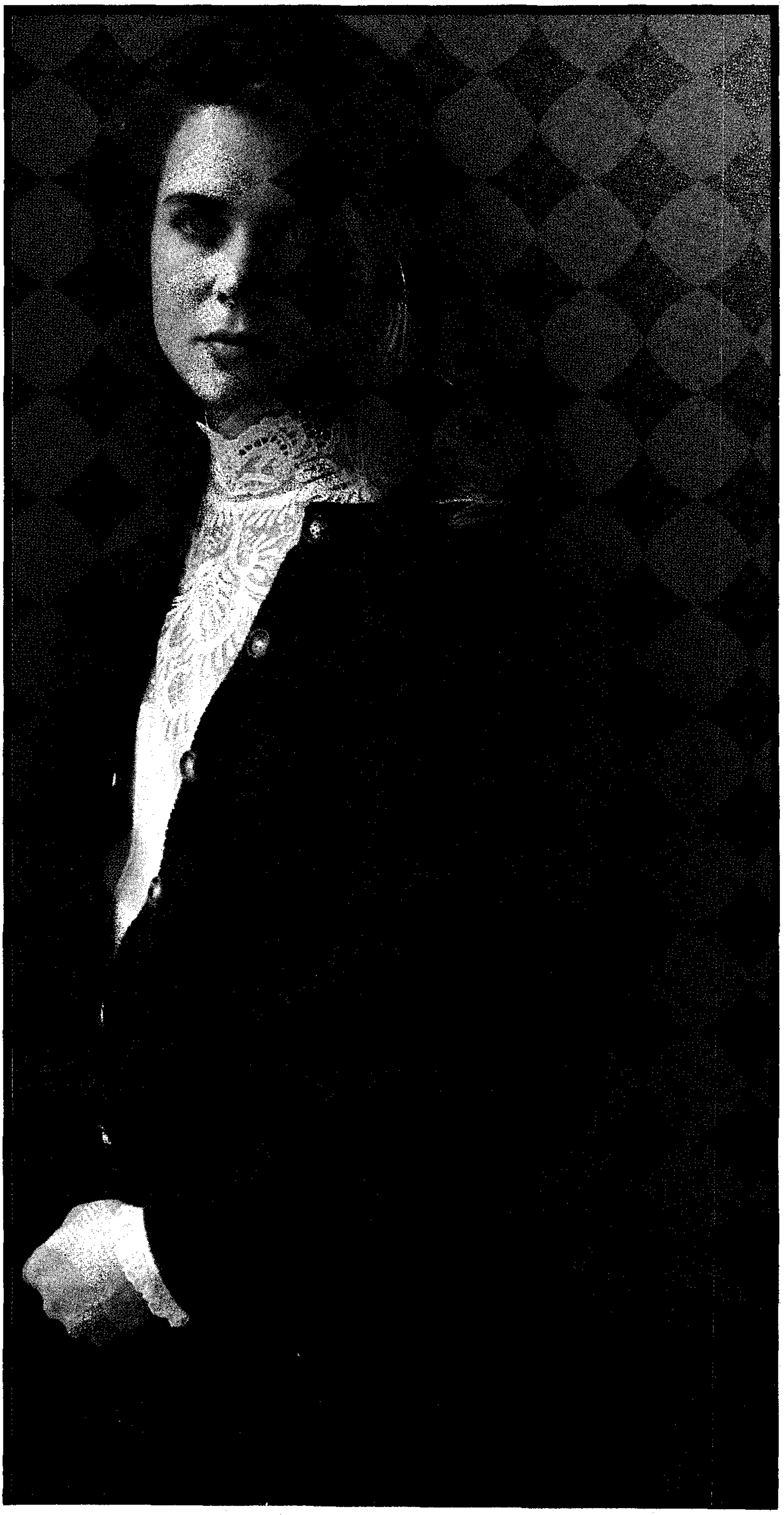
Then I looked across the table at her slim and radiant mother, and a buried line or two of five-decades-old sports-page chatter came paddling up out of my memory: "The Gay Castilian [Lefty Gomez, in the sports parlance of that day], accompanied by his fiancée, Broadway's beautiful June O'Dea . . ."

"Is your mother the beautiful June O'Dea?" I asked Vernona.

"She certainly is," she said.

A little later, the B. J. O'D. told me that she and Lefty had met in a night club, the Woodmansten Inn, up in the Bronx, and that he had been absolutely tongue-tied that first evening. "We were engaged in two weeks, but we didn't get married for two years," she said. "I was playing in 'Of Thee I Sing' by then. We had a one-night honeymoon in Atlantic City, and the next morning he said, 'So long, sweetheart, I'm going to spring training,' and I didn't lay eyes on him for six weeks. That was fifty-four years ago, so I guess you could say we worked it out."

When the gala party moved over to the Hall for dessert and drinks, there



J.G. HOOK

485 SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10018

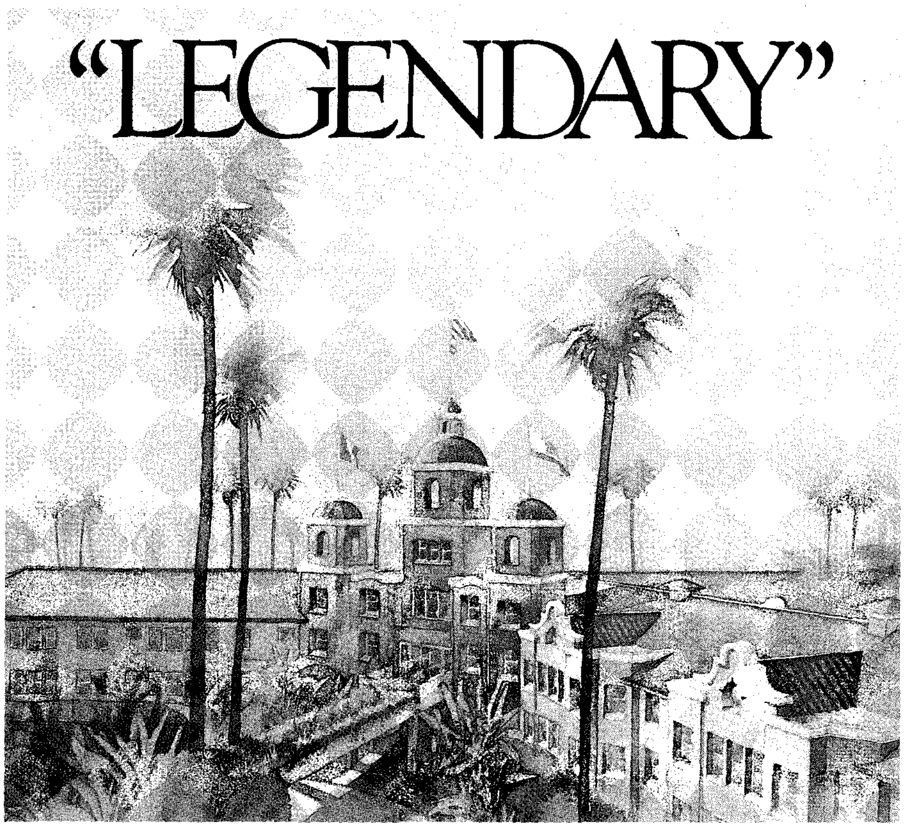
were crowds of fans jammed together on the sidewalk and beside the front steps there, waiting to cheer for the old stars as they came in; it reminded you a little of the mobs at the Oscar awards, in Los Angeles, but without the kitsch and the craziness. The players had the museum to themselves that night; the Catfish Hunters just about wiped out the souvenir shop single-handed.

I chatted with Warren Spahn in the Gallery, and at one point he made a little gesture toward the party and the plaques and said, "There's such a *feeling* to this place. I go to Washington a lot—I was there last week—and I always get a thrill when I see the Capitol or visit the Congress. I feel the same way here. It's awe. I look around and I see all these men who played the game so well—great players, you know—and did it for peanuts, because they loved to play. I'm lucky to be part of something like that. I'll be back next year. I always come back."

When my wife and I left—it was after eleven o'clock—it happened that we walked out of the Hall directly behind Cool Papa Bell, who went carefully down the steps on the arm of his daughter. He is eighty-four now. There were still some fans outside, waiting in the steamy summer night, and when they saw who it was they came forward and gave him a terrific round of applause, and Cool Papa shifted his cane to the other hand and waved to them in reply.

The induction ceremonies the next day were more of the same, really: it was as if the party had gone on into the following afternoon. The weather gave us a break at last, and there was a gusty fresh breeze moving in the thick, tall trees in Cooper Park, where the thousands of sitting and standing fans almost engulfed the handsome verdigris-green statue of James Fenimore Cooper. Up on the steps of the library, the Hall of Famers were introduced, one by one. Ted Williams was wearing a bright-green blazer. Willie Mays—or maybe Roy Campanella—got the biggest hand. The sun shone, and the speeches and encomiums were sweet and boring and almost not too long. The Commissioner reminded us that Catfish Hunter had played for both Charlie Finley and George Steinbrenner (they were both there, down front with the V.I.P.s), which was enough in itself, he said, to put a man into the Hall of Fame. Jack Lang was teary, and Jack Buck (the voice of the

"LEGENDARY"



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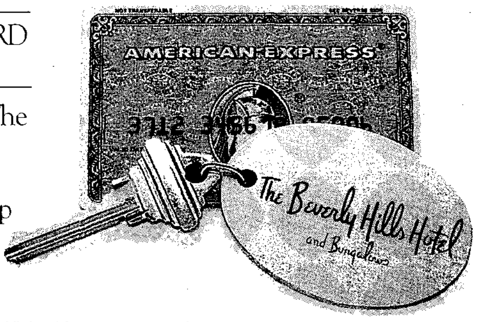

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Cardinals, who received the Ford C. Frick Award for his long career in baseball broadcasting) was lengthily grateful. Each of the inductees introduced all the members of his family after he received his plaque, and then delivered an acceptance address. Hunter told us about his long-ago contract negotiations with the Yankees; and Billy Williams, who had memorized and also copyrighted his speech, said it was high time that baseball became fully integrated by giving blacks and other minorities a chance at jobs in the front office and as managers. This day, he said, was "the most precious thing in my life." Ray Dandridge was the best. "The only thing I ever wanted to do was to put one foot into the major leagues, but they didn't want it," he told us. "Now I can thank each and every veteran on the committee for allowing me to smell the roses. . . . I love baseball, and today it looks like baseball loves me."

THERE is a Basketball Hall of Fame in Springfield, Massachusetts; a College Football Hall of Fame in Kings Island, Ohio; a Professional Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio; a Bowling Hall of Fame in St. Louis, but I don't think they are quite the same as the Baseball Hall of Fame. I'd be surprised if they worked the same way. These thoughts came to me back in June, during the evening of the two-day visit that Charles and Ben and I made to Cooperstown. It was a muggy night, with some thundershowers, and after dinner the three of us gathered in the living room of the handsome old inn where we were staying and sat with some other guests there and watched a ballgame on television—a "Monday Night Baseball" game in Oakland between the Kansas City Royals and the Oakland Athletics. Ben went off to bed after a couple of innings, but Charles and I stayed to the end. It was a good game, because the Athletics hung tough and beat Bret Saberhagen, the Royals' ace, whose record coming into the game was an amazing twelve and one for the 1987 season. Reggie Jackson, who had been having a discouraging sort of summer so far—he is retiring at the end of this year—whacked a home run (No. 556, lifetime) in the second inning, and Charles and I instantly remarked to each other that somebody would have to change the digits beside his name in the basement of the Hall the next morning. Reggie will make the Hall of Fame easily, probably on the first ballot.

I began thinking about the other players in the game we were watching, and I decided that George Brett had a good shot at the Hall, too, with his lifetime .314 batting average to date and that wonderful .390 season a few years ago. I wouldn't bet against Saberhagen, either, although it's much too early to tell, and no one in the world could say yet what kind of slugger the Oakland first baseman, Mark McGwire, might turn out to be. Already he had twenty-two homers in this, his first full season; he has been all the rage this year, but, of course, he is only a rookie.

With two outs in the eighth inning and the Royals trailing by 2–1, Dan Quisenberry came in to pitch for Kansas City, with a man on base. He fell behind on the count and then came in a hair too high with a breaking pitch, and Tony Phillips hit the ball over the right-field fence, to put the game out of reach. Quisenberry is a submarine relief specialist, with an odd, looping delivery, and his total of two hundred and thirty-six official saves is already the fourth best in baseball history. I spent some time with him two years ago while preparing an article about him; he was then on his way to his fourth consecutive Fireman of the Year award in his league. I thought at the time that he might be headed for the Hall of Fame, but he has gone into a sharp decline in the past two seasons—no one quite knows why—and I don't think anyone gives him much of a chance for Cooperstown now. I have suffered for him last year and this year (we are friends), and I was unhappy about his difficulties, but Quis himself had reminded me—even then, at the peak of his powers and success—that relief pitching is tricky and unpredictable, and that baseball, of course, is always tough to figure in advance. "The great ones are the ones who get it up year after year," he said.

Most of us fans fall in love with baseball when we are children, and those who come aboard as adults often do so in a rush of affection and attachment to a local team that has begun to win. These infatuations are ferociously battered and eroded by various forces—by the schlocky macho posturing and gossip and exaggerations of the media; by the failure of many players to live up to our expectations for them, both on the field and off the field; and, most of all, by the wearisome, heartbreaking difficulty of

Oliver Wendell Holmes

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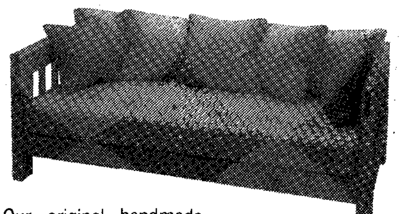
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the sport, which inexorably throws down last year's champions, exposes rookie marvels as disappointing journeymen, and turns lithe young stars into straining old men, all in a very short space of time. Baseball is absorbing and sometimes thrilling, but it is also unrelenting; it is rarely pure fun for any of us, players or fans, for very long. Except at Cooperstown. The artifacts and exhibits in the Hall remind us, vividly and with feeling, of our hopes for bygone seasons and teams and players. Memories are jogged, even jolted; colors become brighter, and we laugh or sigh, remembering good times gone by. But the Hall of Famers themselves, with their plaques and pictures and citations, are the heart of something larger, for they tell us that there exists a handful of baseball players—it comes out to a bit over one per cent of the thirteen thousand-odd men who have ever played major-league ball—who really did come close to our expectations. They played so well and so long, succeeding eventually at this almost impossible game, that we can think of them as something more useful than gods or heroes. We know they are there, tucked away up-country and in the back of our minds: old men, and younger ones on the way, who prove and sustain the elegance of our baseball dreams.

—ROGER ANGELL

•

LETTERS WE NEVER OPENED

[*Message on an envelope received by a man in Chicago*]

DEAR FRIEND,

Chances are you've never given a lot of thought to sending a cow on a cruise. But maybe you should.

•

AMERICA, AMERICA

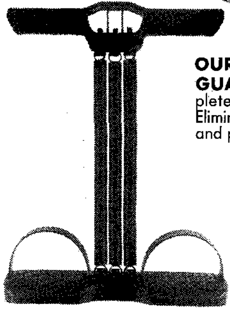
[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

RICHMOND, Va. (UPI)—The Corrections Department is air-conditioning the state penitentiary's death chamber to make it "more comfortable for everybody," it was reported Saturday.

The project to air-condition the electrocution death chamber and the execution holding cells began about a week ago and is almost finished, although no deadline was set for completion, a newspaper reported.

"It's just a matter of having it ready when we need to use it," Dwight Perry, operations officer at the penitentiary, told the Richmond Times-Dispatch. He called it a routine "matter of taking care of business."

Until now, convicts, lawyers, guards, clergymen and others involved in the executions have sweltered because the basement prison section, for security reasons, does not have windows.



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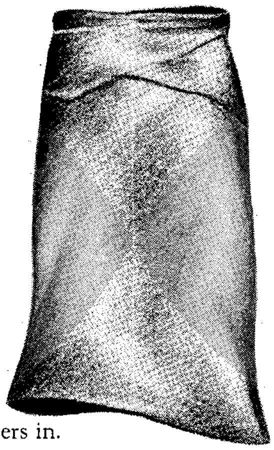

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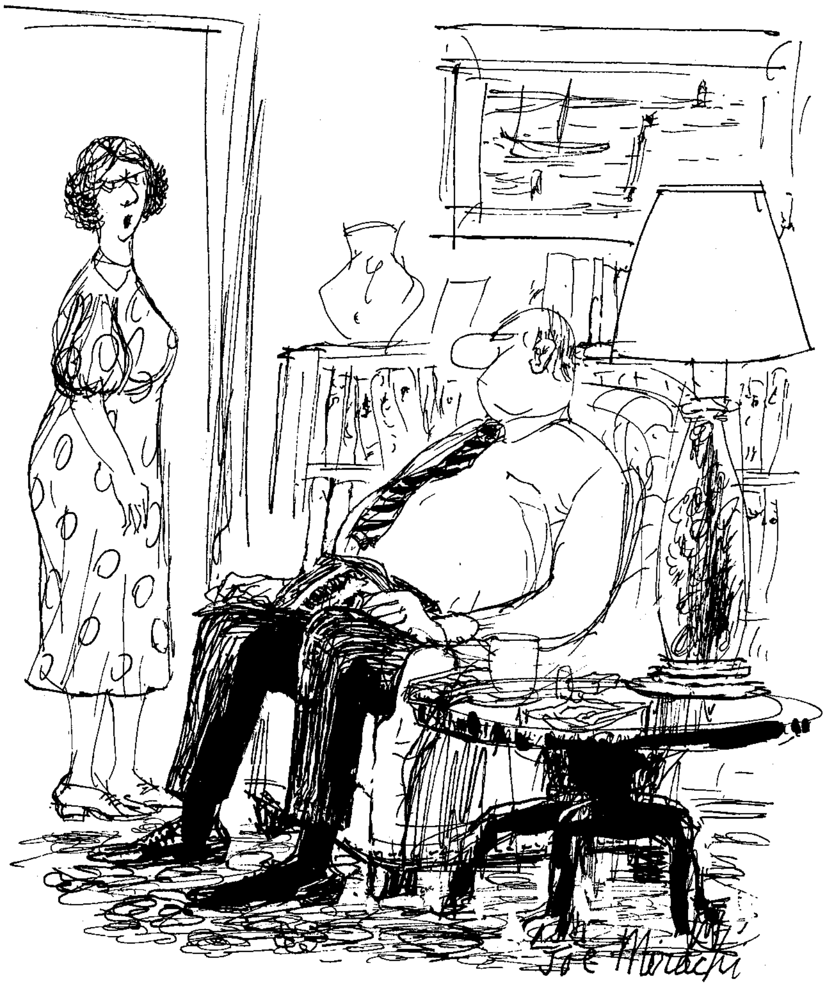
THE THEATRE

Baker Street Folly

"Sherlock's Last Case," at the Nederlander, is a cumbersome frolic, with acting to match. Since Frank Langella and Donal Donnelly, in the leading roles, are actors with the highest credentials, one must assume that the prevailing friskiness was imposed on them by A. J. Antoon, the director, with more than a little help from Charles Marowitz, the author of the careless script. The action takes place mostly in Holmes's study, at 221B Baker Street, where Mr. Langella puffs away at his pipe, sneaks a bit of dope, and presumably plays that offstage fiddle, and Mr. Donnelly, as Watson, tempers his customary admiration with sulks; there are also a couple of scenes in a cellar, way below the London street. Synopsis is out of the question, thank God, the rules about thrillers being what they are; among the ingredients of the plot are threatening letters, mistaken identity, disguises, sinister sound effects, rough stuff, and a scattering of foolish jokes. I must admit that I did laugh a couple of times, but that could just as easily have been nerves as amusement. Among the supporting actors I admired the pleasing young Melinda Mullins, who here makes her Broadway débût. The suitable settings were designed by David Jenkins and lighted by Pat Collins; the suitable costumes were designed by Robert Morgan. There is no cause for indignation here, just for boredom; the reputation of Conan Doyle remains intact.

David Shaber's "Bunker Reveries," which winds up the season at the Roundabout, is Mr. Shaber's first play but not his first script; he has written several movies. This current effort is described, in a rather panting program note, as "a fantasy. Although some of the characters may suggest real people, and some of the dialogue has been taken from the public record of a highly publicized fragment of history, the characters in the play do not depict any real persons." Yes. The characters in the play are a disgraced Attorney General, Jack Packard, recently released from prison; his mistress; the ghost of his late wife, blowsy and blunt, whom he mistreated; his daughter; a disgraced ex-President; and the ex-President's fiercely loyal daughter and son-in-law. Packard has just finished a volume of memoirs, and the ex-President has come to his hotel room in Washington to read it and also to announce that someone has proposed him as a senator from New Jersey and he is seriously considering the offer. The mistress is disgusted and turns away, but Packard, almost against his will, finds himself again drawn in, and helping with an important introduction. And so on, and so on. A fantasy about Watergate, such as this one, is a waste of time; it can never for an instant be as gripping, as astonishing, or as dramatic as the real thing was. Nevertheless, the characters are playable (by this generally good company), although the author never seems to set them free. The question of impersonation does not arise. Ralph Waite makes Packard, a dry and witty man, much more Irish in style than the John Mitchell I remember; Patricia Elliott is his sympathetic mistress; Sheila MacRae is his haunting wife; Robert Stattel is appropriately oily as the ex-President. Best of all is Richard Backus as the shy son-in-law, ordered about by his self-important wife; though he is all but ignored by everyone else, his quiet presence is always felt. The anonymous hotel room was designed by David Jenkins and lighted by F. Mitchell Dana; the good costumes were designed by Carol Oditz. Allan Carlsen directed.

—Edith Oliver



"I just hope I'm there the day they let the air out of your balloon."

•

STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT

[*From the Morgantown* (*W. Va.*) *Dominion Post*]

An independent study has shown that 80 percent of the population lives near a K Mart at least once a month.

•

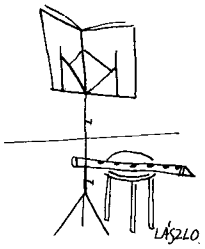
Awestruck, Rilla stood wordlessly gaping; she scarcely heard her husband explain that the house was originally a fourteenth-century Abbey, but had been rebuilt and added to several times, the last major work having been done in the seventeenth century by the famous Indigo Jones.—*"Passion's Persuasion," by Prudence Martin.*

During his Blue Period.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Tanglewood Treasure

"New Fanfares" for Tanglewood's 1987 Festival of Contemporary Music was written by George Perle, this year's composer-in-residence. A brief, resonant salute, for three trumpets, four horns, and three trombones, it was the first of six Perle pieces included in the week's programs. The others ranged from the flute solo Monody I, of 1960, to the Serenade No. 3, for piano and chamber orchestra, of 1983. The Concertino for piano, winds, and timpani, of 1979, was heard by an audience of nearly fifteen thousand; that on the same bill Itzhak Perlman played the Mendelssohn concerto and that it was a warm, beautiful Berkshires evening must have helped. This was not strictly a festival concert but one put on in the big Shed during Festival Week. The contemporary-music concerts are played in the smaller Theatre–Concert Hall. The three I went to were all well attended.



Another of the Perle pieces could almost be reckoned a première, for when "Songs of Praise and Lamentation" had its first performance, in Carnegie Hall twelve years ago, it was inadequately rendered. The work's second performance, at Tanglewood, was potent. This substantial, forty-five-minute cantata for soloists, large chorus, and large orchestra was commissioned by the Dessoff Choirs and was conceived as a memorial to Noah Greenberg, founder-director of the New York Pro Musica, the pioneer of New York's early-music revival. It's a triptych. The first panel is twelve verses of Psalm 18, from "The sorrows of death compassed me" to "The springs of waters were seen, and the foundations of the round world were discovered, at thy chiding, O Lord: at the blasting of the breath of thy displeasure"—sung in Hebrew. This is a fierce, exciting movement of big sounds, fiery gestures, and large structure, proceeding from lamentation, through entreaty, to apocalyptic imagery: "The earth trembled and quaked. . . . He came flying upon the wings of the wind. . . . The Highest gave his thunder: hail-stones, and coals of fire." The choral and (with exotic percussion) orchestral writing is graphic. The second movement is four of Rilke's Orpheus sonnets, set—in German—for single and double choir, unaccompanied or (as at Tanglewood) supported by soft woodwinds. These choral songs, telling of and demonstrating music's power, make a rapt, intense effect. The finale contains three Renaissance motets—Ockeghem's *déploration* for the death of Binchois, Josquin's for the death of Ockeghem, and Jheronimus Vinders' for the death of Josquin. The old texts move into modern verses by John Hollander, mourning and praising W. H. Auden (who worked with Greenberg), mourning Greenberg but rejoicing in his legacy, and catching imagery from the earlier texts. The Renaissance music, sung by solo voices or semichorus, with old instruments in support, moves into modern music through which strains from the past persist. The final verses are a paraphrase of Psalm 1 and a transformation of the earlier refrain, "*Timor mortis conturbat me*" (also that of William Dunbar's "Lament" for departed poets), into a line in praise of music's consolation:

His ever-fruitful life shall stand,
A tree in a well-watered land;
Winds through unwithered leaves will play
Laus musicae componet me.

The harmonies clear not sentimentally but as if obeying old laws of musical resolution implicit in sound itself.

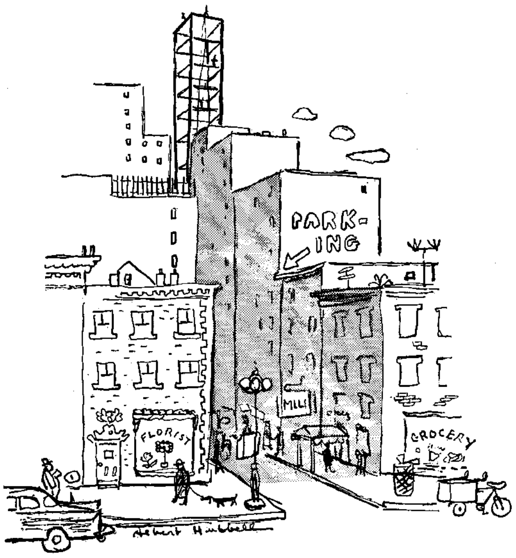
The diversity of texts, musical forces, and musical manners makes this a work almost unwieldy, but the imaginative vision holds. The new composer's sense of Orpheus, the Psalmist, the old masters singing on through the centuries proves inspiring. The music is very well written. The Tanglewood Festival Chorus and the young Tanglewood Fellows—able players from across the country—conducted by John Oliver, gave a stirring performance.

"Songs of Praise and Lamentation" was preceded by the American première of Witold Lutoslawski's "Chain 2." "Chain 1," for fourteen players, was composed in 1983 as a gift for the London Sinfonietta. (I wrote about it after the New York première, two years ago, in Merkin's Music Today series.) "Chain 3," for large orchestra, was composed for the San Francisco Symphony and played last December. (It has not yet been heard in the East.) "Chain 2," subtitled "Dialogue for Violin and Orchestra," was written for Paul Sacher and was conducted by him, with his Collegium Musicum of Zurich, and Anne-Sophie Mutter as soloist, in January last year. (It is due in Fisher Hall next January, with the Cleveland Orchestra, and Daniel Majeske as soloist.) All three "Chain" pieces have been widely played. They are arresting, attractive, and fascinating—civilized, polished works. Lutoslawski's inventions and progressions are wayward, unpredictable, but seem inevitably right once they are heard. Yet they disclose new aspects at each hearing, for there are passages where the performers are asked to take a part in determining the progress. Twenty-seven years ago, Lutoslawski heard a few minutes of John Cage's Piano Concerto, broadcast, and he has said, "Those few minutes were to change my life decisively. . . . I suddenly realized that I could compose music differently from that of my past." He didn't plunge into Cagean chance: "Composers often do not hear the music that is being played; it only serves as an impulse for something quite different." But in work after work thereafter Lutoslawski included passages where the ideas were his but their precise formulation in time was left to the performers of the evening. "Chain 2" has four movements, the first and third marked *ad libitum* (the soloist—within defined limits—declaims as the spirit takes him), the second and fourth marked *a battuta* (the conductor insures metrically accurate ensemble). "Chain" was chosen as title for two reasons: because the structure is essentially one of short musical statements discrete but lapped, linked, like the links of a chain; and because when composing "Chain 1" Lutoslawski already contemplated successors—not as a cycle or sequence but as independent explorations, with different forces, of a form that fascinated him. The Tanglewood soloist was Ronan Lefkowitz, a former Tanglewood Fellow, a member of the Boston Symphony, and the violinist of the Boston contemporary-music group Collage. His declamation was a shade tighter, less romantically expansive than that of György Pauk, the only other violinist I've heard in the piece. Lefkowitz was different, but also impressive. Carl St. Clair, the conductor, drew keen playing from the young orchestra.

Another Tanglewood concert marked the centenary of Nadia Boulanger's birth, with compositions by her admired Stravinsky and by five of her students: Louise Talma, Arthur Berger, David Diamond, Harold Shapero, and Elliott Carter. (Aaron Copland's Nonet was also billed, but one of the players was ill and it was cancelled.) The Berger piece was new: "Ode of Ronsard," for soprano and piano. It's probably a better work than it sounded in careful, uninflected performance. The Talma was "The Ambient Air" (1983)—good to hear again (and available on a good CRI disk of Talma's music, just issued). The Carter was the wonderful Fourth String Quartet, in what seemed to me a wonderful performance, by four young players who had worked to master not just the notes and the rhythms but also the dynamics. A long concert that began with a masterpiece, Stravinsky's Septet, ended with another. The players were Marc Sabat, Margaret Bichteler, Judith Ablon, and Katja Linfield. They had been coached by Joel Krosnick, the cellist of the Juilliard Quartet, and by the composer.

A joy of Tanglewood is hearing young musicians intent on the music of their own day, playing it with accomplishment and conviction. This year's programs seemed a shade more conservative than last year's. Older composers loomed large. Only two of the composers represented were under thirty: Mark-Anthony Turnage (born in 1960) and Jay Alan Yim (born in 1958). (There may have been others in the programs of three "Electro-Acoustic Preludes.") But Shapero was just twenty-one—and not yet a Boulanger student—when with Leonard Bernstein, in 1941, he gave the first performance of his trenchant Sonata for Piano Four Hands. David Diamond was twenty-two, a Boulanger student at Fontainebleau, when he composed his dapper Quintet for Flute, String Trio, and Piano, in 1937. These pieces were played in Tanglewood's Boulanger concert. Ruth Crawford was under thirty when, in 1930, she began her Three Songs, to words by Carl Sandburg—a work that sounds newer than do many of today's premières. The oboist Kevin Vigneau was the star of a Tanglewood performance of the songs. And Conlon Nancarrow was just past thirty when he composed Piece No. 1 for Small Orchestra, in 1943. Its jazzy inventions made a fresher impression than did the prolonged phase patterns of his Piece No. 2 for Small Orchestra, composed last year. Nancarrow's pieces followed Perle's "New Fanfares" and were followed, appropriately, by György Ligeti's two-piano suite "Monument—Self Portrait with Reich and Riley (with Chopin in the Background)—in a Gentle Flowing Movement," composed in 1976. Ligeti discovered Nancarrow's music only in 1980, but "Monument" shows him moving—in what he has called an "astonishing analogy"—Nancarrow-ward. I respond to most Ligeti works, but this one does go on. Paul Griffiths' remark, in his Ligeti monograph, "The effect is of half a dozen wonky metronomes set in action one at a time" seems apt. The Tanglewood players were Michal Tal and Carol Archer.

Turnage was a Composition Fellow at Tanglewood four years ago, by which time he was in Britain a composer already widely played, widely reviewed, and published (by Schott). "On All Fours" (1986), the piece done at Tanglewood, is his second commission from the London Sinfonietta. It's a Baroque suite—Prelude, Allemande, Gigue, Sarabande, linked by a refrain. It's quirky, personal, puzzling—filled with surprises. The scoring is crisp, spare, and bright. The rhythms are taut. The refrain begins as a saxophone-cello duet. There's a flugelhorn solo. Stravinsky is an evident point of reference. Britten leaves traces. But gospel, soul, Thelonious Monk, John Coltrane, and Sidney Bechet have also been influences on Turnage. Like Tippett, he's a European composer responsive to American sounds. The piano solo "Entranced" (said to contain "passages of heavy Gospel-inspired music"), "Lament for a Hanging Man" (the Prophet Jeremiah and Sylvia Plath set for soprano and ensemble), and "One Hand in Brooklyn Heights" (a Steven Berkoff setting for sixteen voices, two triangles, and two hyoshigis) are works that American performers might like to try. Munich has commissioned an opera from him.



FOUR of the ten operas being played this summer by the New York City Opera are by Puccini ("La Bohème," "Tosca," "Butterfly," and "La Rondine"), two are by Mozart ("Figaro" and "Die Zauberflöte"), and the others are "Faust," "La Traviata," and, on a double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." Attendance at "Cav & Pag" may seem like slumming to anyone who holds Monteverdi, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, mature Verdi, Debussy, Janáček to be incontrovertible reasons for regarding opera as high musical art. But lesser works that hold the public's affection generally do so for good cause. Honesty can be found in both "Cav" and "Pag." Santuzza's plight seemed as real as Jenůfa's when Maria Callas recorded the role or when Victoria de los Angeles sang and played it. (I see her still at curtain fall, gazing out, feeling Turiddu's child stir in her womb.) Jon Vickers raises Canio to heroic stature. There was less to be moved by in the City Opera presentation. I wasn't expecting great performers but did hope for some freshness of spirit. This was a brand-new production. But it seemed like old routine even on the first night: opera as usual.

The sets and costumes, by Clarke Dunham and Andrew Marlay, make a rather cluttered, fussy effect: buildings in false perspective, a profusion of stage vegetation applied to columns, façades, and caravans. The stage direction, by Arthur Masella, is conventional "verismo" cluttered with some formal touches and some modern clichés: the introductions to both operas and the "Pag" intermezzo are mimed out, the "Cav" introduction in a paraphrase of a famous Wieland Wagner "Tannhäuser" scene (downstage Cross, spiralling "sen-

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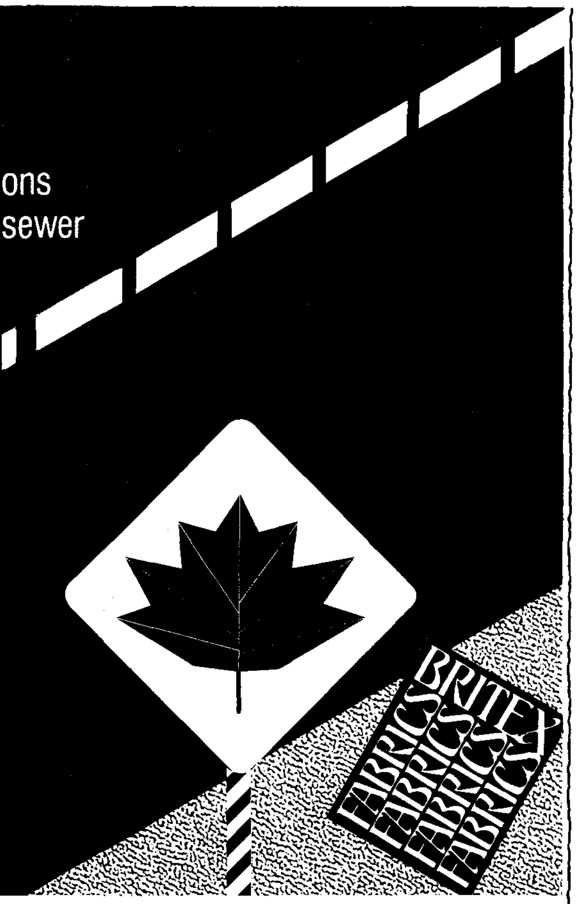

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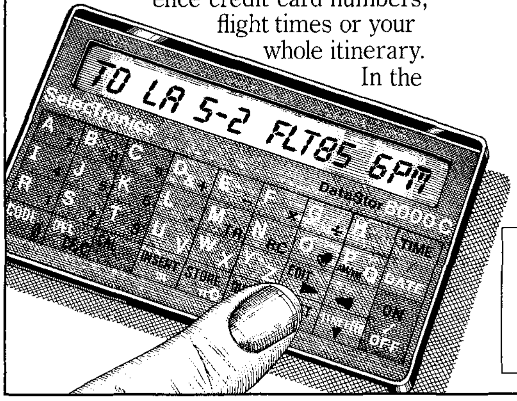

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suality symbol" projected on the backcloth); the chorus rings the stage in neat ranks. The lighting, by Ken Billington, depends on circus-style follow spots tracking the principals.

On the first night, "Cav" never got going. The conductor, Sergiu Comissiona, laid a loving hand on the prelude (and the instrumental playing was fine), and thereafter almost everything seemed a bit slow and self-conscious—lacking in rude vigor. Kathryn Bouleyn, the Santuzza, recalled the young Evelyn Lear in the gleam of her stage presence. Her voice was true, and audible, but it lacked amplitude. (She should pin a picture of Eleonora Duse as Santuzza beside her dressing-room mirror; her own eye makeup portrayed a harlot or an actress, not a young Sicilian woman.) The Turiddu was Stefano Algieri, a New Jersey native, the program told us, and a City Opera débutant. He gave what might be called an accurate performance, in tones that never quite broke free. The Alfio, Stanley Wexler, sounded threadbare.

"Pagliacci" was brought to life by the Nedda of Marianna Christos, who sings, shades, glances, acts with a vitality that makes one attend and respond to all she does. Since Nedda is onstage most of the time, a "Pagliacci" viewed and felt through the eyes and emotions of such a Nedda proves striking. The Canio, Tonio, and Silvio—Jon Fredric West, Frederick Burchinal, and William Parcher—seemed more concerned with vocalism than with the drama. It was a plus that all three vocalized decently, fully, without impurity. But their acting was mechanical, and only Mr. West did much acting with his voice. At the climax of the Nedda-Silvio duet, Mr. Parcher embraced Miss Christos so dispassionately that the result was not merely unchivalrous but comical. The Beppe of a "Pagliacci" performance—the second-tenor role—nearly always gets a good notice, and Guillermo Silva-Marin, another City Opera débutant, gets one here, for light, forward, and shapely singing.

—ANDREW PORTER

●

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Montreal Gazette*]

"His job is to get the maximum room to negotiate the biggest deal he can," Carney said. "I on the other hand . . . want to keep Simon reined in a bit so that he doesn't give away the bath water before we've even had a chance to sip it."

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

August 23

THE Iran-Contra hearings have laid before us an extraordinary and frightening picture of the breakdown of the constitutional process and the rule of law. They showed us duplicity, excessive secrecy, lawbreaking, and lying—and the story is not over yet. The accidental discovery of one memorandum and a misreading of historical analogy led much of the emphasis in the hearings to be on whether the President had authorized one certain transaction, the diversion to the Contras of money from Iranian arms sales. When the person most likely to know the answer—John Poindexter, the President's former national-security adviser—testified that he had approved the diversion without telling the President, a large number of people began to discount the hearings as a whole and to ignore (in some cases intentionally) the real weight of the evidence, as well as the rest of the alarming and amazing things they showed us.

INSTANT CASH
WOODMAN

"Fifty is plenty."

"Hundred and fifty."

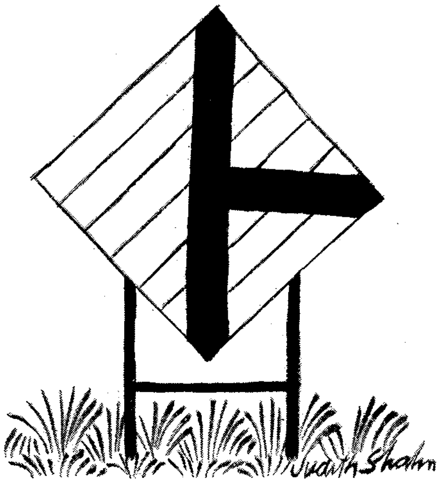
A major question of the final phase of the hearings was to be about the President's role in the violation by his Administration of the principle of the rule of law in the course of the events being examined (there had been earlier examples): whether the President actively encouraged, and even took part in, violations of the rule of law or simply established an atmosphere in which such behavior was understood to be tolerated. The hearings were about—or were supposed to be about—accountability, which is the glue that holds our constitutional system together. But for many people the question, mistakenly, had become "What did the President know and when did he know it?"—the question that Howard Baker became famous for asking during the Ervin committee's investigation into the Watergate episode fourteen years ago. Actually, Baker's was a narrowing question: if the President wasn't found to have known in advance about the Watergate break-in or the coverup that followed, that answered everything. But the House Judiciary Committee had already voted articles of impeachment against Nixon before the incriminating piece of tape was found that showed him to have been involved in the cover-up—evidence that spared Congress from going ahead with the impeachment. Too many people looked at the Iran-Contra affair through the lenses of Watergate—but this was not the only thing that confused much of the thinking about what the hearings by the combined House and Senate committees on the Iran-Contra affair showed us. It was said that the committees failed to "crack the case," which mistook a hearing for a who-dunit or an episode of "Perry Mason." In real life, and especially in a matter with such high stakes, a witness doesn't fall to his knees and confess. In fact, the hearings revealed far more than most people expected, and made more dramatic the things that we already knew. The hearings, for all their shortcomings (some of which were unavoidable), provided the reality effect: they brought to life things that we had only read about.

The question of whether or not the President knew about the diversion—and there are reasons for believing that he did—became for many the centerpiece of the hearings both through accident and lazy ways of thinking and also through the deliberate intention of some. The White House had said all along that that was *the* question, confident—perhaps with good cause—in the belief that neither Oliver North nor John Poindexter would testify that Reagan had known about it. So, the White House thinking went, once the President was absolved by his former subordinates of knowing about the diversion, the hearings would seem of little importance. A lot of people fell for this line of reasoning, and—deliberately or not—collaborated in the White House strategy. The great interest in the diversion, of course, stemmed from the fact that it could very likely have been a criminal act as well as a clear violation of a law passed by Congress (the Boland amendment) and signed without challenge by the President; at the time of the diversion, military assistance to the Contras was forbidden. Many people thought that if the President was proven to have been involved in the diversion there would be a move toward impeachment. But several of the leading congressional figures in the hearings wanted no such thing to happen: they were concerned enough already about the fact that we had a weakened President, and feared that he might take some dangerous action to restore his popularity. As the latest round of hearings began, in early July, one key senator told me that he thought that the new policy in the Persian Gulf, of reflagging Kuwaiti tankers with American flags, had been a consequence, in part, of the damage to the President's standing caused by the Iran-Contra affair. This man, like many of his colleagues, worried about the possibility of a bitterly divided nation if there were impeachment proceedings, and believed that there was not a sufficient groundswell of public support for any impeachment proceedings against Reagan. This reasoning may have been circular, but it was widely shared, and it explains some of the conduct of the committees. An even more important factor was that the committees were, to put it bluntly, spooked by North's apparent success as a witness and by their perhaps mistaken interpretation of the public's reaction to North. Not all the members reacted in the same way, but enough of them did to affect the tone and the course of the hearings in the remaining weeks.

The hearings showed us a President who was far from "disengaged": they showed us one who pushed the arms-for-hostages policy and military aid to the Contras during a period when it was banned, and took part in both policies, and who misled his own Cabinet officials—not to mention the American people. The impression of Reagan as "disengaged" had come both from the Tower Commission report, in February, and from a misinterpretation of what the commission said. Further, the White House had embraced the portrait of a disengaged Reagan, because it was convenient. Reagan was in fact the driving force behind the arms sales: he wanted to keep them going even when the Iranians were failing to reciprocate and most of his top advisers were opposed. There is no question that Reagan was nearly obsessed with getting the hostages back, and the supreme irony was that his determination *not* to be humiliated by the Iranians, as his predecessor, Jimmy Carter, had been, led him into the same Iranian trap. That Reagan had been moved by the pleas of the hostages' families cannot be doubted (officials of the present Administration as well as of former ones say that Presidents should not be exposed to the anguish of the families), but it is also clear that Reagan could not stand the idea of being frustrated by the hostage-takers. And evidence emerged that there was a particular interest in getting the hostages back in time for the State of the Union address in 1986 (it's not hard to envision Reagan having the former hostages seated in the balcony—a place he had for some years reserved for "heroes"), then in time for the 1986 elections. One official told the Tower board, "There is a lot of fear about yellow ribbons going back up." After the arms-for-hostages story broke last year, the President and his aides continued to try to get more hostages out, so as to change the outcome of the story—and perhaps the public's reaction to it.

Reagan was also determined to get help to the Contras no matter what Congress said. In May, during the first phase of the hearings, we learned of some specific actions he had taken (a phone call to the President of Honduras to get some weapons destined for the Contras released, cozy chats with King Fahd of Saudi Arabia, which donated some thirty-two million dollars to the Contras). The final phase of the hearings produced, among other things, a memo by Poindexter about a conversation with Reagan, in May, 1986, in which the President said that if Congress did not approve his request for a hundred million dollars for military assistance for the Contras by early the next month "I want to figure out a way to take action unilaterally to provide assistance." (The Contra-aid proposal was approved by Congress later in the year.)

Reagan has long been a misuser of information: his 1976 campaign for the Presidential nomination demonstrated that, and many of his comments, in press conferences and elsewhere, have shown it as well. Distortions of fact, fibs, and misleading statements seem to come without difficulty to him. Sometimes he seems to just make things up. He got away with this sort of thing enough that he could not be deterred from doing it—by those aides who were willing to try. The press wrote about the misstatements, but they didn't seem to make a dent. Several of his aides over the years have said that once he gets an idea, a certain version of reality, into his head there is no getting it out. Yet perhaps something was building in the public's mind: when Reagan said that he didn't authorize the diversion, the public didn't believe him. In the months after the arms-sale story broke, Reagan said both that he didn't know and he did know about actions taken by the National Security Council staff to help the Contras: at one point he said, "I was very definitely involved in the decisions about support to the freedom fighters—my idea to begin with." He told the Tower Commission, according to the commission's report, that "he didn't know that the N.S.C. was engaged in helping the Contras." In his speech last week on the Iran-Contra affair he said nothing about this at all.



Reagan may not have gone into the subjects of the arms sales and military aid to the Contras thoroughly or, to be sure, carefully, but he did show that side of him that is determined, even bullheaded—that takes and holds a position against the advice of most of his aides, and against reality. He's apparently not one for asking searching questions, or for burdening himself with history. He also showed a devious side: for example, the hearings brought out that he didn't inform his own Secretary of State about the three findings he had signed authorizing arms sales to Iran, even though he met with him in the White House shortly after each signing. In the course of the hearings, his aides and allies embraced the fact that the intelligence contained in a memorandum related to one of the findings—that Iraq, not Iran, was winning the war—was faulty, and interpreted that as evidence that Reagan had been misled by his aides throughout the affair. And former Chief of Staff Donald Regan said in his testimony that Poindexter's briefing of Reagan before a disastrous press conference last November—Poindexter was trying to keep the President from saying that Israel had been involved in the early arms sales (this had legal implications)—"confused the Presidential mind." The problem with this picture of the President as a hapless victim of scheming advisers (besides being not very flattering) is that he misled the public on decisions he himself had made—and he did know that Israel had been involved. And even a casual reading of the newspapers at the time would have told the President that Iran was not losing the war.

THE President's speech the week before last in response to the Iran-Contra hearings indicated that he still hadn't come to terms with the seriousness of the issues that had been raised or the depth of much of the public's concern. He is reported, in fact, to be still angry with his critics, to feel that he is being criticized unjustly. The White House's handling of the Iran-Contra affair, even under Reagan's new team, has been less than adept—the biggest problem being that the President did not appear to take the matter seriously.

Reagan has long asserted that he wanted "to get to the bottom" of things, and he said in last week's speech that he had been very coöperative with various investigations, but in fact he misled the Tower Commission on several questions and has simply never addressed many important ones. In the speech he seemed to rush through the segment on the Iran-Contra affair (in just under seven minutes), and still didn't really take responsibility for it. Reagan's wording always bears watching: his statement "I am the one who is ultimately accountable to the American people" was made in the context of his saying that Poindexter should not have taken it upon himself to authorize the diversion of funds—and he failed to tell us what he would have decided about the diversion. (When Poindexter testified, the White House issued a statement saying that the President would not have approved.) And, of course, Reagan reiterated that he did not know about the diversion. In talking about the arms-for-hostages dealings, he still wouldn't accept the idea that there was a trade: he said that Secretary of State George Shultz and Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger had been correct in predicting that people would *think* that there was a trade; he said the arms and hostages policies had got "all tangled up." Though the speech was not consistent with the way he had billed his post-hearing statement ("You won't be able to shut me up"), it was probably smart strategy under the circumstances. He has no good explanation for what happened; he had tried to explain it several times before, and each statement had raised more questions.

There is no doubt that Reagan has been wounded by the affair—politically and psychologically. (Reagan's fortunes started turning last November, when—on the same day—he "lost" the mid-term elections and the story of the arms sales to Iran broke here.) He delivered his latest speech somewhat apathetically, showing enthusiasm only when he got to the passage about a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget. He is said to feel unhappy, understandably, that even his own polls showed that the majority of the public does not believe he has told the truth about the Iran-Contra affair. (Mrs. Reagan is said to be unhappy as well, and looking forward to their retiring to California.) He has been kept pretty much out of view of the White House press corps, and people who have seen him have found him looking older, sort of shrunken.

But Reagan is a most resilient man, and has recovered from adversity many times in his career. Clearly, he is counting on the changing of the subject, and some positive developments, to keep his Presidency afloat for the rest of his term in office. He is likely to get an arms-control agreement, covering intermediate-range missiles, and a summit meeting here with Gorbachev. The fight over his nomination of Robert Bork to the Supreme Court clearly has Reagan's juices going, and many of his advisers see it as advantageous to the President—and to the Republican Party in 1988—because, Republican strategists believe, it will reinforce Reagan's support among the groups who helped elect him in 1980, and also reinforce the impression of the Democrats as tools of their interest groups. Reagan is said by his aides to be more prone to act on his ideology than before, to be wanting to use his last months in office to put his ideological stamp on things. Chief of Staff Howard Baker has not been as occupied as a negotiator on the budget between the President and the Congress as others—and Baker himself—expected. And the Administration is obviously facing some dangers in the Persian Gulf and uncertainties with its Central American policy.

THE committees' investigation is still going on, and Lee Hamilton, the chairman of the House committee, does not rule out that there might be more public hearings. Hamilton told me recently, "There are many areas where we aren't satisfied with the material we have, and we don't want the public to have the sense

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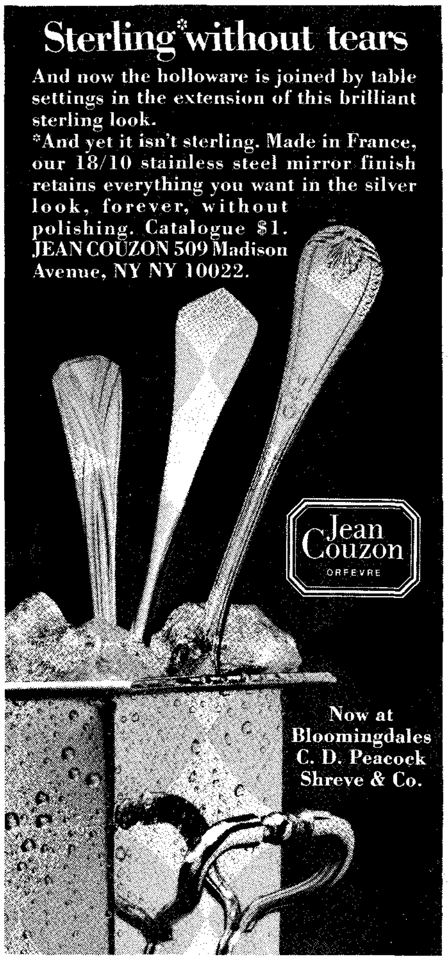

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that the story is over." But no hearings are to be expected unless something dramatic turns up. Even if there are no further hearings, the committees will be getting more information out through depositions. The committees' report, which will be released in October, will also have new information. Some additional witnesses may be heard in private sessions; John Poindexter has already been called back for further questioning, and some C.I.A. officials were heard in closed sessions just after the open hearings concluded. Their testimony, which is now being released, showed that though C.I.A. Director William Casey was involved in the Iran-Contra affair, the C.I.A. was for the most part (but not totally) kept out of forbidden activities. It also showed that C.I.A. officials had strong reservations about the people who were involved—Richard Secord, Albert Hakim, and the Iranian middleman Manucher Ghorbanifar. And it showed that in 1984 Casey and his aides explored the possibility of getting South African help to the Contras. The plan was eventually dropped, because of a furor in Congress over the C.I.A.'s secret mining of Nicaraguan harbors. The plan was not at that point illegal, but obviously it would have caused problems.

There are many loose ends, and among the ones mentioned as needing to be further pursued is the money trail. Congressional investigators have tried to subpoena Willard Zucker, an attorney and financial adviser for Secord and Hakim and a figure in an attempt to get a payoff from Hakim to North, through North's wife, but Zucker, an American who is based in Switzerland, has refused to pick up the subpoena at the American Embassy in Geneva. However, a Swiss court has just ruled that the records of Hakim's, Secord's, and Ghorbanifar's accounts can be *turned over to the independent counsel*. Other matters that are being or will be further pursued are: the involvement of Israel; some of North's material, such as his spiral notebooks, which the committees received only shortly before North appeared before them; Hakim's financial arrangements, in the light of new material that has come to the committees' attention; and the possibility that some of the money raised for the Contras found its way into American political campaigns (a story to that effect came out last December in the Lowell, Massachusetts, *Sun*, but other news organizations were unable to verify it). Hamilton and some other members of Congress also think that the possible connection between the Contras and drug-running needs a looking into—the committees had deliberately stayed away from this on the ground that it was not germane. The committees' staffs have also been tracking down a number of rumors. And there will, of course, be indictments by the independent counsel.

One of the most startling—and disturbing—things to come out of the hearings was the additional information about the extra-government government that was set up to carry out activities that the legitimate government would not or could not. We had known something about this before, but the last phase of the hearings brought it to life in all of its ramifications. We heard both North and Poindexter praise the idea of an outside, essentially unaccountable agency to do deniable things. (Poindexter said, "Something like that might be attractive.") We knew about "the enterprise," a bunch of dummy corporations set up by Secord and Hakim in Switzerland to carry out the arms sales and get military assistance to the Contras, apparently at the direction of North. We also knew, though it wasn't much focussed on, that "the enterprise" carried out other activities that were not or would not have been approved by the legitimate government, or for which the legitimate government did not want to be held accountable. Among those that came out in the testimony were purchasing a ship to broadcast propaganda from off Libya, purchasing radios for some Caribbean country, and providing funds for Drug Enforcement Administration agents who tried to ransom hostages—and there may well have been others. In 1980, after a long struggle and a *number of revelations of questionable* activities, the C.I.A. was brought under the umbrella of accountability: under a new law, the President had to make a finding that a covert activity was "important to the national interest of the United States," and thus both he and the C.I.A. could be held responsible for it. Also, all covert actions had to be reported to Congress—when possible, before they took place, and otherwise "in a timely fashion."

Two people who particularly chafed at these and other impingements on their freedom of action were the President and his good friend William

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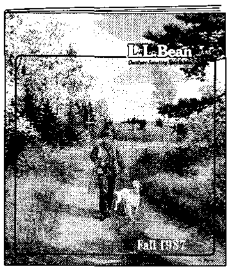

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Casey. Casey wanted to relive the swashbuckling days of the O.S.S., which he worked for during the Second World War; in North, he had a willing recruit, someone who would even be willing, as O.S.S. people were, to be dropped behind the lines. (North went to Iran.) "The enterprise" was a self-supporting vehicle for getting around government restrictions; it met the requirements, stated by North in his testimony, of an "off-the-shelf, self-sustaining, stand-alone entity." According to North, Casey knew about the idea and championed it. Members of the committees expressed shock and horror that such an entity was being contemplated, but in fact it already existed—in "the enterprise." The alarming thing was that the testimony of North and Poindexter showed that they had no understanding of or patience with democratic processes and were bent on circumventing those vexing processes. Casey was obviously sympathetic, and so, apparently, was the President. The depiction of the "self-sustaining" operation and other matters gave currency to the idea of there being a "junta" within the government, but this particular construction of the concept left out the President—whose complaisance, at the least, made the extra-government agency possible. North may have overstated Casey's role in the Iran-Contra affair, but people who studied Casey didn't think he did so by much. We had known that North and his confrères Secord and Hakim had planned to take the enterprise into more arenas, including Angola, but the testimony in the final weeks, plus emphasis on some documents indicating the breadth of North's and Hakim's and Secord's plans, made the existence of the extra-government government all the more chilling. It is perfectly reasonable to suppose that if the arms sales hadn't been blown or the diversion memo had not been found the enterprise would still be a going concern—and expanding its reach.

The discovery of the diversion memo by Justice Department attorneys obviously was a great inconvenience to the Administration, which at that point was conducting a coverup of certain important aspects of the arms sales. The basic problem was that two of those sales, which took place in 1985, were probably illegal. They violated a law prohibiting a country purchasing American weapons to resell them to a third country that the

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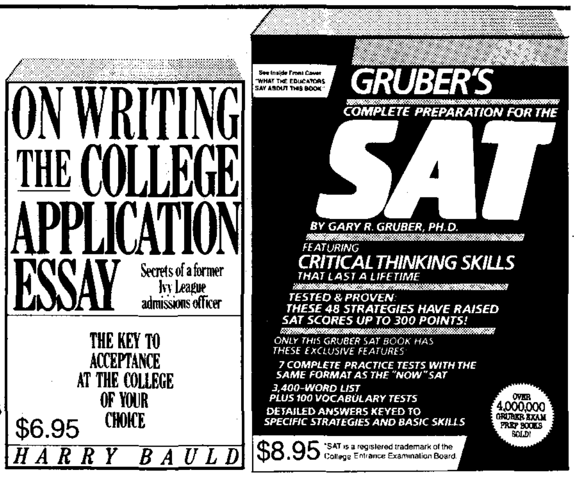

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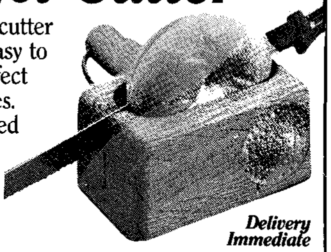

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United States was not permitted to sell arms to directly. Iran, listed as a terrorist nation, was such a country. The law also required that sales above a certain limit (fourteen million dollars) be reported to Congress. The second sale in 1985, of Hawk missiles in November, was over this limit and was not reported. Because the C.I.A.—with the knowledge of a number of Administration officials—was involved in helping get the Hawks in and out of Portugal on their way to Iran (Portugal was refusing to let the weapons land), the then deputy director of the C.I.A., John McMahon, insisted on an after-the-fact finding to keep the C.I.A.'s skirts clean. (McMahon was one of the able people who left the agency largely because of Casey.) This retroactive finding, which the President signed in December of 1985, and which stipulated that the Administration was engaged in a straight-out arms-for-hostages deal (no talk of the geostrategic importance of Iran and all that), was the one that Poindexter said he tore up last November 21st, shortly after the President and Attorney General Edwin Meese decided, they said, that Meese should look into the fact that Administration officials were preparing to give conflicting testimony to Congress on the then breaking arms-for-hostages story. This finding also stipulated that Congress was not to be informed.

The major conflict within the Administration was over the testimony that Casey was preparing to give the House and Senate Intelligence Committees on November 21st. He was preparing to say that the equipment sent to Iran was "oil-drilling equipment." Shultz objected, and after a struggle over this, Casey's testimony was changed but remained misleading. The United States' role in the November, 1985, sale was also masked in various, and misleading, chronologies prepared by the White House staff, and the United States' role in the August, 1985, sale was hidden altogether. The Israelis, who had been selling arms to Iran for years, with a wink from the Reagan Administration, had apparently proposed the 1985 arms sales to the Administration. What was different this time was that Israel asked the United States to replenish the weapons they sent to Iran, and thus the United States was drawn in more deeply—with its eyes open. Going through Israel offered several advantages—it provided the Administration with "deniability," and the Israelis showed North and others that there could be profits that could be put to other uses. The Israelis turned over to the United States a million dollars from the November, 1985, sale, which, after deductions for some costs, left it with eight hundred thousand dollars to play with. Secord testified last May that after discussing the matter with North in late 1985 he used the money for the Contras—in a prediversion diversion. He said that in December of that year North told him that he had known the Israelis wouldn't want the money back. Thus were North and others tempted. The "official" diversion did not occur, according to Poindexter, until February. (North and the Israelis discussed several joint projects which would be funded from profits from the arms sales, but none, apparently, came to pass.)

Some members of the Iran-Contra committees came to believe that the prospect of profits that could be put to all manner of uses—among them, aiding the Contras—was a major inducement for continuing the arms sales in

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1986, in the face of strong opposition from Shultz and Weinberger and the negative view of recently departed national-security adviser Robert McFarlane. North said, "The attractive incentive for me [to continue] was . . . that residuals could flow to support the Nicaraguan resistance." The testimony indicated that Shultz and Weinberger thought the initiative was dead as of early December, 1985 (at that point, Regan was also against it), only to find in early January that the President was set on going ahead. (Regan said he went along at this point.) The Administration, realizing that the 1985 sales may have violated the law, proceeded on a different basis in 1986: it went by a different law, which permitted direct sales, and it substituted "the enterprise" for the Israelis. The law the Administration went by in 1986 required the President to make a finding that authorized the sales, which was done, and that Congress be notified, which was not done. The failure to notify Congress about the arms sales was a painful matter even to some of the committees' Republicans who generally defended the Administration—they thought they might have headed off the debacle.

So when the arms-for-hostages story broke (in the Beirut weekly) in early November of 1986, the Administration—starting with the President—tried at first to stop the story from spreading by denying it (the President said it had "no foundation"), and, when that failed, tried to withhold certain facts. And the President did so in his speech and his subsequent press conference in the two weeks after the story broke. (One technique the President used was to appear to denounce as totally false a story that was only partly wrong.) This coverup was still going on when Meese's men found the diversion memo, and was continued through Meese's press conference, on November 25th, announcing the diversion (Meese made misstatements on both the diversion and the arms sales), and through the Tower Commission's investigation. Of the August, 1985, sale, the President told the Tower Commission first that he had given prior approval to the Israeli sale, then that he hadn't, and, finally, that he couldn't remember. McFarlane had told the Tower board that the President had given prior approval. And, according to the Tower Commission's report, Reagan told it in one interview early this year that he "did not remember" how the November, 1985, shipment of Hawk missiles to Iran had come about, and in a subsequent interview that "both he and Regan agreed that they cannot remember any meeting or conversation in general about a Hawk shipment." However, George Shultz testified to the Iran-Contra committees that the President had told him three months earlier that he knew about the Hawk shipment. And North testified to the Iran-Contra committees that at the time of the sale Poindexter had told him that the President had authorized it. (It was during this coverup of the arms-for-hostages story that Donald Regan got off his famous remarks about the "shovel brigade.") In trying to contain the story, the Administration compounded its problems. And, of course, to this day the President denies that he traded arms for hostages; associates of Reagan say that he truly believes that he did not swap arms for hostages. He seems to have convinced himself of this.

THE committees got off on the wrong foot in their handling of North and never quite recovered their balance. They were not at all prepared

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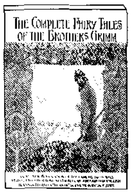

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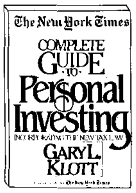

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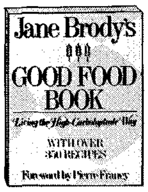

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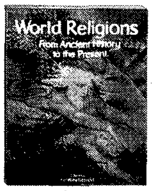

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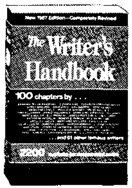

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for North's performance—though there was reason to be prepared—and their reaction was dictated by what they took to be the public's reaction to him. North's testimony—unapologetic, self-consciously dramatic, manipulative, and even demagogic—took most of the members by surprise, and much of the public by storm, but by no means all of it, or even most of it. Even North's shameless and hole-riddled explanations of how he had handled certain money and whether he had allowed his wife to be put in the position of possibly being bribed by Hakim and whether he should have accepted a sixteen-thousand-dollar security system for his home from Secord went essentially unchallenged. North is a self-dramatizer, and it was only fitting that in characterizing his testimony as "the good, the bad, and the ugly" he took a movie title from Clint Eastwood, and that in explaining away the security system he would offer to "meet Abu Nidal on equal terms anywhere in the world." (Abu Nidal, like other terrorist leaders, is not big on one-to-one confrontations.) Former colleagues of North's say that his name did turn up on a list of Abu Nidal's targets, but so did all sorts of other names, and they add that there was no evidence that Nidal's group had made any moves to go after the supposed targets, and that North was just about the only person who took the threat very seriously. A former colleague says, "The rest of us were neither frightened nor thrilled by Abu Nidal's threat; Ollie was both." (And North's equating his eleven-year-old daughter with Natasha Simpson, an eleven-year-old killed in a terrorist massacre at the Rome airport during the 1985 Christmas season, went pretty far.)

North, according to people who have worked with him, is a fantasist: he makes up stories that make his own life more dramatic and imagines things that rationalize his actions. One former colleague says that North would flash into fantasies, and start acting on them—"That's what happens when you remove intelligent supervision from a person like that," this man said to me. At one point, North, Poindexter, and Casey cooked up the idea of kidnapping a terrorist in France—Casey got the President's approval, but the scheme was headed off by the arguments of then F.B.I. Director William Webster and Shultz that it would lead to all manner of problems. North's former colleagues say he really believed he had something going with Iranian "moderates" and that he could turn our relations with Iran around through the arms-for-hostages dealings—against the arguments of others, in senior positions, that there was as yet no group in Iran that had the influence to change Iran's relations with us. One former colleague says, "He was arguing in an area he knew nothing about." When North told the committees that he had shredded documents while Justice Department officials were searching his office, it sounded like the imagining of a fantasist—too funny to be true—and other information given to the committees seemed to knock the story down.

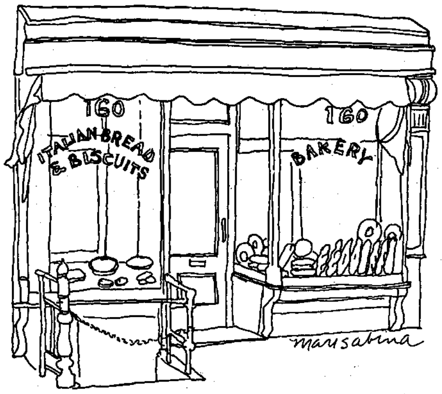
North is described by people who worked with him as smart, quick, very hardworking, and also gullible, shallow, and deceitful. He has a certain chameleon quality, a propensity to respond to authority, which got him in trouble: he worked for people who were corrupt, and ended up being corrupted. Like some of them, he had no understanding of the Constitution, and was willing—even eager—to slice right through it. He admired doers, like Casey and Secord, more than he thought about what they did. For all his special characteristics, he was actually a universal figure, one we have seen before: he was an adaptable zealot, willing to follow a leader anywhere. By working terribly hard and pleasing his superiors ("I saluted smartly and charged up the hill"), he ended up being overpromoted and in way over his head. There is a history of military aides to the N.S.C. working hard and ingratiating themselves with their bosses and rising to important jobs. Alexander Haig and Robert McFarlane, who ended up as national-security advisers, are examples; Brent Scowcroft, who also ended up as national-security adviser, was a more fortunate result of this phenomenon. North lived at the limits—of his time, of his energy, and of his authority—and sometimes crossed over them.

To explain away why he had allowed his wife, Betsy, to meet Zucker, Hakim's lawyer, in Philadelphia—to discuss, according to Hakim, how to get some money to the Norths—North said that this visit had occurred shortly before he was to take a trip to Tehran, which might cost him his life. Among the problems with that explanation was that North's trip to Tehran took place in May, but earlier the committees heard testimony that Hakim was still trying to pass money to the Norths in late September, and investigators have speculated that there may have been a second meeting between Zucker and Mrs. North. North's explanations of the financial matters, and how the committees handled them, were symptomatic of the larger problem. John Nields, the chief counsel to the House committee, who did the opening questioning of North, let him get away with his answers, did not close in on the obvious holes in his stories. By the time Arthur Liman, the chief Senate counsel, got around to cross-examining North, on the third day of North's appearance, the members were in no mood to let North have another swing at the money questions. Nor did they want to give him any more opportunities to appear the martyr. Warren Rudman, Republican of New Hampshire and vice-chairman of the Senate committee, and one of the more persistent members, did challenge North's assertion that he had to take a security system from private donors because no government protection was available to him—but Rudman did this during Poindexter's subsequent appearance, when North was no longer around. North was never asked about the thousand dollars in travellers' checks—apparently out of the Contras' money—that he gave an associate, Robert Owen (according to Owen), as a wedding present. The committees had learned through the testimony of a previous witness, Glenn Robinette, that last December, with a criminal investigation under way, North backdated two letters to make it appear that he had paid for the security system. On this one financial matter, where the committees had him cold, North owned up—saying this was "probably the grossest misjudgment that I have made in my life." (The question of North's handling of money and of whether he benefitted privately from the arms sales is not closed; the independent counsel is looking into it. Also, it appears that the committees now have more information on this subject, which may turn up in their final report.)

Nields' questioning of North, which went on for two days, coupled with North's sudden apparent popularity, brought tensions to the surface that had been brewing within the committees. While the publicly expressed complaint was that Nields was taking so long—and that the members should have an earlier and larger role in the questioning—a number of senators also complained that Nields had played into North's hands: that by being combative with him, and also asking some softball questions, he had turned the theatre, and public sympathy, over to him. When Liman subsequently questioned North, beginning on the third day, his style was low-key, and this caused North to tone down and also be more responsive.

The feeling among many members of the committees that they should have done more of the questioning at an earlier stage was understandable but not necessarily valid. Only a few members showed real skill at asking questions. The joint committees were bedevilled all along by its size; among other things, this made coördination among the members nearly impossible, and contributed to the scattershot questioning. The Iran-Contra subject matter was very complicated, but the hearings could well have been more thematic. The joining of the two committees had been done for a good reason—to prevent a disastrous rivalry between the Senate and House committees—but at a large price. Many House members and some senators were unhappy with the deal that the committees made with Brendan Sullivan, North's lawyer, before North appeared, and felt that Sullivan (and North) had got the better of the committees by dictating the time that North would be called (as soon as the hearings resumed in July) and some of the terms—including the condition that North, unlike all the other witnesses, would not be questioned in closed session before he appeared in public. (An exception was made of one day in private session, during which North would be asked about the President's role in the diversion.) Many members felt that these terms put the committees at a disadvantage, since they would not have a chance to check what North said against other testimony or documents, and would not be prepared in general for his testimony. They argued that the committees should have gambled on North's (and Sullivan's) wanting the opportunity to appear, and their unwillingness, in the end, to risk North's going to jail for contempt of Congress for not appearing.

Some House members felt that some senators were panicked by North's apparent appeal to the country—and were cowed by that and by Reagan's remaining popularity. The public reaction to North was not as definitive as many of the members seemed to think: the flood of telegrams to him seemed to have been in part orchestrated (and Western Union offered a discount); people who feel intensely about something tend to get in touch with people they agree with—or disagree with—strongly. Thus, North received a lot of telegrams, while some committee members' offices received a lot of angry calls—yet not, in a nation of nearly two hundred and fifty million people, all that many. But North generated sympathy with his testimony that he had not acted without authority or the approval of superiors (that he was not a "loose cannon"). Also, the public reaction to North was even encouraged by some broadcasters, who saw and described his appearance before the committees as North versus the committees, a sports event, Daniel in the lions' den—and Sullivan did all he could to paint this picture. It was also clear, from polls taken at the time, that a substantial portion of the public did not see things this way. A New York *Times*/CBS poll showed that while most people said they believed North, most also did not approve of his actions. And later polls showed that people—by large margins—did not consider North a "hero." (A *Time* poll found that people would not want North to marry their daughter—fifty-seven per cent to twenty-six per cent.)



Still, a great many members of Congress (more than we'd like to think) tend to react nervously to negative calls and letters, to respond to the passions of the moment—or what are seen as the passions of the moment. The fact that many members of the committees never got over the flood of support they saw for North showed both in their public behavior during the hearings (their tentative and almost apologetic questioning of North and others, and their almost unquestioning embrace of anyone who disagreed with North) and in their private conversations. Some members, fearful that any questions would provide North with an opportunity for more speeches, gave up on the idea of questioning him at all, and made speeches themselves—past North and to the television audience—mostly to the effect that they were patriots, too. Several committee members remained depressed to the end; some, while acknowledging the possibility that public opinion had turned around, recited (unsolicited, in the course of interviews) the number of calls, pro- and anti-North, that their offices had received each day.

North did have a lot going for him: his telegenic cheekbones, his wholesome, boyish looks, his wit, and his (to some) devilish charm. He was clever—and obviously well rehearsed. On the couple of occasions when it appeared that he had not been prepared for the questions, he seemed gray and shaken, and Sullivan tried to cut off the questioning. But most of the time North appeared confident, and even swaggering. What was most unnerving about him was his insouciance about, apparent lack of understanding of, our constitutional system. To him, knocking over the checks and balances was an admirable accomplishment. He was proud to have lied to Congress about whether the Administration was violating the Boland amendment. His view of the situation, he said, was that he was protecting "lives" over "lies." (The shakiness of this proposition was never really explored.) He had no regrets about having shredded documents. Evidence was put forward that after North and Fawn Hall, his secretary, had altered and shredded documents on the Friday that Meese's investigation began, and also on Saturday, and on Sunday, after North had learned—if he did not know before—from Meese that a diversion memo had been found, he returned to his office that night and shredded from 11 P.M. until 4:15 A.M. According to his own testimony, he also shredded on Monday and Tuesday—the day he was fired. North said that Meese never told him to secure his files. It came out during North's testimony that his deputy, Robert Earl, had told the committees in a deposition to be released shortly that North had asked Meese on that Friday if he had twenty-four or perhaps forty-eight hours. When asked about this, North was at first hesitant,

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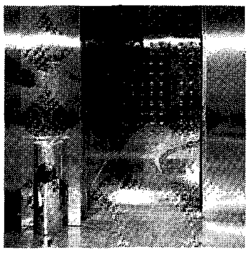

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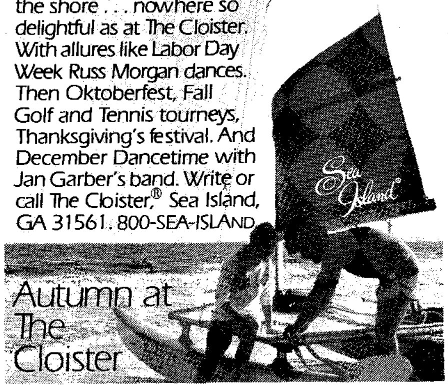


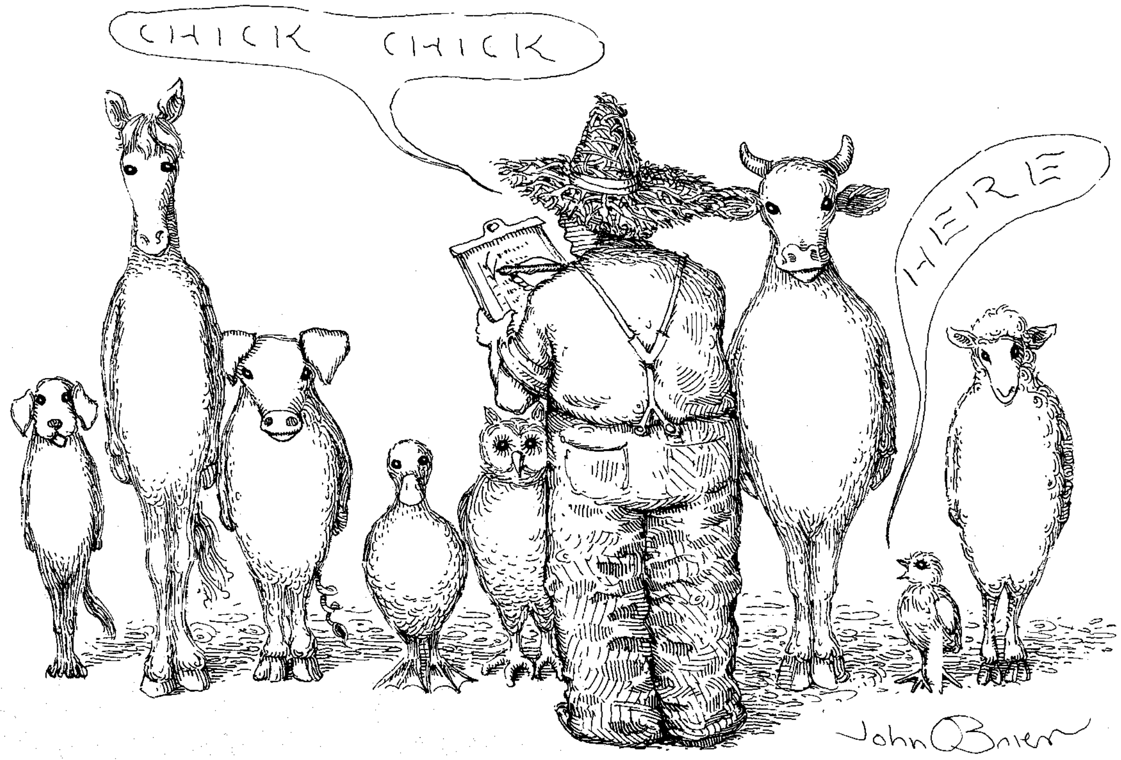
and then said that he was probably referring to an investigation of Southern Air Transport, which was involved both in getting arms to Iran and also military assistance to the Contras—an investigation North had been trying to stall. And, of course, he was pleased to have helped set up "the enterprise," his own unaccountable foreign-policy machine; and he thought that the diversion—which may have been illegal and flew in the face of the congressional restriction on military aid to the Contras—was just fine ("a neat idea").

The members of the committees were taken aback that not only was North saying such things but also that he was being applauded for it. He played word games, insisting that he had not "solicited" funds for the Contras—he had only made speeches about their plight and then showed potential donors a list of needed munitions and airplanes, and their prices. (The President had insisted that the donors whom he met with at the White House were only contributing funds for television spots for aid to the Contras. Under questioning by Liman, North conceded that he hadn't shown donors a price list for television spots.) But it was also clear that he was operating at an emotional edge, and he nearly went over it when Liman asked him about his writing, just after he was fired, a list of "priorities"—of things that were important to him. North choked up at the question and appeared on the verge of tears—and Liman moved on. (The list, reportedly, was "my country, the Presidency, my family, the hostages.") Thus, North, a smart and perceptive witness, seemed to understand that Liman had refrained from pushing him into territory that would have undone him emotionally, from humiliating him, and from that point on Liman and North appeared to have almost a father-son relationship, and North, responding once more to authority, was coöperative.

North made it clear that he had no intention of going down with the ship alone—and he dragged along a large number of other people. He was quite believable on the point that he had been willing to "take the spear" until he saw that he was named as the only target of a criminal investigation—he hadn't bargained on that. He laid a great deal on Casey, who, of course, was not around to respond. (Lawyers have a device called the "dead-man rule"—that you should try to find a dead man to lay the blame on. North found two: Casey and Vice Admiral Arthur Moreau, who had been assistant to the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.) Many people thought that Casey's absence left a large hole in the testimony, but there is scant reason to believe that Casey would have levelled with the committees on, say, his talks with the President. North's testimony confirmed to some officials that what one had called "the black hole"—the force behind the mysterious and inexplicable things that had gone on—had been Casey. Casey, this person says, was the only one who could have brought these things about: he had a direct line to the President, had links to the financial community, had political links from the 1980 Reagan campaign (of which he was the director), and knew all about secret bank accounts and the like—and Casey was smart enough to avoid putting things on paper.

Casey was the field marshal for the Reagan doctrine, and North was his trusty and enthusiastic lieutenant. To North, Casey was an imposing figure: successful, wealthy, well-read, experienced—and powerful. Casey's passion was the cult of covert action; North was only too happy to play. And weak national-security advisers, and an indulgent and grateful President, let these things happen—or even encouraged them.

JOHN POINDEXTER was the fourth (in five years) in a string of Reagan national-security advisers who didn't measure up to the job. The office calls for judgment, experience, a sense of history, breadth of view, an understanding of how the government works, and confidence. People who worked with Poindexter say that he flunked all these tests. A weak national-security adviser hasn't a chance of getting the foreign-policy machinery of the government to work smoothly; he invites strong-minded Cabinet Secretaries to run rings around him—especially with a President disinclined to intervene. Reagan's desire for "Cabinet government" was costly. Also, we haven't heard lately Reagan's oft-stated boast about his style of management: "You get the best people you can to do a job; then you don't hang over their shoulder criticizing everything they do or picking at them on how they're doing it. You set the policy—and I set the policy in this Administration—and they are then to implement it . . . and I think that that is a good management policy." Poindexter obviously has a high I.Q. (first in his class at Annapolis, and a doctorate in nuclear physics), but he was not suited for his White House job. (He brought us, in addition to these events, Reykjavík and the "disinformation" campaign.) He is said by former colleagues to have been most interested in counter-terrorism and covert action, and to have pushed a few oddball ideas: the kidnapping of the terrorist in France, a plan for a joint United States–Egypt attack on Libya—which other officials managed to head off.



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Still, nothing could have prepared us for Poindexter's frightening testimony. He sat there coolly, lighting his pipe, and made it clear that he hadn't the least understanding of how this democracy is supposed to work. The combination of Poindexter and North—or of Poindexter and North and Casey—was lethal. It is not unusual for government officials to find Congress a nuisance and the press irritating (though the most successful officials work with both institutions, to their own benefit); Poindexter hated them. It is not unusual for officials to find the bureaucracy frustrating, but it is unusual to carry this frustration, as Poindexter did, to the point of participating in the setting up of a separate government. In his mind, he testified, Congress engaged in a "lack of good faith" in its efforts to undermine the President's foreign policy; the press engaged in "deliberate distortion;" and the bureaucracy was unwilling to take "high risks." Poindexter's penchant for—actually, obsession with—secrecy alarmed even some of the President's supporters on the committees, who pointed out to him that if he had been less secretive they all wouldn't be in this mess.

Poindexter often engaged in wonderland logic. His suspicious nature put him out of touch with reality. His use of language was very curious: the December, 1985, finding, which he tore up, was "an artifact;" the diversion, which he said he authorized without telling the President, was "a detail of implementation." (He said he was "convinced" that the President would have approved it.) He believed in telling not only Congress but also his own colleagues as little as possible, because he believed in "compartmentation." ("The only way I had of keeping things secret was not to tell people.") The N.S.C. staff's participation in getting military aid to the Contras at a time such aid was banned wasn't "covert" (as North had said)—it was "secret." Poindexter might have had the law in mind here—since there had been no finding permitting the N.S.C. staff to become engaged in such a covert activity. His saying "The buck stops here" stood that principle on its head. (Reagan, in his recent speech, acknowledged that.) He did the same thing to the concept of "plausible deniability" (saying that he had taken the diversion decision on his own in order to give the President "plausible deniability"). Senator Sam Nunn, Democrat of Georgia, pointed out that the whole point of plausible deniability was that the person who denied knowing anything about a certain act *did* know, but that the act was carried out in a way to allow him to deny knowing—and be believed. It seemed unlikely that this rigid military man, who, as Liman got North to agree, was "cautious" and "prudent" and went "by the book," would have taken such a large responsibility onto himself, even if he was certain, as Poindexter said he was, that the President would approve. Further, there was an important inconsistency in Poindexter's testimony: he said he didn't tell the President about the diversion because it was "a detail of implementation," but he did tell him about such things as United States help in getting an airstrip built in Costa Rica (to resupply the Contras)—which was a clear violation of the Boland amendment.

Poindexter also told the President, he said, about the nine-point accord that Hakim, Secord, and North had negotiated with the Iranian "second channel" (the replacement for the Iranian middleman Manucher Ghorbanifar, and believed to be a relative and ally of Hashemi Rafsanjani, the Speaker of the Iranian Parliament). In exchange for one and a half hostages, the representatives of the United States pledged some dramatic things. The agreement, which came to be called "the Hakim accords," contained a pledge that Hakim and Secord would work with Iran to pressure the government of Kuwait to release seventeen prisoners being held for terrorist acts (one of these acts was an attack on the American Embassy in Kuwait). The Administration had made it an important point of principle that it would not pressure Kuwait to release them (this had been a demand of some hostage-takers). Poindexter said the President approved the accords, and that he couldn't recall the President's reaction to them. Shultz later testified that the President "looked like he'd been kicked in the belly" when he'd been told about the pledge to get the Kuwaiti-held prisoners released. (Regan gave a similar description of the President's reaction—"He looked like a guy that had really been punched in the stomach"—when he was told about the diversion.) North testified that this point was no big deal, because the prisoners would eventually be freed, and so the United States might as well get something for them. Documents released by the committees showed that Poindexter and North met with Kuwaiti officials.

Poindexter's faulty memory in the course of the hearings was notable—he acknowledged only those things that he knew the committees had documented evidence of. One of his more interesting memory lapses had to do with a lunch—discovered by Representative Peter Rodino's staff and raised for the first time in Rodino's questioning of Poindexter—between Poindexter and Casey, who were joined by North for some of the time, on Saturday, November 22nd, the day after Meese was to begin his investigation, and the day after North had begun to destroy documents full speed, and also the day after Poindexter had torn up the finding. (Regan called Casey during this lunch.) Poindexter seemed shaken by questions about this interesting session, and could remember little except that he and Casey had had sandwiches. Nunn undermined Poindexter's testimony by pointing out that Poindexter's naval records say that he had a "photographic memory" and that he "retains fully, recalls accurately"—and also that he "rarely interjects his own viewpoints." And the case that Liman constructed as he took Poindexter through the opening questioning was devastating.

The path Liman followed was: first, he showed that Poindexter had destroyed the finding, and that he believed that providing the President with political protection was one of his responsibilities, which suggested that this was a man who would do nearly anything to protect the President; next, he had Poindexter say that he had decided on the diversion, without telling the President; then Liman took Poindexter through a series of lies and misrepresentations he had made to Congress and to others in the Administration; then he brought out North's testimony about the "fall-guy plan"—that Casey had decided that North would take the rap if the Iran-Contra story broke, but then decided that North was not senior enough, and that Poindexter would have to take the rap (Poindexter said he had known nothing about this before North's testimony); then Liman asked Poindexter why, when the storm about the diversion broke last November, he didn't stand up and say that he had authorized it (Poindexter said that he wanted to consult with attorneys—but a criminal investigation wasn't under way until some days after the diversion memo was found); then Liman brought out that Poindexter had made no notes and prepared no paper to show that the diversion was his idea, and that he had decided not to tell the President, to give the President "plausible deniability;" and Liman concluded by asking, "So you created a situation where it would be only your word to support that of your Commander-in-Chief?" Poindexter replied, "That is correct."

Following Poindexter's testimony that he had authorized the diversion because he thought that the President would have approved it, there was a rather interesting pas de deux between the White House and Poindexter. Marlin Fitzwater, the President's spokesman, said that the President would not have approved the diversion and that Poindexter had done Reagan "a disservice." The following day, Poindexter coolly testified, "I would have expected him to say that. That is the whole idea of deniability." This comment by Poindexter did nothing to alleviate the committee members' suspicions about his story; Senator Paul Sarbanes, Democrat of Maryland, has remarked, "I view Poindexter's testimony through the prism of deniability."

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THE plain fact is that a large majority of the committees' members, as well as others following the case closely—and also, according to the polls, a majority of the public—did not believe Poindexter's story. It was literally incredible as well as on the face of it unlikely. In this, as in other parts of this saga, one has to keep asking oneself if what is being said bears much resemblance to how human beings would behave in the given situation. The evidence that the President did know about the diversion and, in one way or another, authorized it is very strong. And there are, of course, ways he could have done so without being explicit. The evidence is circumstantial, but juries are almost always asked to decide cases on the basis of circumstantial evidence. But though most of the members did not believe Poindexter's story, none were willing to explicitly say for the record that they didn't, while the President's champions—in Congress and in the press—were quick to claim that Poindexter's testimony proved that Reagan didn't know about the diversion. By their repetition of this point, and by the default of others, the fact that Poindexter's testimony did not seem credible to most people at the time has become blurred. Republicans who didn't believe Poindexter could not say this without risking becoming pariahs within the Party. Committee Democrats, still shaken by North, and still somewhat fearful of the President's remaining (though much diminished) popularity, shrank from saying outright what they really thought. It was deemed injudicious to speak their minds, but those of a different view felt no such constraints. Near the close of Poindexter's appearance, Senate Committee chairman Daniel Inouye, Democrat of Hawaii, essayed a sum-up that pointed to the fact that Poindexter was not to be believed about the diversion, but he faltered and sort of fizzled out—as if he lacked the heart for it. And Hamilton, who had become famous for his tough-minded and clearheaded sum-ups of a witness's appearance, addressed Poindexter in a manner that suggested he believed him about the diversion.

There was a school of thought, among people not particularly friendly toward the Administration, that it would be better if neither North nor Poindexter fingered the President. If either of them did, the thinking went, there would be a tremendous hullabaloo, the White House and its allies would try to discredit the accuser, and the question of whether he was to be believed would dominate the hearings—to the exclusion of other issues. Also, Congress would be faced with calls for impeachment, which most members were hoping to avoid. The committees would have been faced with an accusation about the President that would have been very hard to deal with, since some of the more careful participants believed that, when Congress is confronting a question of potentially criminal behavior on the part of a President, a higher standard of proof must be applied than the normal court standard of "beyond a reasonable doubt."

Had North said that the President knew about the diversion, his situation would have been far worse than it was when he appeared before the committees—he would have been under strong personal attack by the White House and the right, and his testimony would have been taken as even more self-serving than the testimony he did give. (Just in case, the Administration had muddied North before he appeared, suggesting that he was not to be believed, even under oath.) North's construction of his answer to the question of whether the President knew about the diversion was "I assumed that the President was aware of what I was doing." He chose this over what most witnesses would have said: "I don't know." North's response was a compromise between saying that the President knew, which would have put him in a stronger legal position, and—though he remained loyal to the President, the good soldier, in his testimony—saying that the President did not know. (North in fact said that he assumed the President did know until Poindexter told him otherwise on November 21st.) North also avoided any other statements that would have incriminated the President—often failing to remember something when it involved the President. And anyone who knew much about Poindexter understood before the fact that he would not place the blame for the diversion on the President. For some time before the hearings, there had been indications that North and Poindexter were being set up, and encouraged to leave the President out of it. Why else would the President call North, who had brought the Administration to such grief, and nearly to ruin, "a national hero" the day after he fired him? Why would the President telephone North on the day he fired him and say, "I just didn't know"? That's a fairly awkward sentence, especially under the circumstances, and it is open to interpretation. In a similar vein, North has been quoted by his former military assistant, Robert Earl, as saying to him, after the President's call, that Reagan had said, "It's important that I not know." When North was asked about this in the hearings, he was evasive. Once North, in his testimony, had absolved the President of knowledge of the diversion, and had attracted something of a following, the Administration's approach to him took yet another turn: Meese and Weinberger, in their testimony, said that North hadn't actually been fired—he had simply been "reassigned." North may have wreaked all manner of havoc, but he had testified that he had done so under orders, and had left the President out of the diversion—and he might still testify in court—and the Administration decided it was best to be kind to him.

As for Poindexter, earlier this year the President said (and his chief of staff, Howard Baker, concurred), "John Poindexter's an honorable man." If Poindexter's story that he had authorized the diversion was true, and if the President had been done "a disservice," why were they saying he was honorable? This whole story has lacked one key ingredient: the President has not behaved like a man who feels deceived and betrayed. Nor, according to the accounts of those strange days just before the diversion was made public and, we are told, the President first learned about the diversion, did the President display any sense of betrayal then—not to North, and not to Poindexter (of whom he apparently asked no questions), and not to Meese, who, according to the accounts, brought him the bad news. Meese said that the President "was quite surprised and indicated he had not known anything of this." (Nunn elicited from Meese that he had not actually asked the President if he knew about the diversion.) Reagan has a temper, but there are no signs of it in this story—even though he said in his recent speech, taking note of the question of why he had not shown more anger, "Well, at times I've been mad

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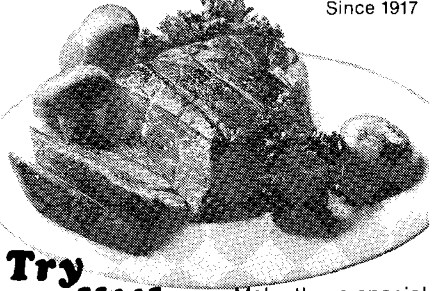

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as a hornet." (He didn't say at what.) He said in a press conference earlier this year that if he'd been told about the diversion at any time "you would have heard me without opening the door to the office," but there are no indications that he acted this way when Meese told him about the diversion. Two of Reagan's associates say that he looked surprised ("punched in the stomach," according to one) when he was told about it, but it is to be remembered that Reagan is an actor, who often draws on his acting skills, and feigning surprise is something even amateurs can master. In a court, a jury can take note of the fact that there wasn't "a hue and cry" at the time an alleged crime was committed: if the alleged victims didn't raise a hue and cry at the time of the alleged offense, the jury can take that into account in deciding whether the crime took place at all.

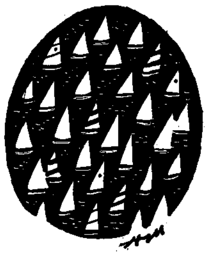
IN deciding on the truth of a certain piece of testimony, one has to ask why that particular person would say that particular thing. There was no reason for North to make up the fact that, as he told the committees in their one brief private session with him preceding his open testimony, he had actually written five diversion memos. North's testimony about the five memos substantially changed the diversion story. (He had said at first that there were five or six of them, and then settled for the more conservative number.) He didn't need to say this in order to justify the amount that was diverted: the diversion memo that was discovered had called for transferring twelve million dollars, and the investigation had found evidence of only about three and a half million dollars diverted to the Contras. He could have cited a conversation as his authorization. The committees have a deposition by James Radzimsky, a former White House keeper of the most sensitive documents, that he saw two diversion memos—but there is some uncertainty as to whether he should be believed. Though North said he had sent all five memos to Poindexter, Poindexter said he didn't recall any, but acknowledged the existence of the one that the Justice Department found and the committees had before them.

Actually, the committees had four versions of the memo in slightly different form. According to Fawn Hall, Poindexter had suggested editing changes in a draft of the memo that was found; Poindexter testified that he didn't recall this. The diversion memos ended with a recommendation that the President approve and Poindexter check off whether the President approved or disapproved. Another memo, which, according to North's testimony (this came as a surprise to the committees), was concerned with a joint United States–Israeli covert project to be paid for with funds from the arms sales, was sent to Poindexter to be used for briefing the President and obtaining his approval; "Approve" was accompanied by a check mark and "Done" in Poindexter's writing. Though the memo described the project, it did not on its face indicate that funds were coming from the diversion. North said that the project had not been carried out. (He said that there had been discussion with Israel about a number of projects, but that none of them went forward.) North told the committees that three out of the five diversion memos were approved. But, he added, "I want to make it very clear that no memorandum ever came back to me with the President's initials on it, or the President's name on it, or a note from the President on it." But the diversion memos did not call for the President's initials or signature. North said that he could not recall whether any of the memos came back to him with the boxes next to "Approve" or "Disapprove" checked off. That raises another question: If the diversion memos came back to him without check marks, why would he keep sending them? Furthermore, if Poindexter thought that the memos were a bad idea, or that they jeopardized the secrecy of the diversion, why didn't he tell North to stop writing them and sending them to him? North testified that he did not recall Poindexter's ever telling him to stop sending memos mentioning the diversion, and that if Poindexter had done so he would have stopped sending them. North said, of course, that he thought he had destroyed all the diversion memos. Poindexter said that he did not recall receiving or seeing the surviving diversion memo. The theory of his "plausible deniability" was to have been that there were no diversion memos, but this was undermined by North's saying that there were five memos and by North's failure to destroy the one that the Justice Department found.

Poindexter's "deniability" suffered another blow from North's testimony —North's saying that he had talked to Casey about the diversion. Poindexter said he didn't know that North had talked to Casey about it. Poindexter had to assert that Casey didn't know about the diversion in order to protect the President. Testimony by one of the C.I.A. officials also indicates that Casey knew about the diversion. North said that Casey was "enthusiastic" about the diversion plan, and that Casey had known about it before Poindexter did. Also, there is evidence that North met often with Casey—and that North was a talkative person. (He also, as he testified, wrote "voluminous" and "innumerable" memoranda.) During the hearings, Nunn pressed the point that in 1985, according to the evangelist Pat Robertson, North had mentioned to Robertson when they met at an airport that he was going to Iran to try to get the hostages back. (North denied this.) From these and other pieces of evidence, a number of members concluded that North must have been telling the truth when he said that Casey knew about the diversion—common sense would tell us the same thing—and that Casey must have talked to the President about it. But it also seems likely that the information had gone up the line to the President from his own White House staff. (Liman elicited from North his agreement that Poindexter went "by the book.") A revealing part of Poindexter's testimony was that in October of last year Casey showed him a memorandum telling Casey that some Canadian financiers who had been involved in the arms sales, and were demanding their profits, believed that some of the money had gone to the Contras, and were threatening, through their attorney, Roy Furmark, who was a client of Casey's when Casey practiced law, to blow the whistle. Though the diversion might be made public, and evidence that others were aware of the diversion would be devastating to the obsessively secretive Poindexter, Poindexter told the committees that while he and Casey discussed the memorandum, they did not discuss the part that mentioned the Canadians' threat, and they did not discuss the diversion. (Poindexter conceded to Liman that he found the threat to blow the initiative open "bothersome.") If Casey was concerned about the possibility that the Canadians would blow the whistle—as he must have been—it seems unlikely that he would not have also warned his good friend the President.

Similarly, Meese's insistence that he did not talk to Casey about the diversion when he went to see Casey on the Saturday night (November 22nd) of the weekend that the story was unravelling, and the diversion memo had just been found, is not given much credence. (Casey seems to have made a lot of phone calls to other Reagan officials during those few days.) North testified that in early October Casey told him about the possibility that the story was going to blow, and warned him to get a lawyer. Further, Richard Secord testified last May that North had told him that he had joked with the President about the fact that "some of the Ayatollah's money was being used to support the Contras." Obviously, the idea that they had stung the Ayatollah would be very amusing to the President, who particularly likes jokes and anecdotes. North, in his testimony, said that he had invented this story for Secord in order to boost his spirits, as "an enticement," but this does not seem to be the kind of thing one would say to boost someone's spirits—more likely, one would try to cheer someone on in those circumstances by telling him that the President felt he was doing a great job. It would be against human nature not to want to tell the boss, who felt strongly about this issue, such good news, something that would appeal to his sense of humor—especially in the epicenter of a city that sets so much store by pleasing the boss. Besides, there were other things the President was in on that would be "politically embarrassing" if they came out. So why the exception for this one? If he was, as a Poindexter memo said, willing to provoke a constitutional crisis by getting aid to the Contras "unilaterally," why would his aides think he was too squeamish to be told about the diversion?

Poindexter's story is weak on other grounds as well. If he had really been aiming to give the President deniability, he would have: (1) told North not to tell anyone about the diversion; (2) told North that he was not telling the President about the diversion; (3) told North not to put anything in writing. According to North, Poindexter apparently did none of these things. Poindexter said that he did tell North not to tell anyone—although apparently without success—but that he did not tell him the other two things. He said he did not tell North not to put anything in writing because he had not seen anything in writing. Actually, it seems a great many people knew about the diversion: the Israelis (according to North), Casey, some of Casey's close associates at the C.I.A., Secord, Hakim, Zucker, the Canadian financiers and their attorney Roy Furmark, the Iranian middleman Manucher Ghorbanifar and other Iranians who were being negotiated with (and whoever they told), McFarlane (he said North had told him in the course of their trip to Iran in May, 1986), a former C.I.A. official who acted as a translator, and there may well be others, such as the Saudi businessman Adnan Khashoggi, who was involved in the arms sales with the Canadians, Furmark, and Ghorbanifar. Further, there was the way Liman constructed the case when he questioned Poindexter: Poindexter had destroyed a Presidential finding—a serious act, and a violation of the law—in order to protect the President politically, and claimed that he didn't tell the President about the diversion in order to protect him politically: therefore, how was anyone to know that Poindexter had ever stopped protecting the President? Also, if Poindexter's story was true, then he lied to Meese and to Donald Regan in telling them last November that the diversion was North's doing, and that his only involvement was that he had failed to supervise him.



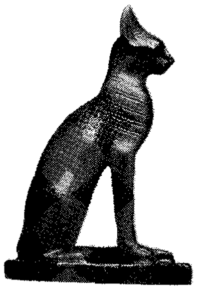
Poindexter's comments to Meese and Regan seem to have been the first stage of "the fall-guy plan." Thus, when the diversion was discovered Poindexter allowed North to be the fall guy; thus, when the Administration decided that there was to be a criminal investigation by an independent counsel North was the only person named. At some point, the second part of the fall-guy plan was implemented, and Poindexter took the rap. North made it clear in his testimony that once he realized that he was the target of a criminal investigation "my mind-set changed considerably"—and thus he swept in a lot of other people in his testimony before the committees, and it was clear that if he was indicted part of his defense would be that he had been following orders. It does not seem likely that North would have invented the fall-guy plan: it is not clear what good it would do him to talk about it, since, among other things, it could be construed as an obstruction of justice. The fall-guy-plan story would have been less convincing if we didn't seem to be seeing it carried out before our eyes. A number of the committees' members (including defenders of the President) felt—with good reason—that in Poindexter's testimony they were witnessing a continuation of the fall-guy plan.

One part of the story that wasn't much focussed on at the time but is an important element is Poindexter's tearing up, on November 21st of last year, as Meese was beginning his inquiry, the December, 1985, finding—which he said he had kept in his safe. (Poindexter had to acknowledge that he had torn up the finding; his contemporaneous notes, which the committees had, suggested that the President had signed the finding.) There are several things about this that are of interest. Under questioning by Liman, Poindexter said that he also tore up other documents that day that had been kept in his safe, but said that they were only "PROF notes" (computer messages between him and North, and perhaps him and McFarlane). But Poindexter also said that he had erased his PROF notes. The PROF notes that North and Poindexter and McFarlane wrote to each other survived because North failed to erase them correctly; but Poindexter, a computer expert, who had designed the White House computer system, erased his. (Poindexter said, "We didn't think we had much in writing." North said that on November 21st "I assured Admiral Poindexter—incorrectly, it turns out—that all of the documents that pertained to the Nicaraguan resistance had already been destroyed.") Having seen the surviving PROF notes, committee investigators find it hard to see that there would have been any others so embarrassing that Poindexter kept them in his safe. If Poindexter could have come up with a more plausible answer to what else he had torn up, surely he would have done so. Also, we learned from Donald Regan's testimony, which came after North's and Poindexter's, that Poindexter kept the only copy of the January 17, 1986, finding in his safe. Regan said that it was most unusual that there would be only one copy of such an important document. Poindexter's safe, then, becomes a major figure in the saga: Given what we know he did keep in there, and given that we know he tore up the December, 1985, finding because, he said, he thought it would be politically embarrassing to the President, it is perfectly reasonable to deduce that Poindexter kept in the safe and then tore up other embarrassing documents relating to the arms sales or the diversion, while at virtually the same time North shredded the other diversion memos, which in the normal course of things would have come back to him. It is to be remembered that the first thing North asked Meese after he was confronted with the diversion memo was whether the Justice Department people had found a cover sheet—which would have shown the routing of the memo, and perhaps indicate who had seen it. The memo, which was in final form, would have at least gone to Poindexter. This was a strong indication of North's "state of mind." Thus, the evidence points to the conclusion that the President's aides tried to destroy any concrete evidence that he knew about the diversion—and, but for one slipup, did so.

There is one other point: Why would Poindexter have torn up the December, 1985, finding unless he was certain that the President would never mention it? The finding was, after all, the only legal justification—such as it was—for the November, 1985, arms sale, and had been drawn up at the behest of the then deputy director of the C.I.A., John McMahon, to justify, after the fact, the agency's participation in that sale. When Poindexter tore up the finding, either he assumed that the President had no memory at all, and would never bring up the finding, or that the President understood that the November arms sale and the finding were going to be covered up. One can only conclude that the President and his people knew that the finding was going to be destroyed and not mentioned.

It is to be remembered that until recently the signed finding was a nonevent: it was not mentioned in the chronologies the White House drew up last November, and the Tower Commission concluded, "The President appears not to have signed this Finding." The Tower report does not say what, if anything, the President said about this. The Tower board came to this conclusion although two C.I.A. officials told the commission that they believed the finding had been signed. Despite these two statements, and despite Poindexter's testimony that he tore up the finding, and despite the mention of it in Poindexter's notes, the White House still maintains that the President never signed the finding. In response to Poindexter's testimony, Fitzwater said that the President has "no recollection" of signing the finding. He added, "Our position is that it never went to the President, period." And Shultz, in his testimony, said that there was no proof that the finding had been signed, because "there is no copy in existence." (Of course, Poindexter had destroyed such proof.) A very nagging question is what else North and Poindexter destroyed—what manner of other missions had they carried out or contemplated? Clearly, they had big ideas, and the wherewithal—"the enterprise"—to carry them out.

SINCE Poindexter failed to provide the President with "plausible deniability," Meese's somewhat lax investigation last November into what was happening did not help. At first, and before the hearings, Meese's failure to take certain steps—to follow up on certain leads, to seal North's offices before everything but the curtains got shredded—had two possible explanations: that Meese was taking a turn as Inspector Clouseau or that Meese was already in on the coverup. But Poindexter's testimony began to put the story in a still different light: Poindexter said that neither Meese nor the President questioned him about the diversion after the memo was found, on Saturday, November 22nd. He said that Meese questioned him for only about five minutes on November 24th, the day before Poindexter was allowed to resign, and never asked him who had approved the diversion or whether the President had been involved in the



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decision to make the diversion. Meese also failed to ask North who had authorized the diversion. (At the time, Poindexter told Meese, "Ollie has given me enough hints about this so that I generally knew, but I did nothing to follow up or stop it." This, of course, is inconsistent with Poindexter's testimony before the committees that he had authorized the diversion.)

Meese, in his appearance before the committees, said that North had told him that only North, McFarlane, and Poindexter knew about the diversion, and that Casey had told him that he just learned about it on November 25th, the day of Meese's press conference announcing it. But even Casey had said that he knew about it as of Furmark's warning, in early October. (North had also testified that part of the "fall-guy" plan was that Casey was not to have known about the diversion.) This does not square with other testimony, including that of Regan, who appeared later and said that on the day before the press conference Casey was pressing him not to disclose the diversion. Meese did not ask North or Poindexter whether the diversion had been authorized and, if so, by whom. And, according to North's and Poindexter's testimony, the President didn't ask either Poindexter or North who had authorized the diversion. North said that when Meese asked him on Sunday if the President knew about the diversion, he said no. Further, in a meeting with the President and Regan on Monday, when, Meese said, he broke the news to the President about the diversion memo, Meese did not ask who had authorized the diversion. Among the things Meese got wrong at his press conference the following day were: that the United States had not been involved in the 1985 Israeli arms shipments—and that the President had not known about the November, 1985, shipment until February, 1986. In early November, as the arms-sales story was breaking, Meese put one of his aides, Charles Cooper, in charge of looking into the legal questions. Whether Meese wanted Cooper to act as a cop or as a mitigator of the Administration's problems has been something of a mystery, but the Iran-Contra committees have, and have not yet released, memos prepared by Cooper that tended to justify the Administration's actions in the arms sales.

Then, there was the fact that Meese, an inveterate note-taker—and a very smart man, if not a particularly deep thinker—changed his approach after he talked to North on Sunday, November 23rd, and took no notes during certain key interviews and brought no one along to them. And that he failed to have North's offices secured until November 25th, long after North had done his shredding (at that, Fawn Hall—accompanied by North and his then attorney, Thomas Green—was able to remove more documents from the office that day), and that the F.B.I. was not called into the investigation until November 28th. Meese, an evasive witness, tried to slip around two points: that Shultz had told him on the morning of Saturday, November 22nd, that there appeared to be a connection between the arms sales and help for the Contras, since both had been carried out with the use of Southern Air Transport; and that the head of the Justice Department's Criminal Division had argued that Meese himself should not conduct the investigation but should turn it over to the Criminal Division. (Meese had been much criticized for using political appointees who did not have criminal-law experience. Nonetheless, they did discover the diversion memo.) The F.B.I., pursuant to a request from Poindexter and North (via Meese) in early November, delayed for a few days an investigation into Southern Air Transport, which had been initiated when Eugene Hasenfus's plane went down in Nicaragua. Poindexter and North had said that such an investigation might interfere with efforts to rescue the hostages. At times, when Meese was asked about earlier testimony that contradicted his, he replied that he had not seen the earlier testimony.

Members of the committees went at not only Meese's lapses in the investigation but also the credibility of North and Poindexter. Meese failed to ask the obvious questions. Under questioning by Senator George Mitchell, Democrat of Maine, Meese suggested that the documents shredded by North over the weekend may have been "irrelevant" to his inquiry. Mitchell, after asking Meese a series of tough questions about his inquiry, said that he found Meese's responses "very difficult to accept." This was as judgmental as anyone got, and it caused Meese, who had been quite affable, to turn testy.

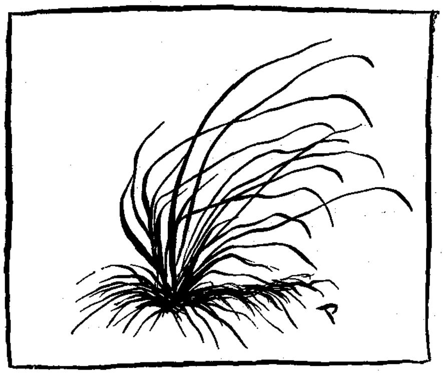
Meese did say some things that could be helpful for the prosecutors of this case: he said that it was unlawful "to make a false statement" to Congress (as had been done about the Boland amendment), and that it is "highly probable" that the roughly eight million dollars left over from the arms sales and sitting in "the enterprise's" Swiss accounts—which are frozen—belong to the United States, and that the diversion was illegal. (North testified that he was "shocked" to learn that there was so much money left over, and both he and Poindexter, perhaps with an eye toward the independent counsel, described themselves as oblivious of how the enterprise's money had been handled.)

The most reasonable conclusion that one can draw from Meese's investigation, and that some people close to the case have drawn, is that Meese quite deliberately didn't want to know certain things—which explains his failure to take notes and ask certain questions and be accompanied by anyone else after he had been told about the diversion memo. That way, none of the key figures would be frozen into what they had said to him, and the option of not telling the public about the diversion memo was retained. But too many people knew about the diversion to keep it secret.

THE committees were so delighted to have—in Shultz, Regan, and Weinberger—witnesses who were living on the same planet that they were that they figuratively embraced them, and questioned them gently. After weeks of being badgered by witnesses making outlandish claims about the prerogatives of the executive branch and the correctness—even moral superiority—of all manner of lawless activities, they treated Shultz, Regan, and Weinberger as the three Wise Men from the East. It was quite a relief to the committees to hear witnesses actually say that Congress should not be lied to, that a freestanding covert outfit had no place in our constitutional system, that Congress does have a role in foreign policy, and even that selling arms to Iran was not a wonderful idea. So grateful were the committees for such thoughts that they dared not press these witnesses, or in the slightest way undercut their stories. That all three might have tried harder to stop the arms sales was virtually left unsaid—except by a tiny number of Republicans who had stood by the President throughout the hearings and weren't so keen on witnesses who made themselves look good at the President's expense. The committees were also relieved at the demeanor of all three men: they were candid (mostly), blunt, and unencumbered by lawyers advising them all along the way. (The committees had allowed North and Poindexter great liberties in this respect.)

Shultz's description of the "battle royal" over the President's wrong or misleading statements in his November 19th press conference was almost painfully revealing. Shultz said that when he told Reagan after the news conference of this or that mistake with respect to the arms sales, Reagan said " 'Yes, I knew about that,' or 'I know about that,' or something like that." This is not a minor matter. And Shultz's revelation that he had submitted his resignation three times—but never over the arms sales—raised a question Shultz hadn't intended be raised. Nor did Shultz have a really satisfying answer for why he had not tried harder to stop the sales. He said that he had told Poindexter he didn't want to know the "details" of the sales, because if there were any leaks about them "the intelligence and national-security community" would suspect him because he had opposed the widespread application of lie-detector tests. This was a bit self-serving. Shultz's saying that he didn't know about the arms sales to Iran until early November, 1986, has to be seen against certain facts: in June, 1986, one of his top aides warned him in a memo that arms sales in exchange for hostages were still secretly under way, and "will have disastrous consequences for foreign policy;" and the evidence indicates that Shultz was aware, at the time, of the November, 1985, sale of Hawk missiles. Earlier this year, I was told by an official that some sixteen people in the State Department had known about the arms sales. Mark Belnick, a Senate counsel, brought out in his questioning of Shultz that once the arms sales became public Shultz, after a struggle, got an agreement from the President that the State Department would regain control of Iran policy, only to have Casey furtively recapture the policy; Casey's victory, of course, had the complicity of the President. Some people at the White House were not entirely pleased with Shultz's performance before the committees—and there are some tensions between Shultz and Howard Baker—and on the second day of his two-day appearance before the committees Shultz was strong in his praise of Reagan.

Regan, who had made such a show about his power and authority when he was at the White House, presented himself before the committees as the man who wasn't there. He was, he testified, dealt out of meetings and policy decisions, and didn't even know that the President had signed the January 17, 1986, finding that authorized the 1986 sales. This was odd, since Poindexter's memorandum about the sale has a handwritten note on it (by Poindexter) saying that Regan was present when Poindexter briefed the President on the memo—and Poindexter said the President signed the finding at the same meeting. When Poindexter was named national-security adviser, the accepted wisdom here was that Regan had helped push McFarlane out, and that there was a danger Regan wouldn't let Poindexter have direct access to the President; but, according to Regan's testimony, Poindexter was running rings around him—not only seeing the President alone but also slipping him pieces of paper (we can only speculate what they might have been about) the chief of staff knew nothing of. Regan was on and off about the arms sales—except in early January, 1986, when it seemed clear that the President had made up his mind to go ahead. Regan, astutely, came on as candid, direct, and the engaging Irish salesman (his career at Merrill Lynch had been largely shaped by his salesmanship), and members of Congress who had previously had little use for him all but fell around his neck.



Weinberger was the only witness who went so far as to say that the arms sales had no value at all: others had talked approvingly about the importance of opening a new relationship with Iran, of cultivating the "moderates" (Poindexter said that he preferred to call them "pragmatists"), but, as far as Weinberger was concerned, "I did not think and do not think there's any moderate element that is still alive." Weinberger strenuously opposed the policy, but his style is to throw a sort of tantrum, which may undermine his effectiveness at times. And, just when it seemed that there could be nothing astonishing left, Weinberger told the committees that he had learned about the arms-sales negotiations between the United States and Iran from "intelligence reports," and also that he had later learned that the White House had ordered the National Security Agency, which is under his jurisdiction, not to give him intelligence reports about Iran.

THE Iran-Contra hearings did, as Inouye had at the outset said they would, provide us with a "sordid" picture. We got a picture of a breakdown of the constitutional processes, of disregard for the rule of law, of incompetence, and even squalor (an Administration engaging in internal deceit and drawing up "fall-guy plans"). We saw, once again, what trouble zealous people can get themselves—and the country—into. The issue is not the policy but the way the policy was pursued. In the course of the hearings, Sarbanes cited a quote of Justice Louis Brandeis that is on one of the walls of the Capitol: "The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal—well meaning but without understanding." After Watergate, there was quite a bit of national self-congratulation that the issue had been aired; then, about thirteen years later, there was another assault on the Constitution. One member of the Iran-Contra committees has remarked privately that the Reagan people did learn from Watergate: they learned to destroy as much evidence as possible and to appear coöperative. The next group that tries something—and there is likely to be one—may get it even better.

The Iran-Contra hearings were a healthy airing, but the lesson is not entirely clear. It had been said by the committees' leaders that the hearings would be about the Constitution, the rule of law, and accountability. Accountability means that in our system someone is accountable for each act of the government: responsibility is not supposed to be headless. In the executive branch, the President is accountable. Obviously, practically speaking, the President cannot be held accountable for the act of each far-flung assistant to the deputy assistant secretary. But he does have some important forms of accountability. The Constitution requires that the President "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." And James Madison wrote that the President's power to remove his subordinates makes him "responsible for their conduct"—that he must "superintend their conduct, so as to check their excesses." At the end of the Iran-Contra hearings, the leaders of the committees made a careful judgment. When it came to specifically making the link between the acts of the President's subordinates and the President himself, they forbore. So the debris of the Iran-Contra affair, and the toll it has taken on the Reagan Administration, will have to stand as a warning. —ELIZABETH DREW

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JAZZ

John Hammond and Dick Wellstood

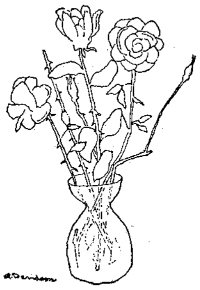
WITH his customary princely aplomb, John Hammond wrote in his autobiography, "John Hammond on Record," "Death has never frightened me. I have led a full life, one I have enjoyed, and when it ends it ends." It did early this summer, when he was in his seventy-seventh year. Although he was slowed by repeated heart attacks, Hammond never stopped going. He explained in his autobiography what drove him: "It will always be difficult for me to sit still, to wait a moment or a day before setting out to discover the world all over again. I am an early riser, among the first to buy each day's *Times*, and my daily armful of new magazines is as much my trademark as my crew-cut. . . . This compulsion to see, to read, to hear everything as soon as possible is as strong now as it ever was, and to be the first to know—or, certainly, never the last—is vitally important to me. To allow the events of a single day to reach me second hand, to miss my morning call at the newsstand, to drive without the car radio turned on, to pass by a marquee announcing a show or a movie or a jazz player unknown to me will never be possible. I try to be careful, but I cannot stop."

Hammond was a great discoverer and champion of American musical talent, and he changed the shape and direction of American music. His most adventurous and influential years lasted from early in the Depression to the first of the disastrous union-imposed recording bans in the forties. Here are some of the things he did during that exhilarating time: took a *mixed* band (Frankie Newton, Benny Carter, Pee Wee Russell, Fats Waller, Eddie Condon, Artie Bernstein, and Zutty Singleton) to the staid Mt. Kisco Golf and Tennis Club for a 1932 Saturday-night dance; recorded such relatively unknown masters as Fletcher Henderson, Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Red Allen, Chu Berry, Roy Eldridge, Dicky Wells, Teddy Wilson, Sidney Catlett, Benny Goodman, Red Norvo, Artie Shaw, Bud Freeman, and the boogie-woogie pianists Meade Lux Lewis, Albert Ammons, and Pete Johnson; drove down to Kentucky (in the indomitable Hudson he used in scouring the country for talent) to help Malcolm Cowley, Quincy Howe, Edmund Wilson, and Waldo Frank hand out food to striking coal miners in a time when strikers and their supporters were often beaten up, or even killed; tracked down an out-of-fashion Bessie Smith in Philadelphia, brought her to New York, and gave her her last recording session, a glorious affair in which the great singer, still in resplendent voice, was backed by Newton, Goodman, Berry, and Jack Teagarden; covered two of the Scottsboro trials in Decatur, Alabama, for *The Nation*, and joined the board of the N.A.A.C.P. (Hammond was one of the most incisive civil libertarians of his time); supervised many of the incomparable recordings Billie Holiday made between 1935 and 1941; got the Benny Goodman band on its feet and helped record the first Goodman Trio sides (Goodman, Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa); put Harry James in a recording studio with Wilson, Norvo, and the bassist John Simmons for a classic six-minute slow blues that covered both sides of a ten-inch 78-r.p.m. record, anticipating the spacious pastures of the L.P. recording; brought the Count Basie band out of Kansas City and sent Basie on his way; gave Lester Young and Charlie Christian their first recording dates (Young with Basie, and Christian with Goodman), débuts that changed forever the way the tenor saxophone and the electric guitar were played; and, in 1938 and 1939, presented the two great "Spirituals to Swing" concerts at Carnegie Hall, in which he offered to the world the gospel singers Sister Rosetta Tharpe and Mitchell's Christian Singers, the blues singers Sonny Terry, Big Bill Broonzy, Ida Cox, Joe Turner, and Jimmy Rushing, the pianists Ammons, Johnson, and Lewis, the Count Basie band, the Benny Goodman Sextet and the Kansas City Six (in which he put Charlie Christian and Lester Young side by side), and a kind of New Orleans band made up of Tommy Ladnier, Sidney Bechet, and James P. Johnson. And all the while, when he had the chance, he was tooling around in his Hudson in the Midwest or the Deep South, searching for genius.

A ZIRCON IS FOREVER
LeoCullum

Hammond was distracted in the forties. He was drafted into the Army, where he fought endless racial battles with various redneck superiors, and he had personal problems. But he came storming back in the fifties with a series of often brilliant recordings built around Vic Dickenson, Mel Powell, Ellis Larkins, Jimmy Rushing, Jo Jones, Emmett Berry, Buck Clayton, Ruby Braff, and Count Basie. The records, done for Vanguard and Columbia, were distinguished not only for their music but for their beautiful natural sound and for their pioneering use of the L.P.'s extended time. A surprisingly different Hammond appeared in the recording studios in the sixties and seventies. He was still Hammond the Discoverer, but the discoveries—Aretha Franklin, Bob Dylan, Paul Winter, Denny Zeitlin, George Benson, Bruce Springsteen—had a pop flavor. The old purist had begun doctoring his soup.

Hammond had an American patrician background and American patrician looks. His mother, Emily Vanderbilt Sloane, was a great-granddaughter of the Commodore, and his father, John Henry Hammond, was the son of a Union general. Hammond's mother was imperious, religious, philanthropic, energetic, asocial, and a de-rigueur racist. She was also extremely wealthy. His father, about whom he says comparatively little in his autobiography, did not have money but became a successful banker, lawyer, and railroad man. He was far more flexible than his wife, and, Hammond suggests, had the makings of a closet liberal. Hammond had four older sisters, one of whom, the rebellious Alice, managed to marry both a British M.P. and Benny Goodman. Hammond grew up in a lordly mansion on East Ninety-first Street, and, after Hotchkiss and a brief stint at Yale, moved to Sullivan Street, in the Village, and began making jazz recordings. (He started out with a private income of twelve thousand a year, much of which went to needy musicians, to pay for recording sessions no one else would pay for, and to civil-rights causes.)



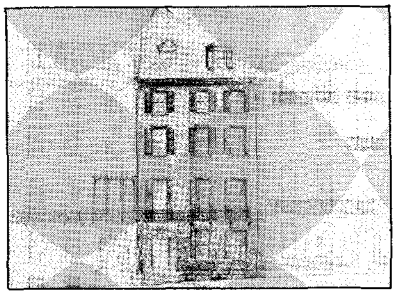
Hammond changed very little over the years. He was around six feet tall. He had a high forehead, an elegant, slightly hooked nose, and a blistering constant smile. His effusive graciousness made it seem as if he were always holding court. He had an onrushing way of talking, made up of bursts of superlatives connected by deep hums. He tended to use his listeners as sounding boards. The trumpeter Ruby Braff, whom Hammond began boosting in the mid-fifties, likes to tell of a telephone conversation he once had with Hammond:

> "Hello, Ruby. This is John. How are you?"
>
> "Well, I'm in bed with pneumonia and I feel awful."
>
> "Wonderful, Ruby. Now, what I called about . . ."

Hammond's image was boyish. He wore Ivy League clothes, but in a careless, teen-age way, and he invariably affected a crewcut. And he drove a car with abandon, throwing more looks at his passengers than at the road.

But this image was deceptive. The writer and critic James T. Maher said this about Hammond recently: "I always loved John's enthusiasm. It was constantly reinforcing. He could get so cranked up about some new musician—once, it was this 'perfectly extraordinary' Yugoslavian trumpet player—that resisting him was like standing up to a tidal wave. He had an angelic enthusiasm, which found improbable perfections. John's nervous energy was such that no sooner had he arrived somewhere with some new intelligence than his foot was out the door—you caught him on the wing. He laughed a great deal, but he was not a witty man. Alec Wilder, who knew him well, could never resist putting him on. Once, John told a girl singer he was recording that the title of Alec's song 'Who Can I Turn To?' was ungrammatical, that it should be '*Whom* Can I Turn To?' News travels fast in the jazz world, and when Alec ran into John a few days later he asked him if he had seen the new Broadway hit musical 'Better Foot Forward.' John didn't get the joke. He was, I suppose, the ultimate connoisseur—one who comes to think that he knows more than the objects of his veneration. He became rather infamous for telling people how and what to play. And in the days when he was still a sort of adviser to the Goodman band he became known as 'John the undertaker.' Whenever he appeared at a rehearsal or a recording session, the musicians knew that one of them would probably be replaced by his newest enthusiasm. His 'discoveries' became graven in stone in his mind—perhaps because he was over-interviewed when he was young. It seems fairly certain, to cite an example, that Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey took John to Harlem to hear the young Billie Holiday rather than John having found her himself. But he was unique and a good man—a patrician bad boy who turned left and became both a realist and a romantic."

Like most enthusiasts, Hammond sometimes missed the mark. He never understood the beauties and majestic complexities of Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington—possibly, it has been suggested, because neither man ever



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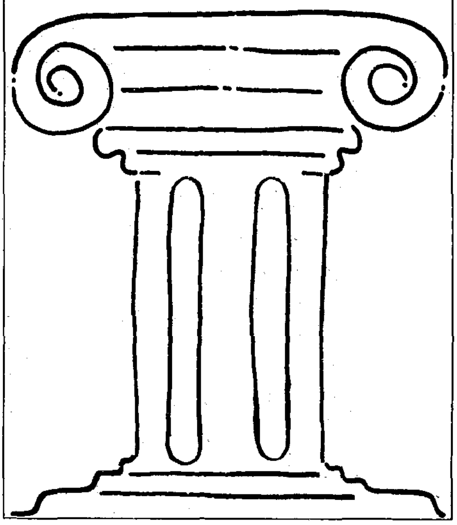

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sought his help. (He rated the Fletcher Henderson trumpeter Joe Smith higher than Armstrong.) He felt that Coleman Hawkins stopped developing in 1933, when Hawkins had just begun the supernal ascent that he would not complete until the late forties. He did not consider Benny Carter's compact, lyrical trumpet playing first-rate. Bebop never reached him, and he was rarely interested in white musicians. And many of his enthusiasms of the sixties and seventies have proved less than stunning.

Hammond's autobiography was perverse. It was warm and expressive about his family, and defensive and oblique about music and his life as a civil libertarian. And its tone was flat and hand-me-down. But there are patches of eloquence, and one of them serves him well: "I still would change the world if I could, convince a nonbeliever that my way is right, argue a cause and make friends out of enemies. I am still the reformer, the impatient protester, the sometimes-intolerant champion of tolerance. Best of all, I still expect to hear, if not today then tomorrow, a voice or a sound I have never heard before, with something to say which has never been said before. And when that happens I will know what to do."

NOT long after eight o'clock on the evening of July 21st, Dick Hyman and Dick Wellstood opened the 92nd Street Y's annual summer jazz festival by sitting at two grand pianos in Kaufmann Hall and playing three intricate, massive, charging stride-piano duets. The two men contrasted nicely. Hyman, with his slender, delicate attack, provided the tracery, and Wellstood, with his Germanic sound, provided the thunder. They backed the singer Carrie Smith for three numbers, and Wellstood joined Vince Giordano & the Nighthawks for a set of early Benny Goodman music. Then, got up in an unaccustomed tuxedo, he went off to the Bemelmans Bar in the Carlyle Hotel, where he was spelling Barbara Carroll. (Wellstood said that although he was born in Greenwich he was born in "clam-digging Greenwich, not backcountry Greenwich," and wearing a tuxedo at the Carlyle made him feel easier with the swells who came to hear him.) Three days later, he died suddenly, of heart failure, in Palo Alto, where he had gone for a weekend jazz gathering. He was fifty-nine.

Wellstood is not mentioned in John Hammond's autobiography. He was white, and it is likely that Hammond regarded him merely as a skilled copyist, an assiduous re-creator of Fats Waller and James P. Johnson. But Wellstood was a great deal more. He regarded himself as "a contemporary musician who uses tools that are out of fashion," and he was right. In the last decade or so of his life, however, he moved forward stylistically, folding bits and pieces of Count Basie and Thelonious Monk and Bill Evans and Cedar Walton into his playing, and broadening his repertory to include Monk and the Beatles and Wayne Shorter. He also gained self-confidence, eventually deciding that he had become "quite excellent" and wondering why he didn't work steadily. Wellstood was witty, sardonic, acute, and matter-of-fact. (He claimed that he liked working in a cha-cha band as much as he liked playing jazz.) In the fifties, he went to law school during the day and played at night, and passed his bar exam. (He finally joined a law firm several years ago, and practiced for ten claustrophobic months before returning to the piano.) He was a good, piquant writer. (From a set of liner notes for a Donald Lambert album: "In a world full of pianists who can rattle off fast oom-pahs or Chick Corea solo transcriptions or the Elliott Carter Sonata, there are perhaps only a dozen who can play stride convincingly at any length and with the proper energy.") He thought things out. (He once said, "Audiences are rarely on the same wavelength as performers. In fact, two very different things are going on at once. The musician is wondering how to get from the second eight bars into the bridge, and the audience is in pursuit of emotional energy. The musician is struggling, and the audience is making up dreamlike opinions about the music that may have nothing at all to do with what the musician is thinking or doing musically. If audiences knew what humdrum, daylight things most musicians think when they play, they'd probably never come.")

Wellstood was a bearish, tousled, guttural man. He had a shy smile, which embraced him as much as his listeners, and laughing eyes, cleverly hidden behind glasses. Over the years, he became an endearing figure, onstage and off—a description that might have either pleased or horrified him, depending on how ferocious he felt he should be that day.

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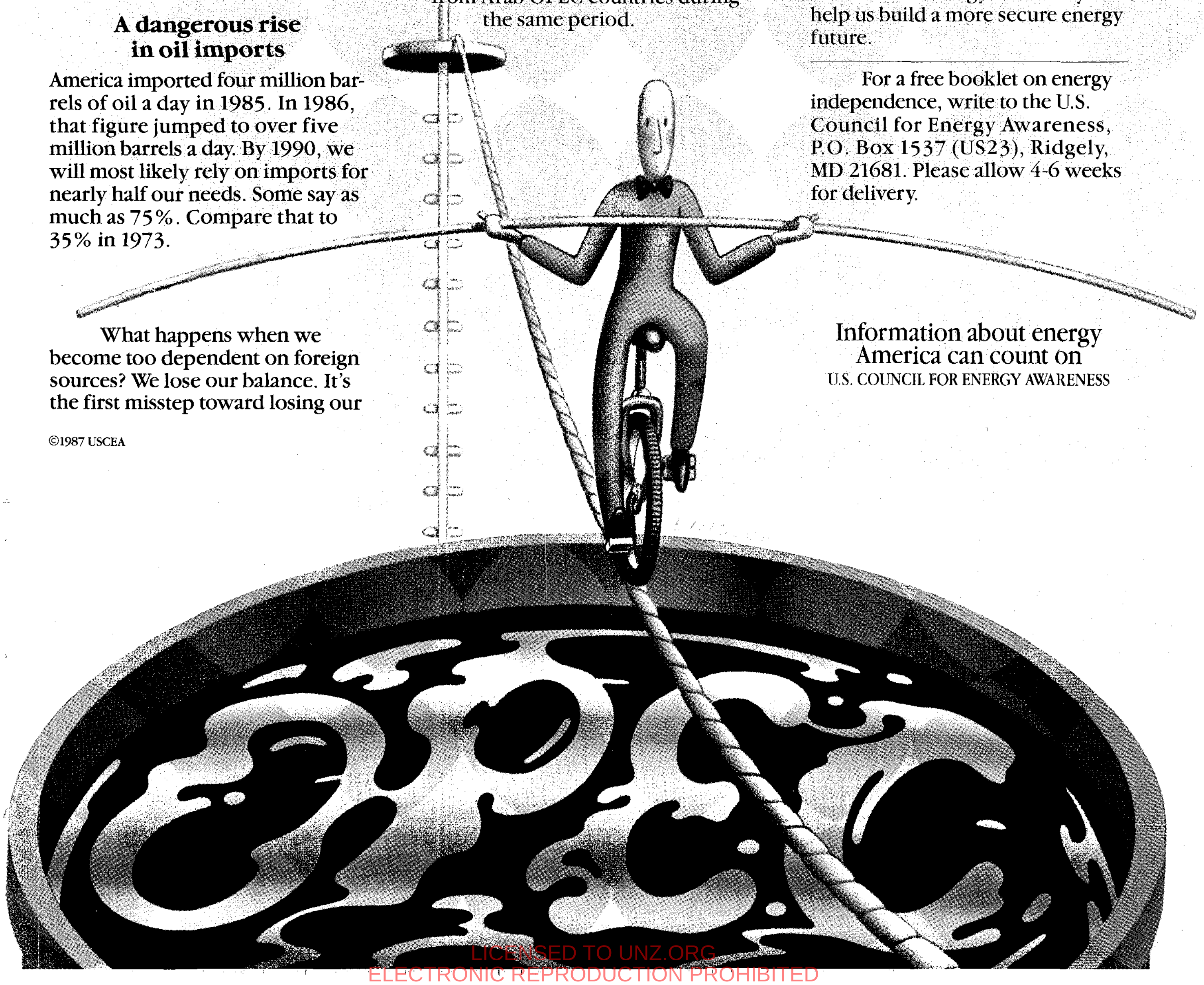

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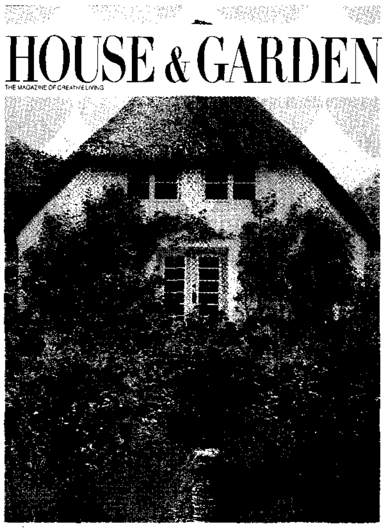

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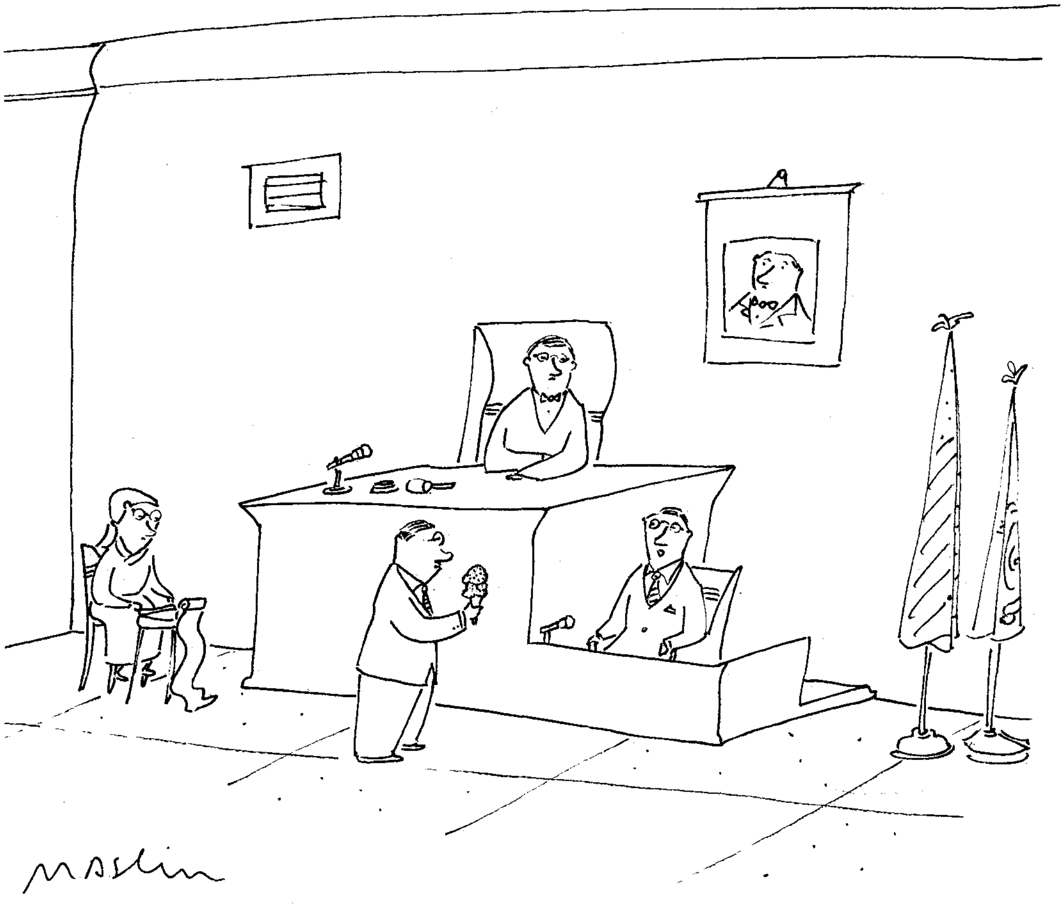
BOOKS

Loyalty and Authority

“The Count-Duke of Olivares: The Statesman in an Age of Decline,” by J. H. Elliott (Yale; $29.95), is a life-and-works study of a royal Minister who lived from 1587 to 1645 and managed the worldwide empire of Spain from 1621 to 1643. At home, he attempted reforms that were thought radical; abroad, his policy appeared to aim at a universal dyarchy in partnership with his Hapsburg king’s Austrian cousins. The peoples of Iberia rebelled against his reforms—Portugal separated from the Spanish Crown in 1640, and Catalonia seceded from Spain in the years 1640 to 1652—and foreign countries objected violently to Hapsburg pretensions in the Thirty Years’ War. Olivares died a deeply hated failure, in enforced retirement, and Mr. Elliott tells us that his concept of unifying the Spanish government was not reconsidered until the eighteenth century. In an earlier work, “Richelieu and Olivares,” the author compared the Spanish loser with his victorious international rival the French cardinal, to make a point that this book’s ampler detail reinforces: at the time, it was far from certain that France would succeed Spain as Western Europe’s dominant power, with Spain entering a long period of stagnation. Olivares’ monarchy struggled with its problems in ways that remind the reader of present perplexities. Some problems that Olivares confronted, such as a huge national debt and the failure of Castilian manufacturing, resemble ours; others, such as the wreck of Castilian agriculture and the obstinate refusal of non-Castilians to be Castilianized, resemble the Soviet Union’s. And though America’s government descends from the opponents of Olivares’ vision of centralized royal absolutism, many of us share—perhaps mistakenly—a conviction that Mr. Elliott ascribes to all reforming seventeenth-century European statesmen: “a confidence in the advantages to be derived from the expansion and deployment of state power.” The book, absorbing in itself, gains in fascination through our recognition that seventeenth-century problems remain unsolved. Workable or morally attractive methods of national and, particularly, supranational integration are yet to be found, and the means of reversing economic decline, though much discussed, are still not understood. Another puzzle is the relation between national well-being and artistic achievement. We know what everybody in this book looked like, because Olivares was an early patron of Velázquez and brought him to the royal court; the century of Spain’s political, military, and economic defeat was also its golden age of arts and letters.



“Yes, I’ve seen it before. It’s a double-dip, double-Dutch-chocolate ice-cream cone. I recognize the sprinkles.”

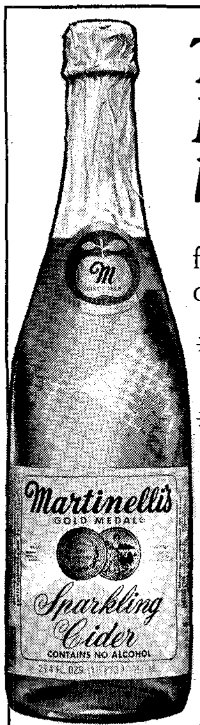
Olivares served King Philip IV, who came to the throne in 1621, at the age of sixteen. His father, Philip III, died blaming himself for having been extravagant and idle, unworthy of *his* father, Philip II, who, Mr. Elliott tells us, was regarded as a model for having toiled long hours over papers, at the apex of the bureaucracy. Olivares, older than his master, trained the sovereign, and Philip IV became in time a first-rate bureaucrat. He might have been more successful as the head of diverse jurisdictions whose laws he and Olivares planned to bring into conformity if he had been able to travel more, as he wished, but travel was a luxury that Philip IV could rarely afford. One reason was that Castile’s copper coinage either was not accepted or was heavily discounted everywhere else. This is an instance of what was agonizing about Olivares’ problems. They were circular: if the King had been able to show himself regularly in all his kingdoms, he might have won enough support to attain the unity Olivares sought, and that, in turn, would have enabled the King to extract the taxes that would have permitted him to visit all his kingdoms.

Philip’s domains were numerous and far-flung: in South America and in Asia; Iberia; Naples and Sicily and the Duchy of Milan; the Netherlands and Franche-Comté. Some of these properties had been acquired by conquest, others by descent in which the male line failed. The Netherlands came to the Hapsburgs through the marriage of Maximilian to Mary of Burgundy, the last of her line, and Spain through the marriage of their son Philip to Joan the Mad, who became the heir of Ferdinand and Isabella. The chanciness of vital statistics was, in theory, counterbalanced by the Hapsburgs' oaths to allow the diverse societies they inherited to retain their existing laws and customs, but the oaths were never kept. Although the revolt of the Netherlands is commonly dated from 1566, there were lesser rebellions earlier (in Ghent in 1539, for example), when cities or provinces resisted the rulers' overriding their laws or privileges. By Olivares' time, the Netherlands' seven northernmost provinces, the United Provinces, had not only maintained their rebellion but forced the monarchy to agree, in 1609, to a twelve-year truce, whose terms the Council of State agreed were too humiliating to renew. Reopening the war proved a great mistake, but Mr. Elliott shows us why Castilians believed it essential. They felt that Spain's "reputation" was at stake—that Spain had to act like a great power or lose its great-power standing. A modern parallel might be Austria-Hungary's decision to assert itself by annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908, with results from which we still suffer. Then, too, the Dutch were heretics. Worse, they were astonishingly successful, and had been creating both a world territorial empire and a world financial empire. When we look at this period, though, what strikes us is that the United Provinces made good their independence despite nearly a century of war; increased their wealth; produced magnificent painting; housed half the intellects of Europe; and did all this with precisely those rickety and obstructive medieval political institutions, such as seven sovereign legislatures, that seventeenth-century modernizing statesmen sought to abolish. In politics, the adjective "modern" often sounds more conclusive than it is.

Centuries of emotional and opinionated historians have attempted to teach us how to feel about these seventeenth-century struggles—some espousing the cause of national integration, others that of supranational unity based upon religion, and still others that of local representative institutions—but tendentiousness usually obscures the truly interesting point: the ongoing political problem of creating loyalty. Mr. Elliott is a superb guide, who never tries to force his readers to choose sides but pays them the compliment of assuming that they think for themselves. With persuasive realism, he shows us the world as Olivares saw it. And Olivares understood that the monarchy had to create loyalty. He planned to open high posts in Madrid to non-Castilians, and to arrange marriages between noble families from different kingdoms; and he founded a nobles' school in Madrid. Nothing came of this school except a handful of "very small pages" imported to serve at the court of Madrid. One reason was that Castilians did not want to share their privileges; another was that non-Castilians distrusted the Madrid government, suspecting, correctly, that Olivares and Philip wished to remodel their governments to resemble Castile's, because royal authority was greatest in Castile. Mr. Elliott mentions as an example that the Castilian Cortes had never won the right to have the monarch redress its grievances before it granted him funds. Olivares, with little sympathy for what he called "the appetite for a delusive liberty," embarked on what was in effect a world war, knowing that his monarch could rely only on Castile—and Olivares and other Castilians had long been aware that Castile's economy was declining. Besides reforming all the governments of the Spanish monarchy, Olivares intended to revitalize Castile's economy.

Castile's great asset was American silver, which financed its foreign policy and its wars. Silver remittances had been falling, but the habits of governmental extravagance they had engendered remained unchanged. When Olivares came to power, a consortium of Genoese bankers had for years been advancing the monarchy funds against the arrival of the treasure fleet. The fleet did not always arrive—it was captured by the Dutch in 1628, lost at sea in 1632, delayed by storms in 1634, and delayed by battle and winter in 1638—but if the Crown could not pay the Genoese it could, and did, declare bankruptcy, a process of stretch-out and refinancing such as Third World debtor nations employ today. Olivares had the shrewd idea of bringing in a rival consortium, of Portuguese bankers, and their competition with the Genoese brought Castile better terms, but the Castilians hated the Portuguese, because many were incompletely converted Jews. Castile also had a large domestic debt, which worked against economic development, because Castilians invested in government securities rather than in productive enterprises. When Olivares reduced the interest on government securities in order to spur alternative investment, he reduced faith in the government and thereby destroyed another of his plans, to create a Castilian banking system: no one would invest in it. Yet another project, to revive Castilian manufacturing by the ultimate in protection, an embargo on imported goods, drove up prices and caused great hardship. So did the necessary but abrupt deflation of the copper currency. Non-importation also injured the merchants, whom economic reformers wished to encourage to compete with the Dutch. Every rational policy of economic intervention conflicted with every other. One feels that Olivares needed an institution that did not yet exist—the political party—to focus the efforts of reform-minded Castilians. Lacking it, he promoted his relatives, and the empowering and enrichment of his noble clan aroused the envy of all other noble clans. He also angered non-noble Castilians by his efforts to create "a more industrious population" and his suggestion that they learn from the Dutch—a response analogous, perhaps, to our own irritation when we are adjured to imitate the Japanese.

The background of Olivares' failures at reform—often, to him, the foreground of his labors—was war. The grinding duration is amazing to us as, year in and year out, all Europe pulled itself together for yet another campaign. The ever baffled search for the decisive battle so beloved of military theorists suggests how rare Waterloos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have been. Velázquez' famous painting "The Surrender of Breda" commemorates a Spanish victory of 1625; he did not paint the Dutch recapture of the city in 1637. Olivares and his king knew that the war was economically perilous, but they believed that some things were more important than money.

Olivares was a non-stop talker and writer, an elaborate rhetorician who, despite the disappearance of many of his papers, left plenty of material for a rich biography. Mr. Elliott brilliantly shows us an abrasive, compulsive visionary whose arrogance never wholly precluded a longing to be understood and appreciated. He brings this gifted, overreaching, and unlucky man, his times, and his troubles very close to us—too close, often, for comfort.

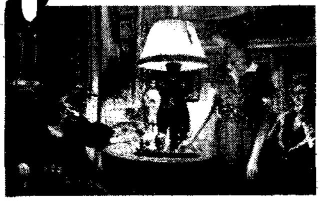
—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

UNASSIGNED TERRITORY, by Kem Nunn (Delacorte; $16.95). Mr. Nunn's impressive first novel, "Tapping the Source," was set in Southern California in the sixties and had to do with surfers and bikers and cocaine and such. His new novel is also set in California in the sixties, but the locale is the Mojave Desert. Its principals are young Obadiah Wheeler, deferred from military service as a preacher in a fundamentalist religious sect; Harlan Low, an elder in the sect, who leads Obadiah into the desert in search of new converts; Rex Hummer, whose father founded Sarge Hummer's Desert Museum, featuring "The Thing, the Mystery of the Mojave;" and Rex's sexually hyperactive half sister Delandra, who persuades Obadiah to steal "The Thing" and run away with her. Their flight and the related wanderings of Harlan and Rex introduce a wild cast of loonies, hippies, and cultists involved in something called an Electro-Magnetron. Then, there is the desert itself. Mr. Nunn is a fine storyteller, with a manner all his own—a bartender looks like "Buffalo Bill on speed," and his laughter "charmed like the death rattle of a wounded animal."

THE ELIZABETH STORIES, by Isabel Huggan (Viking; $15.95). "Small pockets of defiance" in the mind of Elizabeth, a big-boned Canadian schoolgirl, account for small pockets of comedy in each of these eight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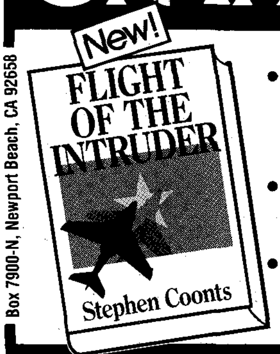

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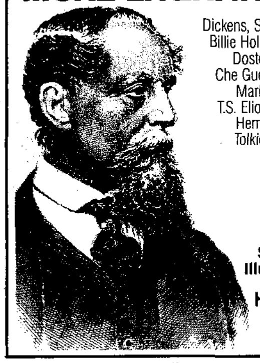

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outstanding stories. In the first one, she is a nine-year-old social pariah. The last one, set about ten years later, features cigarettes, bootleg sherry, and friends. "I've failed, I've failed," her mother loves to wail; failed, that is, Elizabeth's father, a bank manager, who wanted a son. Elizabeth copes with her parents' disappointment by retreating to dark hideaways, but trouble, in the form of classmates and cousins, seeks her out, and duplicity becomes second nature. Two of the stories feature out-of-towners she admires—if only because her father disapproves of them. They don't stay for long, but it's long enough to teach her how to play basketball and poker: games of strategy and chance that leave real life as baffling as ever.

Love Unknown, by A. N. Wilson (Viking; $16.95). "Once upon a time" is how this deep, dark English fairy tale about faith and fidelity—about Religion and Romance—begins. On the one hand are three women, former London flatmates; on the other is the catch one of them has made and his hapless brother, a pastor whose flock consists of his brother's addled mother-in-law and his own dental hygienist. The two other women are a titled divorcée and a straitlaced Francophile; the plot begins and ends farcically at Fontainebleau. "Absence makes the heart grow colder," readers of A. N. Wilson's previous novels will not be surprised to read here; but in this novel, his ninth, the author constructs his case with uncharacteristic tenderness and care.

GENERAL

Faking It, by Ian Haywood (St. Martin's; $19.95). A shrewd and witty inquiry into the subject of forgery in literature, in the pictorial arts, and in archeology. The author talks about famous literary fakes, from the frauds perpetrated in the eighteenth century by the adolescent poet Thomas Chatterton and the Scotsman James Macpherson (who sired the phony bard Ossian) to the Hitler "Diaries" and the spurious autobiography of Howard Hughes by Clifford Irving. In painting he discusses the faking of Vermeers by the Dutchman Han van Meegeren and the creation of false van Goghs by a Berlin art dealer, among other forgeries. His main archeological specimen is the wonderful, and comic, story of the Piltdown Man. What Mr. Haywood is after is a fresh approach to the whole subject of authenticity in art, and an answer to the question of what constitutes a truly original creation, especially now, in the age of mechanical reproductions.

Commander in Chief: Franklin Delano Roosevelt, His Lieutenants, and Their War, by Eric Larrabee (Harper & Row; $25). This sturdy, sensible study focusses on an unfamiliar Roosevelt—the strategic planner, who chose his commanders to implement his strategy. The President, who had served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the First World War, trusted his own judgment to the point where he was willing to overrule his professional advisers—for example, he insisted on invading North Africa—and to take great risks, such as holding Guadalcanal. The book describes the personalities and achievements of the American commanders and ranks them very high. Indeed, this examination of leadership in crisis may make the reader nostalgic for past leaders.

The Fast Set: The World of Edwardian Racing, by George Plumptre (David & Charles; $29.95). A look at the sport of kings, afforded by scores of wonderful photographs taken in the latter years of the nineteenth century and the early ones of this, and abetted by a knowledgeable and spirited text. The book chronicles thoroughbred racing in England from the time it began to be relatively honest and wholly respectable—around 1870, with the emergence of the Jockey Club as undisputed racing arbiter—down to the First World War. This was a period of almost unimaginable extravagance, when British noblemen wagered as much as today's equivalent of four hundred thousand dollars on one horse, when huge house parties were assembled at stately homes near the famous race meetings—Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket, Goodwood—and the portly Prince of Wales (later the portly King Edward VII) dominated the scene.

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